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NOTES ON SPORT AND TRAVEL

By

G. H. Kingsley

London, Macmillan, 1900.

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GEORGE HENRY KINGSLEY

M.D., F.L.S., ETC.

BY

HIS DAUGHTER MARY H. KINGSLEY

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PREFACE

IN publishing these notes connected with my father's life, I fear I am undertaking too great a responsibility. This feeling does not arise from any distrust of the truth in this book, but from the fact that my father had a handwriting beautiful to look upon, but exceedingly difficult to decipher; and when this handwriting dealt with either Canadian or Polynesian place-names, a stronger form of intellect than my own was required to comprehend exactly what was meant by a capital letter and a terminal letter and in between what might be either a succession of m's, n's, or e's, or, for the matter of that, w's, or a selection of such things, or in fact any mortal letters that kept on the level line. I am, however, thankful to say I found that stronger intellect in Dr. J. W. Gregory, who, armed with a knowledge of geography, could tell what the place-name was likely to be; and I am deeply grateful for his generously given help in this matter and in the matter of scientific names, though

I beg he may not be held responsible for any errors there may herein be found in either—these must be put down to imperfections in the text. I am also indebted to Miss Toulmin Smith for her kind revision of the proofs and for suggestions which her long friendship with my father made most valuable.

I am also indebted to Messrs. Macmillan for having agreed, after my father's death in 1892, to publish a small memorial volume of his papers. My father, as will be seen in these papers, had never been any assistance from a business standpoint to the house of Macmillan, but his friendship with Alexander Macmillan and with Robert Bowes—of Macmillan and Bowes, Cambridge—was a long and unbroken one.

The Publishers felt that a Memoir was needed to introduce this volume, as my father was so much less known to the literary public than his brothers Charles and Henry. It was originally hoped that the late Earl of Pembroke might contribute such an introduction, but this idea was unhappily frustrated by his illness and death. After some delay, I reluctantly undertook the completion of the task, regretting it was not in an abler hand, but thankful that much of it has been.

M. H. KINGSLEY.

I

CONCERNING KINGSLEYS IN GENERAL, AND GEORGE HENRY KINGSLEY IN PARTICULAR

FAMILIES are like nations in a way. They have their periods characterised by an outbreak of intellectual brilliancy, and those periods in between wherein they merely get on with their normal intellectual power. With some nations the intellectually brilliant generations follow each other more closely than those of other nations. France, for example, is a quicker flowerer than Germany: it depends on the nature of the stock, and I merely mention it in order to point out what happened in the old English family of the Kingsleys in its last generation but one. It flowered, had in its way its Elizabethan period.

As a family I think one may safely say—being a member of it oneself—that it has not been given to exhausting itself with rapidly successive outbreaks of intellectual brilliancy. It has gone on frequently

for century after century hunting, fishing, fighting in an English gentlemanly kind of way; then it has turned out some one who was generally valuable, and settled down again. Money-making has, so far, never been its strong point; money-keeping still less so. Whenever it has had a generation that has had opportunities in this direction, and could have passed on wealth to the next generation, it has not done so: it has raised a regiment and gone to the wars and had an enjoyable time of it, according to Kingsley ideas. Or, if there were not an attractive war handy, it has flung its money away more foolishly by far, trying to establish its claim to an earldom, which it believes it ought to have, because its traditions tell it is descended from Robin Hood.

It is possible that if this family goes on down through the ages, in some far away time it may develop a generation excelling in the fine arts, or music, or sound business capacity. Now and again a Kingsley shows symptoms of excellence in poetry and painting to a promising degree. Of music, as far as record goes, it has shown no such symptom. The rank and file of us have a difficulty in distinguishing between 'God save the Queen' and 'Rule Britannia.' One member of the family only has been known to possess a taste for figures, which, after a 600 years', more or less, authentic record, and a legendary past behind that of indefinite extent, is not an encouraging percentage. However, I will neither

dwell on our future nor our remote past, but turn to our intellectual outbreak in the last generation but one.

Charles Kingsley was the greatest of the three Kingsley brothers, and shed honour on his name and credit on his nation for all time. Henry had possibly the greater literary gift; George was the most typical Kingsley, at the best, of all three, and was a brother very dear to the great Canon, who was not only a Kingsley, but a great man among humanity at large. The affection between Charles and George was never dimmed, although 'George's awful temper' was an accepted fact in the family. Still the Canon understood this brother of his, and, understanding, loved him. They were more of an age than Henry, and both remembered that other brother of theirs, Gerald, to whom as boys they had looked up as to a superior being—to wit, an officer in the Royal Navy. Gerald's fate was a tragic one. He served on Her Majesty's ship *Pique* in the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, and seemed to have before him a most brilliant future. But in 1844 he met with a ghastly death in the Gulf of Carpentaria on board a disease-stricken gunboat, the *Royalist*. There she lay with her wretched crew roasting, rotting, and pining in her day after day, never heard of, nor hearing of, a living soul outside for a year and a half. The commander died, half the crew died, the officers died, and so on, till in the month of May no officer was left except Gerald

Kingsley, who stuck to his post and kept the ship, as ordered, at her station. On the 17th of September he died, and one Parkinson, the boatswain, then took charge and kept the pennant flying on the *Royalist*, and wisely took her to Singapore, though with difficulty—mast-sprung, under-handed, leaky as she was. I have often heard tell of the dreadful blow this death of Gerald was to all at home in Chelsea. Mr. Kingsley, the father, was at that time Rector of St. Luke's there, and used regularly of an afternoon to go and read the papers at a public library. One day, as he went in as calmly as usual, he heard a gentleman say: 'Dreadful bad business this about the *Royalist*—every single officer on board her dead—those who did not die of fever were eaten by cannibals.' Old Mr. Kingsley, strong man as he was, fainted, for Gerald was the joy and the hope of the house in those days; and Gerald was never forgotten by either of the brothers, neither by him who grew up to be its greatest honour, nor by that other who tempted so often a similar fate.

Of Charles Kingsley I need not speak further here; his life has been admirably written by his devoted wife, and is almost a classic in the English language. Henry, the younger brother, was considerably junior to Charles and George; between him and George came a sister, the late Mrs. Chanter of Ilfracombe, the only daughter of the house in that generation. Tradition has it that this daughter of

the house, with the assistance, or at the instigation, of George, wheeled Henry, when an infant, in a garden barrow into a pond and abandoned him there, from motives of jealousy: no harm, however, was done, owing to the gardener, under Providence, having a need of that barrow. Chastisement was administered where deserved, and Henry Kingsley grew up, and in due course went to Oxford, rendering his career there mainly remarkable by mad pranks and distinction in the domain of athletics. He was like his own creation Charles Ravenshoe. His buoyant animal spirits and vivacious temperament compelled him to take part in all the reckless, joyous life round him, and his ability made him a leader therein. When the gold-digging fever was raging Henry went to Australia. It is needless to remark that he did not make a fortune there, but in the course of five years as a stock-rider, miner, and mounted policeman, he saw things Australian at large as they were in those days. Then he returned to England, tenderly nursed his father through his last illness, made his name in literature by his two great novels *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *Ravenshoe*, plunged into a literary career and journalism as a profession, married his cousin Miss Haslewood, and in 1870 went, with his love of adventure unabated, and joined the German army as war correspondent. Henry Kingsley won no prizes at Oxford save silver cups; he found no fortune in Australia; all his life long he seemed to those who

loved him, as all did who had even the slightest personal acquaintance with him, to squander alike brilliant talents and brilliant opportunities without attaining happiness. Yet he wrote *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *Ravenshoe;* in these two great novels, and in all his subsequent writings, the current of action is less impetuous than in the works of Charles Kingsley, and they contain no description of scenery that can vie with the glowing word pictures of *Westward Ho!* They appear to owe their wonderful charm to the perfectly genuine, unaffected sentiment which they display, to the bright stream of genial humour which runs through almost every page of them, and to the fact that the mind of their writer seems ever to be imbued with the idea that the cords of sympathy by which man is bound to his fellow-man can never be completely torn asunder. But that Henry Kingsley had in him the bold, adventurous spirit of his race is proved by his record, and that he also loved Nature not less deeply than his brother Charles is proved by his paintings: paintings almost unknown outside his family, but which, though they are the works of an amateur, are yet so beautiful that they could only have been made by a man who looked on the beauty of the external world with the eye of a worshipper. Charles Kingsley loved Nature so keenly that he was forced to sing and paint in words her charms, but not enough to make him sacrifice to this love his duty to the toilers in the city and his work as a parson. Henry loved Nature so keenly

that he could paint her charms on canvas, and could turn to memories of her and give scenes he had seen in words that once heard were never forgotten. Who that heard him tell how the purple autumn crocuses bloomed among the dead men and horses of the battle-fields of Alsace and Lorraine ever forgot it, or forgot the black snakes in the black night in Australia—snakes that you did not see, but heard. He did not seem capable of writing these things down except in his earlier books,[1] but he felt them vividly enough. Unfortunately, the wretched health which descended on him while still a young man, and which led to his premature death, kept him away from following Nature, but he loved her throughout his life. George Kingsley, however, loved Nature so utterly that life without her unspoiled companionship was intolerable to him. Always before him there was gleaming 'that untravelled world whose margin fades for ever and for ever'; and always 'his heart the purpose held to sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all the Western stars.'

To gain but half of what his heart desired to gain, George Kingsley gave away all hope of fortune or renown, and deemed that by that bargain he had made himself the winner in the game of life.

Taken all in all, George was certainly the happiest of the three brothers. Many a time Charles

[1] See 'Eyre, the South Australian Explorer,' by H. Kingsley, *Macmillan's Magazine*, November and December 1865.

Kingsley, wearied by the splendid fight he was fighting in England, thought lovingly on the lands of which his brother George wrote to him; while all the honours Charles Kingsley won gave to George Kingsley, away in the wild regions of the world, a pleasure greater even than they brought to their recipient. Not that envy of any man could come into George Kingsley's heart, unless it were the man who had an extra good chance of being killed by a grizzly bear of superior size, or who had caught an extra-sized salmon.

I now turn from the inter-relationship in feeling between the brothers, and attempt to tell you what manner of man George Kingsley was, and what manner of life he led.

No one who ever knew George Kingsley, though it were only as a mere casual acquaintance, is likely to forget him; for in his character there were united many qualities which are very rarely found together in the same individual. They are indeed sometimes regarded as being positively incompatible with each other. And this strange, almost bizarre, 'many mindedness,' together with a delicate tact, a great power of expression, and a quick insight into the thoughts of others, made him, on the one hand, seem perfectly at home in whatever phase of society he might happen to be, yet always distinguished him, on the other, from those with whom he was at any time associated. There was something wonderfully attractive even in the appearance of this lithe,

square-shouldered man. His strong, mobile face was sunburnt and weather-beaten like the face of a sailor; his fearless, brilliant gray eyes looked right into the hearts of those who spoke with him; his whole form was alert and instinct with the warm, passionate spirit of life; and his conversation, ranging easily through every subject from philosophy to fishing, full of dry humour and flashing with brilliant wit and trenchant repartee, had a charm which was absolutely irresistible. In a few quiet sentences he could give more facts, suggest more ideas, than many a man could give in a laboured monologue of an hour's duration.

He knew books only less well than he knew men, men only less well than he knew Nature; while he was gifted with the power to make those around him realise, and that without the slightest sign of effort on his part to impress or astonish, that he had really looked upon the strange scenes he described, and played his part in the wild places and conditions he so casually referred to.

Many-minded, truly, was George Kingsley: loving the lore of the old Hebrew mystics, loving the glorious, manly poetry of the great Elizabethan dramatists, loving science, loving the company of his fellow-men; but beyond all else, loving to be in the wild heart of Nature, far away from the clamour and turmoil of crowded cities, listening to the lore of forests or the voices of the sea.

He was born on the 14th of February 1826, at

Barnack Rectory, in Northamptonshire; and during his boyhood, which was spent partly at Clovelly and partly at Chelsea, he was surrounded by influences which were singularly well fitted to develop the temperament with which he was endowed. The strong, manly character of his father, a parson who won the hearts of the stalwart Devonshire fishermen, because he feared no danger, and could manage a boat, shoot a herring-net, and haul a seine as one of themselves; the deep, poetic feeling of his mother; the life of romantic, and often tragic, incidents which they and their children led in the loveliest of all English coast villages, has been charmingly described by Mrs. Charles Kingsley in the Memoirs of her husband; and many of the scenes in Henry Kingsley's *Hillyers and the Burtons*, are laid in the Chelsea of sixty years ago. He has pictured in delightful detail the quaint streets and byways, the interior of the old church, with the stone effigies of the Lawrences and the Dacres and the black marble monument of Sir Thomas More; and also—what was then one of the most striking features of the district—that vast gloomy mansion[1] whose floors 'had been trodden often enough by the statesmen and dandies of Queen Elizabeth's court, and most certainly by the stately woman herself,' towering above the squalid modern houses around it 'with its tall, overhanging, high-pitched roof and great dormer window,—the

[1] This building, which had once been the palace of the Earls of Essex, was demolished in 1842.

window of the haunted attic from which Jim Burton, the blacksmith's son, could look down into the Rectory garden, and see the long walk of pollard limes, the giant acacias, and a little glimpse of lawn between the boughs.' He has told us also in that book of the misery, the squalor, and the vice which existed in the many 'dirty lanes and poverty-stricken courts and alleys by which that peaceful old walled garden was encompassed. The rector and his wife laboured most steadfastly to bring light into these dark places, giving away considerable sums of money in charity, establishing clubs and ragged schools, and going among the most abominable scenes of filth, wretchedness, and indecency, to visit the poor and read the Bible to them. They were busy from morning till night, the house full of district visitors and parish councillors. But the rector's sons? There they were—'dreamers dreaming greatly in the man-stifled town'; and in the Rectory library they found good food for dreamers—books which roused within them the spirit of adventure, and held their minds in thrall with the glamour of strange lands. There, at their leisure, they could pore over venerable treatises on natural history, embellished with fantastical illustrations dating from that happy age when the artistic imagination wandered free in a paradise that was untainted by the presence of that serpent Scientific accuracy: records relating to the West Indian islands and the golden Spanish Main; books that had been collected by their mother's ancestors, who

were for generations planters in Barbados and Demerara. Histories of the globe, and lordly folios, on whose maps full many a sturdy coast-line dwindled into dots—full many a line of dots went stumbling on to perish at the feet of pregnant nothingness. Volume on volume of famous voyagers—Dampier, Rogers, Shelrocke, Byron, Cook, and grand old Esquemeling—the Froissart of the Buccaneers—and respectable Captain Charles Johnson, deeply interested and very properly shocked at 'the Robberies and Murders of the most Notorious Pyrates.' Truly 'to the southwards many wondrous isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagones withdrew their senses. And dearer, perhaps, than these to the boys were the journals of old General Kingsley, who had served as an aide-de-camp at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and whose regiment had fought with desperate valour in the rose-gardens of Minden, and of their grandfather Nathaniel Lucas, who had seen the Count de Grasse surrender his sword to Rodney on the deck of the *Formidable* after the action off the island of St. Lucia on the 12th of April 1792, and had witnessed from afar the awful irruption of the *soufrière* of St. Vincent in 1812, and who was the friend of many of the leading men of learning and science of his time.

If it be true that Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, it is true that *Westward Ho!* was made in that Rectory library. Don Quixote never lingered more lovingly over the fascinating pages of *Feliciano de Sylva* than George Kingsley

and his brothers lingered over the pages of these enchanting books; never recalled with more enthusiasm the brave deeds of Bernardo del Carpro and Rinaldo de Montalban than they recalled Anson's capture of the Manilla galleon, and Morgan's march on Panama.

George Kingsley's desire to travel only grew stronger and stronger in the gloomy atmosphere of Chelsea. Amid the moors and the combes of the beautiful West Country, he had spent his childhood in an actual world that was at least half suited to his nature. Taken from this and placed in a dismal London suburb, as Chelsea was then, he was forced to build for himself an ideal world of his own, longing passionately the while for the coming of the days when something like that world would stand around him in firm reality.

While he was a schoolboy this desire to roam had, of course, to remain unsatisfied, though during the holidays he might breathe once more the air of his beloved Devon, catch trout in the Taw, the Torridge, and the Lynn, and go out now and again in the herring-boats with his old friends the Clovelly fishermen. But as time went on George Kingsley decided to follow medicine as a profession, and then as soon as ever the term's work was over at the hospital, he shouldered a knapsack, thrust a sketch-book into his pocket, and was off for a long ramble in Germany or Switzerland or Austria, through the Rhineland or through the Thüringen Wald, the

Böhmerwald and the Erz-Gebirge, through the Swiss or the Tyrolean Alps, and once through Bohemia and Moravia, and far away into the Carpathian mountains. He wandered ever by himself, alone. There might be sunshine or there might be rain; the roads might be heavy with mire or hidden with swirls of dust; there might be no roads—it mattered not to him, so he were free, with German beer and a German bed at the end of a long day's tramp, or a draught of water and a dry rock under the lee of a mountain crag, or a hay-loft and sour wine, it mattered not: all that mattered was being free. When he was tired of the glory of cloudland, forest, and mountain, he could dwell in a palace of dreams; and when he was tired of dreaming he could match the rhythm of his footfalls to the rhythm of a song:—

'Wenn's kaum in Osten glühte,
Der Welt noch still und weit;
Da weht rechts durch's Gemüthe,
Die schöne Blüthenzeit!'[1]

as the words of an old Wanderslied runs scribbled down on a leaf in one of his old sketch-books.

His wonderful power of adapting himself to his surroundings, his genial nature, and his love of sport, made it easy for him to win a way into the hearts of the good-natured peasants with whom he spent his time. He could listen with rapt attention to the poems of a German schoolmaster, comparing them to every effort of the Teutonic lyre from Anne

[1] "Reiselied," by Joseph Freiherr v. Eichendorff.

Mariechen up to Bekrantz mit Laub. He could talk about guns with the foresters; he could crack jokes with the Herr Wirth and flirt with his rosy-cheeked daughters; and doubtless, even in those immature days, he put into practice his favourite precept for travellers, and also for men who stay at home: "Always make love to the old ladies." Many and marvellous to behold were the trophies he brought home, to a home not always grateful, that he won at Scheiben-Scheissen—jovial assemblies where men shot for prizes and drank good beer all the day long, and then danced, with occasional very frequent intervals for *Sause und Brause*, all the night long to the music of the village band. Fish he caught whenever and wherever there were fish to be caught; and in one of his subsequent articles he tells how he joined an hilarious shooting party, and bowled over a couple of roe, and felt his brow burn, for the first and last time, with the brand of vulpicide in the beech woods of the Eifel; and in another how he nearly broke his neck, but brought down his chamois in the Wildgrad Kögle.

Those days that he spent in wandering through the mountains and the forests of Central Europe, when for the first time he tasted the wine of perfect freedom, were assuredly among the happiest days of his whole life. In after years his mother used to be fond of telling her grandchildren how another lady and herself had been extremely terrified, when they were once walking together in the vicinity of Dresden,

by the sudden appearance, round a bend in the road, of a ragged, resolute, ruffian-looking young vagabond, who, fixing his wild gray eyes on them, and uttering an exclamation which they interpreted as a menace, had approached them with, as they had thought, the intention of peremptorily demanding alms ; and how a close inspection had revealed that he was none other than her own son George, returning literally from Bohemia, with his clothes in tatters, the remnants of his boots tied together with pieces of string, and his face burnt as brown as a gipsy's, radiant with his freedom and his joy at seeing her again.

It seems strange at first sight that such a man should have chosen the medical profession. The atmosphere of the hospital ward and the sick-room seems to go ill with his other tastes ; but his choice represented that part of his many-mindedness that loved science, and his gentle and kindly desire to do good, and his fighting, sporting instinct : it gave him chances of fighting death and evil, and he was very fond and very proud of his profession, as in a way he always showed by using the *nom de plume* of 'The Doctor.'

In his medical-student days he applied himself with such zeal to his work that he was senior prizeman for anatomy in session 1842-43 at St. George's Hospital, and passed his examination as Doctor of Medicine at Edinburgh University in 1847, when he was only twenty years of age.

Certainly he had no reason to complain that the

first years of his life as a Doctor of Medicine were dull; for, in the winter after he had passed, he went to Paris further to carry on his beloved study of anatomy; Paris, in those days, being considered the best place for this, owing to the greater supply of bodies to be had there. During the following spring he was in the midst of the turbulence and disorder which drove Louis Philippe from the throne of France. Unfortunately, George Kingsley kept no regular written diary of these times. He would often talk of them, fixing on the minds of his listeners visions that remain there like the memories of pictures seen long ago—a room in the hotel in the Rue Basse du Rampart, with its floor strewn with the wounded; a woman dipping her finger in the blood of a *camarade*, and scrawling *à mort Guizot* on the wall; a solitary chasseur, a bronzed veteran of the old school, mounted on a great horse, grim, silent, vicious, slashing his way through a yelling crowd, his sword leaping down right and left, left and right, like a white flame in the pale, mad face. Of course, George Kingsley was not a man who could stand calmly by while other men were fighting. Esquemeling says that the buccaneers who followed the fortunes of that desperate ruffian Lolonois deemed it to be 'a matter of most admirable security to expose themselves to the hugest dangers that might possibly occur.' George Kingsley, in the days of his youth, was quite of that way of thinking. Moreover, his mind was, at

that period of his life, very deeply imbued with the liberal sentiments which were then rousing the enthusiasm of half the young men in Europe. Remain a quiet spectator of the fierce conflict round him he could not. The only reward, however, that he received for his devotion to the goddess of Liberty was a musket-ball in the biceps of his left arm, received when he was engaged in assisting fellow-worshippers in the service of taking up paving-stones and so on to build a barricade.

We all know the dictum of a famous statesman that 'not to be a Radical before the age of 30 is a sign of a hard heart, but that to be one after is the sign of a soft head.' If George Kingsley's heart was politically extremely soft before 30, his head certainly grew to a corresponding degree of political hardness afterwards. To many of the people who knew him only in his later life, when he would often speak with a bitter cynicism with regard to all questions of political reform, the statement that he once lent his aid to the building of an altar to the unknown goddess in the streets of Paris would have been a surprise. His furious denunciations of Radicalism were simply highly amusing to those who knew of his early leanings that way, and knew his undying spirit of intolerance of oppression in any form.

But it was, after all, with him as with others :—

'"Forward" rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one. Let us hush this cry of "Forward" till ten thousand years have gone.'

Cynical George Kingsley certainly appeared at times, but his incisive manner of speaking made him appear far more cynical than he really was. Writing from Heidelberg to an intimate friend of his, very shortly after these experiences in Paris, he said, with a frank avowal somewhat unusual to him: 'I have been a lonely man all my life, living within myself and only using the external world as a means of getting shreds and patches of colour with which to deck my dream palace; but I have always had an intense longing for sympathy from my brother men—a sympathy which I have never received, probably from my own fault, except from my own brothers in the flesh. So strong has been this feeling, that when in the extreme solitude and isolation of foreign travel I have often smoked a cigar for the pleasure of asking a fellow human being for a light, and of experiencing the sensation of brotherhood and sympathy produced by the ready kindness of the French or German man who granted my request, and took his leave with a bow and a kindly word which seemed to raise the trivial accommodation to the might of a real kindness.'

His heart always filled with compassion at the sight of those who were suffering. Every one who has read *Two Years Ago* will remember the cholera-stricken town of Aberalva, and the young doctor who rejoiced in having 'a good stand-up fight with an old enemy.' When Charles Kingsley was writing thus of the labours of Tom Thurnall in

combating the pestilence in 1854, he was thinking of the work his brother George had done during the earlier outbreak in 1849.

In the autumn of 1849 George Kingsley was staying with his cousin Dr. Robert Wills (afterwards Colonel Wills of Plas Bellin) in Flintshire; when the cholera invaded the district Dr. Wills and George Kingsley devoted themselves with tireless energy to the service of the poor people in Flint, Northop, and the surrounding villages. Only the other day there was found an old letter from Morgan Davies, minister of St. Mark's, Northop, in which that gentleman, as the representative of his congregation, thanks Dr. George Kingsley for 'the great benevolence which he exercised towards the poor by his constant and wholly gratuitous attendance upon them by night and by day, when they were suffering that fearful malady.' And, as Charles Kingsley says when chronicling his brother's deeds in the shape of Tom Thurnall, 'he just thought nothing about death and danger at all—always smiling, always cheerful, always busy, yet never in a hurry, he went up and down seemingly ubiquitous. Sleep he got when he could, and food as often as he could . . . the only person in the town who seemed to grow healthier and actually happier as the work went on.'

Another passage in *Two Years Ago*, descriptive of the career of that self-willed and adventurous young doctor was strangely prophetic of the future of his prototype George Kingsley. 'Stay drudging

in London,' says his biographer, 'he would not; settle down in a country practice he would not. He vanished into infinite space, and was heard of by occasional letters dated from the Rocky Mountains [where he did shoot a grizzly bear], the Spanish West Indies, Otaheite, Singapore, the Falkland Islands, and all manner of unexpected places.' The novel was published in 1857, but George Kingsley's wanderings, if we except those Continental rambles, were not to commence until five years later.

II

CONCERNING THE VARIOUS WAYS AND PLACES IN WHICH THE DOCTOR SPENT HIS TIME FROM 1850 TO 1862

In 1850 George Kingsley became private physician to the first Marquis of Aylesbury, and he afterwards attended in a similar capacity the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Sutherland, and the first and second Earls of Ellesmere. He was then in possession of all the enthusiasm and vigour of his early manhood, mind and muscle alike rejoiced in activity, and he devoted his leisure not merely to shooting, salmon-fishing, and deer-stalking, sports that he followed with the keenness of the born hunter, but also to literature and scientific research. Undoubtedly during the twelve years of this period, from 1850 to 1862, the powers of his intellect and the diversity of his interests in life were more vividly displayed than at any subsequent time, and the work that he did seemed to promise for him in the future a career of great brilliancy and distinction—a promise which, unfortunately, was never entirely fulfilled. His love

of natural history led him into the company of many of the most eminent scientific men of his day. In 1856 he was elected a fellow of the Linnean Society, for his investigations into the structure of some of the lower forms of animal life; and he was a fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society from the date of its foundation.

German literature had for him always an intense charm; in 1857 he amused himself by making a translation of four of the Novellen of Paul Heyse, which were published under the title of *Four Phases of Love*, and he also commenced a translation of the poems and prose works of Heinrich Heine, for whom he ever had a great admiration.

Charles Kingsley was then at the very zenith of his reputation as a writer of romance. *Alton Locke*, *Two Years Ago*, and *Westward Ho!* were enthralling the minds of the reading public, and George was not unnaturally fired with the ambition of rivalling the magnificent success of his 'big brother,' as he used to call him, or at least of winning some modicum of fame in a similar way. Writing in 1857 to Mr. Daniel Macmillan, he said: 'I feel very much inclined to make a venture in the everyday life of the time of Charles II.; with such a command of books of every sort and description as I have at the Bridgewater Library, I cannot help thinking that I might work up a very tolerable *piece d'essai*. I am certain that I could write with much greater freedom if I escaped the danger of people crying out "That's me!

what impudence!" at every page.' His intellectual interests were, however, most intensely excited by the works of the Elizabethan playwrights. In that grand library at Bridgewater House there was open to him a rich mine of treasure, in which he delved with the utmost enthusiasm; and he took upon himself the extremely arduous task of compiling an elaborate catalogue of the early quartos dramatic—a catalogue which was to contain, as he explained in a letter to Mr. Macmillan, 'the lives of the dramatists, short criticism on each man and his style, extracts from each play that is interesting from its beauty, rarity, or general interest, and every bit of gossip that can be picked up relating to the dramas under consideration.' He also had thoughts of extracting bits of early song and poetry, quaint stories, and quaint conceits out of the larger books, and welding them together into a pleasing and more popular book.

Neither the novel, the catalogue, nor the popular book were destined ever to reach completion. Concerning the novel there may be quoted here a letter which he once wrote to a friend who had asked him why he had never made an essay in fiction:—'Why the deuce didn't I write a novel? Faith! I know not. I sat and dreamt before the fire; I had glimpses of bits of life that I thought would do, bright bits of ideal life, sad bits of real life, so sad that I could have wept over them; and then somebody asked me about the effect of America on a constitution, or if I thought that Lady Betty's

chest was really seriously touched, or the difference between the lines of "The Arrow" and "The Pearl" —and the link was broken. And when I looked again at the burning beech logs which had formed the basis of my dream, the dark purple valleys and the crimson-flushed summits which I had been dreaming among were gone, and nothing but mere wintry crests of snowy gray were left in their place. I never could dream on when those gray, death-like ashes took the place of the glowing light of the wood fire; I always began to think about potash and soda, and how on earth I should ever be able to get my bones well out of this botheration when the last trump sounded.'

There is still in existence a vast mass of the notes which he made for the popular book and the catalogue; and many of these notes, it may be mentioned, relate to Thomas Lodge, 'poet, dramatist, gentleman adventurer [under Cavendish], and doctor of medicine'—a man for whom he seems to have cherished an especial fondness. But these fragments were never welded together; in truth, the magic spell of the rivers, the woods, and the moorlands was ever upon him, and his heart might have echoed the words of the outlaw of his brother's ballad:—

'. . . I wadna be a clerk, mither, to bide aye ben,
Scrabbling ower the sheets o' parchment with a weary, weary pen;
Looking through the lang stane windows at a narrow strip o' sky
Like a laverock in a withy cage, until I pine away and die.

'So I'm aff and away to the muirs, mither, to hunt the deer,
Ranging far frae frowning faces and the douce folk here;
Crawling up through burn and bracken, louping down the screes,
Looking out frae craig and headland, drinking up the simmer breeze.'

'I am here,' he wrote from Lairg in Sunderland, to Mr. Macmillan, apparently in answer to an inquiry made by the publisher as to the progress of his literary ventures, 'slaughtering salmon, stags, and fowl at a most fearful rate. I am either *in* the river or on the hill from six in the morning till nine at night, so you can readily imagine that I have not time left for mental work; indeed, I am so utterly insane about questions of wild Highland sport that I can produce, think, and dream of nothing else.'

But in spite of the allurements of salmon, stags, and fowl, he found time to write an article on Marlowe, and to edit Francis Thynne's *Animadversions upon the Annotations and Corrections of Imperfections and Impressions of Chaucer's Workes* for the Early English Text Society; and the Earl of Ellesmere, who encouraged his young doctor's strange enthusiasm for old books in every possible way, made him the honorary librarian of the Bridgewater Library, a position which brought him into contact with all the foremost workers in the field of Early English Literature, with many of whom he formed intimate and enduring friendships.

In 1860 he married Mary Bailey, a lady whose extraordinary benevolence endeared her to every one who was fortunate enough to come within the circle of her friendship, and whose faculty for managing affairs of business enabled her to take from her husband's shoulders the burden of many of the petty cares of life. Surely, had he then established himself in a London practice, his scientific acquirements and his great knowledge of the world would have enabled him to win his way up to a place in the very highest rank of his profession. Contemporary medical men thought so; but though he seemed to possess many of the qualities which go to the making of a great physician, he also possessed many other qualities which rendered it impossible for him ever to become one, or, indeed, ever seriously to attempt to become one. A man who loved 'to hunt God's cattle upon God's ain hills'; a man to whom the 'wafts of heather honey' and the smell of the salt ocean were the sweetest of all scents, the roar of a salmon river and the music of the brae the sweetest of all sounds; a man whose soul loved to dwell in the magnificent dreams of the old dramatists, and to sail, with the old voyagers, past sandy bays and verdant islands over 'the sunlit sea,' could hardly have looked forward with complacency to the prospect of days spent in prescribing for the diseases of a multitude of patients in a consulting-room in Harley Street, driving in a brougham from one house of sickness to another through the din

and turmoil of the vast city, and passing from one bed of suffering to another, with a group of medical students following behind him, through the prim wards of a great hospital. Moreover, fond as he was of the hills and the rivers of Sutherland, and the moors of Devonshire and of Derbyshire, he had one passion—it may truly be called a passion—which made it impossible for him ever to stay for long in his native land. Inscribed on an old Spanish map of the Gulf of Mexico there is a legend stating that 'Pineda was not prompted to push his way up the great river, which is now known as the Mississippi, questing for gold, because it was too far from the Tropics.' For the same reason George Kingsley was not prompted to, nay, could not push his way up the great river of life in England, questing for gold—'it was too far from the Tropics.' The sunlight, the colour, and the magnificent exuberance of the life of the Torrid Zone absolutely called across the latitudes to every member of the Kingsley family of the same generation as he. It seems to be extremely improbable that it was a call of this kind that had originally induced their ancestors, on the mother's side, to go out to the West Indies; and it is known, as a matter of fact, that there was a Lucas who went, very unwillingly, from the bridewell at Taunton to Barbadoes immediately after the suppression of Monmouth's Rebellion. It seems to be less improbable that (as Mr. Francis Gallon has suggested) those ancestors

of theirs had acquired on the plantation a love of 'tropical sensations and scenery,' and had transmitted it to them as an instinctive desire. And it seems to be extremely probable that this desire in George Kingsley and his brothers was, at least in great measure, an outcome of their early dreamings over their grandfather's books and journals. One thing, however, is certain: save, perchance, it were in the delirium of a temporary mania induced by the unwelcome attentions of myriads of mosquitoes, no one of them—with a certain notable exception—ever laid himself open to a charge of having spoken disrespectfully of the Equator. In truth, their happiness, to no inconsiderable extent, depended upon their proximity to it. Henry Kingsley used to say that in England 'he could never feel the sunshine in his bones,' and often would he far, far rather have been in Australia, gazing over 'the hot, gray plains away to the white sea-haze of the Southern Ocean,' or over 'the great wooded ranges, rolling away westward, tier beyond tier, till they were crowned by the gleam of the everlasting snow,' than wearily writing novels in Kentish Town.

Charles Kingsley was, as all the world knows, an enthusiastic welcomer of icy tempests, a scorner of the soft south-wind, who soon got tired

> 'of Summer,
> Tired of gaudy glare.'

Still, did he not once confess that in the days of his boyhood 'he had often shed strange tears, he knew

not why, at the sight of the most luscious and sunny prospects'? And if it be true, as some folks believe, that to one man there are many souls,—surely, it ought to be true of every poet,—then, were it but now granted to us to gaze into the halls of Paradise, might we not see therein a certain sun-bronzed soul,

'A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan him, while he listens to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside that never touch the shore'?

It was the good fortune of his brother George to find such bliss as that, even in this world; but for a few years of his life, following 1860, he had to content himself with the north sub-tropical region of the globe. His health having been somewhat affected by his constant attendance upon the second Earl of Ellesmere, during the latter's last illness in the autumn of 1862, the Honourable Captain (the late Admiral) Egerton, with great kindness, took him for a cruise in H.M.S. *St. George*, the grand, old-fashioned wooden man-of-war, on board of which H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was then serving as a midshipman. During this cruise George Kingsley gained his first experiences of the Mediterranean, whose every gulf and bay he was subsequently to know almost as well as the ordinary country practitioner knows the roads along which he drives on his daily round to his patients; and it exercised so fascinating an influence over him that, during a short period of leisure in the winter of the following

year, he wandered away to the Balearic Islands, apparently with the intention of collecting there the material for a book. We say that he 'wandered away,' not that he 'went,' to the lands of his quest; because on his way thither he visited Naples (whence he sent two articles to *Macmillan's Magazine* on the condition of the prisons of that city, which were at that time crowded with members of the Camorra), visited Garibaldi at Caprera, and had a short cruise in the Duke of St. Alban's yacht, *The Pilgrim*. 'You must be surprised to see where I have got to,' he wrote to his wife from Syracuse. 'I had an offer of a cruise from the Duke of St. Alban's, and so came round here. Lucky it is for us that we are here, and not under the glad waters of the dark blue sea, for we were very nearly lost on the night we sailed. I was suddenly awakened by being thrown out of my bunk, and, on opening the cabin door, found that we were, apparently, upsetting. It was no easy work getting up the companion-way, for the ladder was very nearly where the hand-rail should have been. We had been struck, without a moment's warning, by one of those fearful Mediterranean white squalls. On deck there was a terrible scene, the wind howling fearfully, the sea perfectly white with foam, and the ship tearing like a mad thing through the water, which was surging half-way up the deck. We thought that it was, literally, all over with us, but at last she righted again. We lost two boats, but fortunately none of the crew. . . . The ruins at

this place are perfectly marvellous; I had no idea that they were so perfect or on so large a scale. We have had wonderful snipe shooting, and have killed nearly a hundred in the last three days. Only think of us, shooting snipe amidst magnificent tufts of papyrus and beds of the most exquisite wild narcissus—infinitely sweeter than the cultivated ones—and acres and acres of lovely sweet-scented purple iris, with the vultures soaring above us and the swallows skimming over our heads—and all this at Christmas time! Our best shooting was about the fountain of Cyane—now only a mass of rushes and great reeds. You cannot imagine how beautiful the papyrus is with its strong green stalks rising ten or twelve feet high, crowned with most graceful tufts of light green filaments a foot or two long. One corner of the river, where we were actually shut in on all sides by these lovely reeds, and they were reflected in the bright, clear water, was the most exquisite bit that I ever saw in my life.'

A few days afterwards he wrote:—

'Surely this is one of the loveliest places in the world! Last night, just at sunset, we ran through the Straits of Messina, and had the bright green tinted hills, with the beautiful crescent city at their feet, on the left hand; and, on the right, Reggio, backed by the tumbled masses of Calabria, ranging away, peak after peak, till they culminated in the wild Aspromonte hills, snow covered and storm swept; and around us was the blue sea, flecked

with the white sails of the feluccas—a scene to be everlastingly remembered. We seemed to be in a great river, and neither the Rhine nor the Danube could show anything to be compared with it. We left Syracuse, the evening before last, in a diligence, and lumbered along all night to Catania, where we caught our steamer, and in her came on here. Half the day we spent sailing along under Mount Etna, which, half covered with snow, soared up into the blue, far above all. Every mile opened up some lovely valley planted with lemon-trees on its sides, and with its floor covered with the débris brought down from the hills by the torrents which, in bad weather, fill it with a mass of raging water. We must have passed at least twenty ridges running down from the higher mountains to the sea, most of them terminating in an abrupt crag with a little town blinking white in the sunshine at its foot, and an old ruin standing on its summit; while, high up on the mountain side, hung other villages perched on the most fantastic crags. Inland, a wild, serried mass of broken peaks, sprinkled with fresh-fallen snow,—which added immensely to their apparent height,—formed a background which was really grand. In fact, we had the three great requisites for a perfect landscape—snow mountains, beautiful, broken, green foreground, and deep blue sea. This coast of Sicily is, indeed, immeasurably finer than anything that I have ever yet seen or ever expect to see: every mile of it is picturesque. Etna was

smoking away as usual, and the light, fleecy clouds threw the most delicious soft, dove-coloured shadows on the bright, white snow. . . .

'This town of Messina has a bustle and a life about it which is quite refreshing after the silence and isolation of those wild marshes in which we have been lately. It is really a pleasure to hear the noise, to feel the pressure of the crowd about one, and the very air seems full of human sympathy. I am entertaining great hopes that I shall be able to make up a good book on the Balearics; they are quite unknown to the world, and are, I hear, full of wonders and beautiful scenery.'

But the ignorance of the world with regard to the wonders and the beautiful scenery of the Balearic Islands was never enlightened by a description of them written by the pen of George Kingsley. He explored Ivica, and the curious secondary crater, the hot lake, and the strange valleys of Formentera; but while he was at Palma, preparing to start on a tour of investigation through the largest of the islands, he received a letter asking him whether he would accompany the Duke of Sutherland as his doctor, on a visit to Egypt which he was about to make as the guest of the Khedive.[1] He accepted this offer with

[1] Apparently, Said, son of Mehemet Ali. In a short letter from Alexandria, the Doctor says: 'The Pasha we came out to see died the night before last; I should be sorry to see him now, if all they say be true. Sold five hundred blacks to the French, and this business is supposed to have killed him. Promised them to the Emperor as he went through Paris, and was startled at a French frigate arriving to

alacrity, for it gave him an opportunity of seeing Egypt under the most favourable auspices, and Egypt had not then been utterly despoiled of the enchantment of the East. The subsequent journey, which included, apparently, not only a visit to the land of the serpent of old Nile, but also a visit to Syria and a cruise in the Ægean Sea, was the first of many which he was to make under similar conditions.[1] 'I wander'—he used to say—'I always wander, and wander I always will, as long as there is a fresh bit of the world to see.'

George Kingsley rigidly adhered to this principle, but, at the same time, he was one of those men who must have a home anchorage of his own—a fixed point and a reason for things in life, and this home anchorage of his from 1863 to 1879 was a little house in Southwood Lane, Highgate. It was a house whose external appearance in many respects symbolised the disposition of its master. It stood back from the road, embowered by trees, and next door to a Baptist Chapel. It lived peaceably and courteously with that chapel. A request from the minister to be permitted to cut away a few branches

claim them. Had a battalion of soldiers down from the interior, told them they were to work in the quarries, and shipped them off to Mexico. We are just going to call on the new Pasha, then up the Nile! Great bliss!'

[1] I find a short letter from Damascus, two from Jerusalem, and one from Cyprus among his papers, all apparently written before 1866—he never put the date of the year on his letters, but none of these contain any indications of whom he was with, if indeed he was with any one.

from those front garden trees was acceded to and undertaken, and thanks were returned for 'letting in light on the services'; and the chronic stream of callers at the house, who suffered from the conviction that it was occupied by 'the minister,' were courteously informed that it was not, although they nearly drove 'the Doctor' to doing what nothing else would have induced him to do, namely—to putting up a brass plate. And, after all, that brass plate would not have been anything other than an announcement that 'the minister of the chapel does *not* live here.' On the other side of that house were two lanes, relics of an old lawsuit for right-of-way—interesting as relics, but otherwise trying, as they harboured all sort of dangerous wild-fowl in the shape of burglars by night and distraught cattle by day, if the gate were open. 'There is something in the lane,' was a war-cry to the little house which was attended to with energy, irrespective of the nature of that something or of the hour at which it occurred. Beyond this sporting region came a row or terrace of houses. The little house was as unconscious of the existence of that terrace as the Sufee was of the existence of the Sunnite cobbler whom he whacked over the head with his slipper. The terrace used to hurt its feelings by being burgled, and regarding the lanes and the garden of the little house as the cause of its misfortune, because those things harboured evil-doers by night—unwittingly, it was true, for the police were paid to patrol those

places—but still the terrace said that on a dark night the chances were that a policeman might be found asleep in one of the outhouses in that wild country, and a burglar awake in another. The terrace never said it wished, but it confidently asserted its belief, that some day the inhabitants of the little house would all be found in the morning with their throats cut. This prophecy, however, never came off, possibly because its mistress was known to be an excellent revolver shot, and to keep a lot of dogs; possibly because the grounds were not quite so much a dormitory for policemen as the terrace held them to be.

In front, the house—it had then no name or number, and had to be called to the uninitiated 'next door to the Baptist chapel'—had only one front window: a window which gazed benignly, yet not without a glint of sarcasm, on the pale-faced men bearing black bags who passed by morning and evening with unvarying regularity on their ways to and from 'business in the city.' If you succeeded in penetrating into its interior you found in every room curiosities, from all manner of strange places, battling for space with the Transactions of half-a-dozen learned societies and books innumerable on all manner of strange subjects, as joyously as trees battle for life-space in a tropical forest: so that when a chair had at length been disencumbered for you of Darwin on *The Expression of the Emotions*, *The Kabbala Denudata*, *Tristram Shandy*, the profes-

sional jacket of a Sioux medicine man, Lotze's *Microcosmos*, Mr. Sponge's *Sporting Tour*, Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*, and Philemon Holland's *Pliny*, or some similar assortment, it was by no means unlikely that you would be privileged to meet with a fate akin to that which the Reverend D. Heavystern of Utrecht met with in the immortal study at Monkbarnes, finding yourself seated, not upon "three craw taes" from the field of Bannockburn, but upon the sting of a great black Trygon from the Hauraki Gulf, or a stone axe from that region, or an equally crisp thing—a Red Indian iron ornament, or a set of arrow-heads. And if in those times you could only have summoned up the courage to climb the stairs which led to the attic of that establishment, and peer through the keyhole thereof, it is probable you would have seen Henry Kingsley in that attic writing a novel; for he had sanctuary always in that house, and fled often to that upper chamber to escape from barrel organs and watercress women and divers disagreeable things that abounded to his distraction in Kentish Town; but, if the day was sunny, it is more probable still that Henry Kingsley would have been found enveloped in a blue haze of tobacco smoke, basking on the lawn, where he would have told you such tales of corroborees, black snakes, and bush-rangers as would have made sleep a curse to you for a week to come.

In this house the Doctor spent two or three months of the year,—although there were years that

he came not to it at all,—and then, after those few months, with his wife, his two children, and his many books, he turned his face seawards again and started off to the Rocky Mountains, the West Indies, Nova Scotia, the Mediterranean, South Africa, or the South Seas, or some other far distant region of the globe. It is a matter of regret that he, a man gifted with such keen powers of observation and such sensitiveness to the beauty of nature, should have almost utterly forsaken the pen for the fishing-rod, the mustang, and the rifle during this the most interesting period of his life. With the exception of some of the chapters of *South Sea Bubbles* and a few magazine articles, which he composed in order to amuse himself during his short periods of leisure, the only existing records of his wanderings consist in the letters he wrote, with no thought of their ultimate publication, in foreign hotels, log huts, and soldiers' tents in the Far West, and the cabins of yachts and mail steamers; the MSS. of three or four articles which he threw unfinished into the waste-paper basket, whence they were rescued by his wife or his daughter; and an old diary, or 'log,' as he used to call it, literally 'rough as hatched in the storms of the ocean and feathered on the surges of many perilous seas' (to quote Tom Lodge's description of his *Euphues' Golden Legacie*), covered with green and purple patches, mementoes of a sojourn which it once enjoyed on a coral reef beneath the waves of the South Pacific Ocean. It is therefore impossible to give anything better than

a mere list of his many wanderings, interspersed with a few fragments derived from one or other of those sources—fragments which may enable us to gain some faint ideas of some of the 'shreds and patches of colour' with which George Kingsley decked his dream palaces.

III

CONCERNING A HURRICANE—THE SOUTHERN SEAS AND FISHING THEREIN

AFTER making several trips to the Mediterranean, and one to Egypt (this time with the Duke of Rutland), in 1866, he accompanied Lady Herbert of Lea and her children on a tour through Spain, and in 1867 went with her eldest son—the Earl of Pembroke—to the South Seas.

For the greater part of the next three years 'the Earl and the Doctor' were travelling together in Australia and New Zealand, and cruising in the Pacific, 'dropping down from one lovely island to another, seeing the strangest sights imaginable,' in the *Albatross*, a little coasting schooner, which was purchased in Auckland, and fitted up as a yacht (captained by one James Braund—a native of Bucks, near Clovelly). Their experiences in the Society, the Harvey, and the Navigator Groups—how, one dark and stormy night, the *Albatross* took the coral, and how they subsequently fared for nine days on a desolate island named Nukumbasanga

(a 'little coral sandy place,' on which the only sign of human life discoverable savoured grimly of human death—consisting, as it did, of a native 'Morae' surrounded by charred posts, 'the height of which told very plainly what had been hung to cook there'); how they escaped in the yacht's boats from this spot, which was absolutely teeming with suggestions of the most exquisite nature to a party of shipwrecked mariners, and 'were hour after hour pulling and baling in a rough, broken sea,' until at length they were picked up by a vessel bound for Caruka—may be seen reflected in the *South Sea Bubbles*.[1]

They seem to have been almost the first people who went yachting in the South Pacific. Writing to his mother, George Kingsley said: 'Here we are, yachting in the great Southern Ocean—the first who have tried it in these parts. There was once an aspiring stockbroker who went yachting higher up, but the natives had him for "long-pig," and no one has repeated the experiment since.'

His grandfather had seen the great eruption of the *soufrière* of St. Vincent in 1812; and he himself, on his first voyage out to Australia, *via* the West Indies and Panama, narrowly escaped witnessing a catastrophe almost equally terrible, for the ship he was aboard of, after encountering a gale of extraordinary violence in the 'Roaring Forties,' entered

[1] *South Sea Bubbles*, by the Earl and the Doctor. (Bentley, 1872; now Macmillan and Co.)

the harbour of St. Thomas just after the island had been devastated by the hurricane and earthquake of November 1867. Writing to his wife, he said: 'I suppose that you have heard, by this time, at least something of the horrors of St. Thomas. It is quite impossible to give you the faintest description of the scene. Ships—smashed, divided, and distorted in every possible way—are positively piled one on the top of the other. Close to where we are now anchored are the parts of two,—one an enormous sailing vessel, the other a first-class steamer,—and, crushed and splintered beneath these, the wreckage of others is visible. There were at least fifty, some say seventy-five wrecks. The harbour is almost surrounded by bright green hills, now smiling in the sunshine, and, at first sight, the pretty town with its many-coloured roofs seems untouched; it is only on entering it that one sees the fearful effect of the storm and the earthquake. The earthquakes are, indeed, going on even now, and it is ticklish work walking among the shattered houses expecting a fresh shock every moment. None, however, came whilst I was on shore, though there have been seven since we first entered the harbour, but they were not sufficiently severe to be felt on board ship. We were lucky to have escaped so narrowly. A French steamer which left Europe the day before we did has not been heard of yet, and it is thought that she must have foundered in the gale which so nearly did for us.'

A perusal of the earlier pages of that 'log' with the green and purple patches, which we have already mentioned as being one of the sources of our information on the subject of George Kingsley's wanderings, leads us inevitably to the conclusion that the Earl and the Doctor, during their sojourns in New Zealand, passed their days in a condition of almost monotonous bliss. For instance, we find in that log recorded :—

February 20th, Sunday.—Caught three enormous black trygons this morning. This morning must have been yesterday. Greek fire was carried in barrels.

> 'The King found in the dromount,[1] sans fail,
> Mickle store and great vitail,
> Many barrels of fire Gregeys.'

It is strange that Richard Cœur de Lion's engineering skill, so strongly insisted upon in the romance,[2] should have been lately proved by his French biographer.

21st, Monday.—Careened, and cleaned the ship's copper, an enormous shark assisting at the operation.

22nd, Tuesday.—Across to Waryaparapara Harbour with a splendid breeze. Harbour snug;

[1] The *dromount* (or *dromond*) was a Saracen ship of war laden with food and military stores, taken by King Richard in a sea-fight off Acre.

[2] The romance referred to is *Richard Cœr de Lion*, an old English poem translated from the French about the time of Henry III. or Edward I. There exist several MSS. of this poem, and it is to be found printed in H. Weber's *Metrical Romances*, 1810.

grand wooded hills; wild masses of rock bursting out from the green. A marvellous trachyte hill away to the south.

23*rd*, *Wednesday*.—With Judge Fenton to the hot springs on the other side of the island. One of the grandest forest scenes that I ever looked on. The bald cliffs of the strange trachyte hill gleaming pink and white above the tender green of the tea-tree scrub, on our left; on our right, tier beyond tier, spur beyond spur, of grandly wooded ranges, lovely violet ranges sleeping in the sunshine in the distance. The fantastic rocks on the higher crests grew quainter and quainter as we advanced. Suddenly a wide valley—swamp, and flax, and tree-ferns fifty feet high—leading down to bright sand-heaps; beyond, the lovely dark green sea, dotted with masses of red and white rock. After a perfectly awful struggle in the swamp, without one breath of air, we were so done that we had to give it up—for this time.

24*th*, *Thursday*.—From Waryaparapara to Port Abercrombie along the deeply indented cliffs of scoria, evidently vomited from a crater. Landed on a bluff, which we climbed to inspect a wonderful 'rookery' of gannets. The young birds, half grown, were prettily spotted, black and white, like a northern diver. The Captain, who was the first up, was fiercely assaulted; the old birds flew at him like bulldogs; he was severely pecked, but beat a gallant retreat, with his legs all holes and his breeks in tatters. The young ones were vicious

enough, and seemed quite as ready to fight with each other as with us. Very beautiful to see the yacht towed in through the narrow passage about a cable's length across. As soon as she anchored, came a deluge of rain.

Read my Darwin. We may be heirs of all the ages, but our ancestors must have squandered a deuce of a lot of the property. Where did it go to?[1]

'We lead a real, knock-about, sea-faring life,' the Doctor wrote to his wife from the Island of Rawau. 'We live entirely on the yacht, and sometimes do not land for a week at a time; going out fishing in the boats, and back again, for days together. In fact, the forest in many places is so hopelessly impenetrable that if we do land, we are obliged to content ourselves with a stroll along the bright shelly beach. I never saw anything so impenetrable as these woods are; you have positively to force your way through them, the trees and bushes grow so thickly together. We have left the dangerous parts of the island, and up in Mongonui the natives were very friendly and civil. The other day, the good, converted Maoris roasted a prisoner, and were going to eat him; but, suddenly remembering that they had been told that such a proceeding would be extremely sinful, they contented themselves with sitting round him, nibbling biscuits, and enjoying the smell.'

[1] Wherever the Doctor went he took with him his two favourite books: Shakespeare (Globe Edition) and Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

To his daughter also he wrote:—

'Tell the boy that I have been spearing trygons and eagle-rays. (Make him look in Yarrell's *Fishes*.) The eagle-rays flap and fly along the surface of the water much more than the big black trygons. Their speed and strength are enormous; and when they are struck, after one or two beats of their wings, they shoot along about a foot under water in a most extraordinary manner. The black trygon pulls and twirls, and hangs on to the rocks with his fins, and sometimes dives into the masses of seaweed, and, on the whole, though stubborn and strong, is by no means so sporting a brute as his brown cousin. One that we speared the other day fought himself clear of the "grams" and rushed head-foremost against the side of the boat, and then dashed against a rock with such violence that he stunned himself and ensured his easy capture. Another was so big that when I first saw him I was almost afraid to spear him lest he should tow us out to sea. Luckily, I got him in the head, and he was so flurried that he rushed towards the beach, and I jumped overboard, nearly up to my shoulders in the water, and, after a good fight, managed to get him up on the sand. You never saw a more fearful wild-fowl! Coal black, with a great lowering forehead, and enormous, wicked-looking eyes; and the way he lashed about with his tail was a caution! I was obliged to get an oar across it, with a man standing on each end, before I could venture to cut it off. It had four spines on it.

We took him home for bait, and hung him over the side of the ship tied by a rope. Presently, while I was smoking my pipe on deck, I heard a most tremendous splashing in the sea, and, thinking that some one had tumbled overboard and was drowning, I ran to the side, and saw that an enormous shark had swallowed my sting-ray and was biting through the rope. His mouth was large enough to have taken me in, head and shoulders. We don't bathe much here.'

Again he wrote to his wife from the Island of Rawau :—

'We ran down here, the other day, from Auckland, with a bright, cold, crispy south wind ; the peaks of the Coromandel coast and the Great Barrier standing out deep purple blue, like islands, on the western horizon—and are now anchored under old Sir George Grey's windows. He, having gone to England, has let the island to a very nice, jolly fellow who lets us do just what we like. Yesterday I went out wild-bull shooting for the first time, and had great sport. First of all, we found twelve wild cattle and a noble bull standing in an open space in the tea-tree scrub not far from the sea. Just as I was settling down to my shot, the dogs caught sight of the beasts, and, dashing past us, sent them off helter-skelter into the thick scrub. I hit a fine young heifer, however, and away she went ; and soon the dogs brought the bull, a cow, and another heifer to bay. I assure you, strange as it may seem, that the bull actually

pushed himself in front of the cow, and shoved her back to prevent her being hurt. The bushman who was with me vowed that he had seen this same bull do this twice before, which shows that there is both sense and affection in what we call "beasts." I fired at the heifer—not liking to kill the bull, a most noble beast—and heard the ball strike something, and go "ping-ng" up into the air. They broke away again, the dogs after them, we after the dogs, tearing like maniacs through the scrub,—a terrible run,—and then, there they were at bay again, in the midst of such a tangled mass of "supple Jacks" that it was absolutely impossible to make out which was which. Then another break away, another terrible buster,—regular up and down running, more down than up,—and I found myself, mightily blown, in a narrow track with the almost impenetrable tea-tree scrub on either side, and the beasts bellowing and roaring close at hand. All of a sudden, out dashed the heifer, the dogs after her, and came bang at the bushman; he jumped on one side, and she charged straight at me. I judged that it was about time to do something, and fired. Down she went, stone dead, at my very feet, so close that I could touch her with the muzzle of my rifle without taking a step forward. I don't suppose that she could really have hurt me much, but it was a lucky shot; the bullet hit her right in the centre of the forehead.' In another letter:—'By the way, I met a Mrs. Brackenbury in Auckland who saw Henry fishing at

the Gold Fields. She was paralysed at the scientific manner in which he, a most ruffianly looking scoundrel of a miner, described the fish which he had caught; and took him in and was good to him, the old dear, when he was ill. Her brother was the Consul at Lisbon when I was there in the *St. George*.'

The following notes were found written in pencil in an old manuscript book:—

'Fish whenever you can, my dear sir, and always fish with fine tackle, for some have in this way entertained angels unawares in the forms of wondrous fishes; and some of the loveliest of little fishes—and they are, I really believe, the loveliest, as far as colour is concerned, of all created beings—can only be caught with fine tackle. The loveliest of all, however, can be caught with no tackle, barring a net, and then only with difficulty—that cobalt blue coral fish, and the chætodons, are very hard to come by.

'You can have no idea of what a glorious pleasure there is in fishing in a new sea in ignorance of what you are going to catch, more particularly if you have the slightest interest in ichthyology. Shall I ever forget the moment when I saw my first *Chimæra australis* handed into the boat! A fish which I had marvelled at from my boyhood upwards, and almost fancied to be the dream of some mad naturalist, so wild and weird was his delineation—not half so wild and weird, however, as his reality. At the moment when I held up my first cavalli—apparently, like a dyer's hand, subdued to what he

lived in—to compare his shifting tints with the exquisite bright sapphire blue of the sea before me, tints so delicate and dainty that I knew not what to liken them to except a certain sheening, shimmering, lissom silk robe, half green, half blue, and flecked with gold, seen long ago—right through the world!

'Of course "Tom Thurnall" is right, the best fishing in the world is for Whitbury trout with a single-handed "Chevalier." But I don't turn up my nose at Mr. Briggs, and really fine rod-fishing may be had in the more sheltered creeks and bays of the Hauraki Gulf, if you will condescend to a species of harling or trolling over the stern of a small boat. Equip yourself with a good eighteen or twenty foot salmon rod, a hundred yards of good salmon line, and a good spoon, and get some good fellow-soul who loves cleeking a fish to paddle you round the rocky points just as the flood-tide is beginning to make, and then, especially if you have the good luck to be in that most glorious of harbours Port Abercrombie—Lord! to hear the air there ringing with the notes of the bell-birds and tuis in the sweet, fresh, misty mornings—you will have sport which will make you forget for the moment even the Tay itself. Mind! I don't for one moment mean to compare the sport which can be had out of a boat to that you get by artfully casting your fly into pit swirls and runs,—that, I think, would be absurd,—but for boat fishing it can hardly be beaten. And some of this harling is carried on in the midst

of scenery which is indescribably lovely. The trees of New Zealand, particularly the shore-growing trees, are very varied and of great beauty and richness of colour; but the monarch of them all is the pohutukawa, whose foliage resembles somewhat that of a large-leafed species of ilex, but whose picturesque limbs and glorious flowers are peculiar to itself. The former stretch themselves right out over the sea in the quiet bays; and to look on the magnificent scarlet blaze of the stamens of the latter, setting the bright, still water below them aflame, just about Christmas time, is worth the voyage to New Zealand ten thousand times over. Really, I used sometimes to find it difficult to realise that I was actually catching wild fish amid such brilliant beauty; and a half-sort-of-a-suspicion that I am poaching the gold-fish in Chatsworth Conservatory, and a wonderment whether the old Scotch gardener would come and catch me, would come over me, ever and anon, in spite of myself.

'You catch all kinds of fish—snappers, rock-cod, and what not; the spoon is a novelty, and they rush at it like women at a new fashion in bonnets. But besides these,—the fish, not the women,—you come across the kahawai, a fish which for beauty, pluck, and everything but flavour, has a perfect right to consider himself the worthy representative of *Salmo salar* himself in these seas.

'The first rush of a kahawai is really splendid, and your reel acknowledges his power by discoursing as

sweet a music as it has ever done by Shannon or Brora, and tough old twenty-foot-long "Chevalier" bends his honest back to the very grips. Not only does he rush like *Salmo salar*, but he emulates him in the art of throwing himself clean out of water, over and over again—a performance which always causes a most exquisite throb of mingled fear and admiration to pass through my bosom. The Maoris, who are—or were—a race of splendid fishermen, killed their kahawai by hundreds with a bait made out of the curved portion of a Venus'-ear shell, set into a backing of hard wood, and cunningly tied to a hook of bone (human bone for preference), and I have been told by experts that the best part of an inner tabernacle for this purpose is the front part of the shin—the tibia of the anatomist. I have caught many a kahawai with this apparatus, but I think that a slip of a sardine-box some three or four inches long, fastened to a piece of kauri wood, and deftly curved into a shape which will produce a judicious wobble (not a spin, that is to be avoided) when it is going through the water, is quite as good; and a sliver from the tail of the first fish which you catch is decidedly better than either, for with it you have a chance of catching fish who would not stir at the mere motion of a bait without the further attraction of smell—a sense which, I am convinced, is highly developed in most sea-fishes, if not in our English river ones. Taste is also developed in many fishes to a high degree. With what an expression

of disgust will a fish blow a morsel from his mouth when he finds that it does not suit his palate! and what a way through the water he will send it!

'There is a gigantic fish in these seas called the harpuka or warbuka, but of him I can tell you but little, for him I have never caught. We fished for him persistently and with the most praiseworthy pertinacity. We had cunning maps drawn by a Pakeha and by a Maori, and we engaged a half-caste fisherman so as to have the virtues of the two races both in separation and in combination, but we could not catch a warbuka. So at last we gave it up in despair, and consoled ourselves by coming to the comfortable conclusion that he was a species of ichthyological roc. But one morning, when I was calmly slumbering in my chamber in the "Star" at Auckland, I was suddenly startled by a tremendous hammering at my bedroom door, and by an authoritative voice shouting: "H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh requests you to get out of bed immediately and to go to see the warbuka which he and the Governor have caught." I lingered for a moment, dreaming of the fairy tales of my childhood, and then I arose, and wended my way down to the Government steamer; for I thought that no one could dream of a name so well beloved in those parts in vain. Nor was I wrong. There were fish, real fish, such as I had never seen before and have never seen since. Imagine vast tenches—fat, chubby, sporting-looking tenches—ranging from forty to fifty pounds in weight, and

then you will have some idea of what these warbuka were like ; and these fish had been caught—caught off a steamer—without trouble or delay, close to the very rocks off which we had imperilled our existences over and over again. Had it been done by any other mortals than H.R.H. and the Governor I should have said——!!! As it was, I contented myself with saying that the loyalty of the Colonies was not quite extinct, even among the fishes.

'The New Zealand shark is by no means a hasty and ravenous feeder. Don't go after him with a monstrous meat-hook and a gigantic jack-chain, such as you will see offered for sale in the shops of Auckland. In ordinary cases the same tackle will do perfectly well for both snapper and shark, and perhaps the best way of having fun with the latter is to go out fishing for the former. The shark comes up like a woodcock in a dull pheasant battue when there is no ground game. The first hint that you have hooked him—which generally comes when the snappers have knocked off a little—is a sensation as if you had hooked the bottom of the universal sea and it was sliding right away from you. Away goes the line, snoring away, quietly and gently ; and then, if you can get in a pull, it is by no means unlikely that your shark—who, when he is not put out, really seems to be an easy-tempered sort of brute—will permit himself to be wheedled up to within two or three feet of the top of the water. When he catches sight of you, however, he, not being

used to good society, and consequently feeling shy, will give a sweep of his heterocercal tail, and away he'll go—and, very likely, away'll go hook and line with him. When you feel that you have him, be gentle, and remember that the best way of introducing a clod into a drawing-room is by no means suddenly kicking him into it. Make your brother fishers draw in their lines, and let your own run out, just as the shark willeth; and if all goes out, bend on one of theirs, and yet another if necessary. Then wait till you feel a twiney and twisty sensation which informs you of uneasiness at the other end. When your experience tells you that the time has come, haul, yea, and continue to haul—not in jerks, but ever ready to meet a rush with a liberal allowance of line—a good steady haul till you catch a glimpse of white belly gleaming through the bright water. Haul still, but yet more cunningly, yet more ready for a rush—and, Lord! look out for hooks which may be bent on the lines. Now you should have a good sight of your fish,—if your plan has succeeded, tail foremost,—he having wound the line some half a dozen times around himself. Now's the time! You hold on. Your companions, kneeling in the bottom of the boat, look out for a chance of hitting him just above the tail. Bang! A whack on the side of your head that makes it sing again! Down he goes! Up again! Four strong hands grip him —hold him like grim death. Never mind the boat, let her capsize and be——! Mind yourself! Tug—

strain! Splash! A great white face, with hideous, snapping jaws, trying in vain to turn on you. In with him! Over the side! Jump on the thwarts! All handy, as he plunges and lashes and twists and writhes! A strong knife, and strong wrist, determined to do it—and six or seven feet of savagery is as calm as a sucking dove.[1]

'I confess that I love "stingareeing" for its own sake, as a sport which requires a certain amount of skill; but it has its drawbacks,—among others, the uselessness, except for bait, of your quarry,—and though you may prize the stings as relics, you soon get tired of collecting them, and so fastidious as to be very hard to please. After all, what is the biggest sting-ray that you ever killed compared to that monster in Sydney Museum, which is, I believe, unique, and measures (shall we say, modestly?) ten feet across the wings? It is wrong to get out of temper with a mere fish who cannot even boast of a real bone in his body; but I fully believe that what makes one so keen after the black trygon is that fierce, brutal soul of his, which hardly has its equal even among our own kindred.'

[1] (1870. *March 9th.*—Sharking and snappering. Sport brought to an abrupt termination by the advent of so spirited a shark as to cause one of the party to leap overboard, the utter prostration of another, and the dire consternation of all. Got the better of him, and came home.)

IV

LETTERS OF GEORGE KINGSLEY TO HIS WIFE, CONCERNING ISLANDS IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS

I SUPPOSE all true lovers of Nature have their own views as to which phase of her is loveliest and most worthy of esteem; and I know that if they be true lovers, they are liable to be very wroth with those who hold some other phase of her in especially great esteem. People who do not love Nature at all, of course, are mere outside barbarians unworthy of consideration, to be differed with in the same spirit that any kind of Christian would display towards a fetish worshipper. Still, as aforesaid, we have our internal dissensions, in which feeling runs rather high. For example, I once had the honour of hearing Dr. Nansen discourse on the intense beauty and charm of the arctic night. He discoursed superbly; one knew he felt the beauty of it; one saw, as in a glass darkly, there was a beauty in it; but, well, I—while there is an equator—cannot think why people should bother themselves about

either of the poles except for scientific purposes, and because going to polar regions is a dangerous and difficult thing to do. Dr. Nansen, however, on that occasion fairly revelled in memories of the beauty of the arctic night, and plainly wearied for it; and finally chose to regard me as a sort of devoted martyr for going to the equator. He seemed to regard that as a desperate action, and adopted a sympathetic kind of tone about fever, etc., to my extreme amazement. It was clear enough that he thought arctic exploration was at once enjoyable, reasonable, and a thoroughly common-sense thing to undertake; but equatorial — well, for Science, yes, but not otherwise. I have not yet got over the shock that those few minutes gave me. If he had looked down on the Equator it would have been easy to understand; he evidently loved Nature very truly, as I do, though with such a difference! To hear him speak of equatorial Africa as dangerous was amazing, when one came to think of the things he knew of— a temperature of goodness knows what below zero, crashing ice-floes, a diet of blubber, no soap, no wood for fire, and every sort of real horror. It was positively comic to see how we both regarded our own individual region as a kind of almshouse, but each held the other's region in an awesome respect.

Well, with my father I had no such profound difference of opinion. He loved the tropics, and, being by nature greater than I, he loved the arctic regions as well, as I will show you later on. Where

we differ is on the subject of islands; he adored islands, I do not. I would rather be out at sea, with no land near, in any weather, on a homeward-bound collier flying light, than on any island ever made. I greatly prefer a tropical continental land-mass, with thousands of square miles of dark forest, swamps, and mountain ranges,—not mere peaks which have got adrift and anchored out at sea,—a land with great rivers which come from a thousand miles away and swing past you at a quick march, rush past you in a cavalry charge over rapids, mark time in dangerous sandy, muddy estuaries, bound seawards ever, whatever their pace may be when you see them—things that mean business—a spacious land you have no fear of falling over the edge of into the ocean when either a pack of misguided heathen, or an isolated big-game lunatic, makes rapid action advisable whether you have a boat ready on the beach or no; but my father was not of this way of thinking.

He was a lover of islands. 'No landscape seems perfect to my eyes,' he says, 'unless they can see therein a bit of the blue water—therefore I love an island. I love the sigh and the sough of the wind in the black pine forests of Germany; I love the swish of the Northern birch-trees in the fresh, odorous early morning, when the gale has just gone by, and the wet is sweeping in little, glittering showers off their lissom branches; I love the creak, and groan, and roar of the great oaks in a storm;

and I love the lazy, whispering murmur of the light green limes in the lazy, golden summer afternoon; but, above all the sounds of Nature, I love the voices of the sea, for they speak to me in more varied tones, and I know that they tell me more, though I know not what they tell me, than the voices of a million sibilant leaves—therefore I love an island. Could I but have an island of my very own, I would have a bit of Sicily, but not too big a bit, cut out, and set in the bright blue sea all by itself. Say Etna, as he is in winter, towering up in snow, with a belt of greenery around him, not on his flanks, but at his feet—the spiritual apart from the secular. And here and there, in the quiet valleys, there should be a little village amid the lemon groves; and here and there there should be a gray old tower, gazing down from precipice and pinnacle on the white sea foam kissing, and laughing, and singing round the rough black lava blocks below—but never a monastery or a nunnery on island of mine. And around all there should sweep the splendour of the sunlit sea, flecked with a bright sail or two, gliding by as if storms were unknown. Yes! this *is* sentimental. But you should never turn a sentiment away from your door. Take them all in,—good, bad, and indifferent,—and make the best of them, for, maybe, if you slam the door in the face of one she'll never come again.' That was written in the Balearics,—a note, apparently, for the book which was to have been, yet never was,—long before

he had seen the Island of Pines and 'the Island of Beautiful People,' as Don Pedro Fernandez do Quiros called Tahiti.

From this you will see that it was not that paradise of islands in the Pacific that made him love them; it was the influence of their own exceeding beauty on an already island-loving soul; and I give you some notes of his descriptions of the South Sea Islands, which seem to justify his view.

FROM PORTE DE FRANCE, NEW CALEDONIA.

'21*st September* 1869.

'We sailed away from New Zealand about a month ago, and went northward for a week without seeing anything but one sunfish. At last we saw something that looked like the masts of ships sticking up in the water; this, we thought, must be the Island of Pines, and so it turned out to be—a wonderful place encircled with coral reefs, through which we threaded our way to a quiet harbour, with the surf foaming and thundering on the reefs outside. This harbour was full of rocks, and creeks, and bays more marvellous than were ever imagined in a dream, and islands innumerable of quaint and fantastic shapes, some of them being so deeply cut round their bases by the action of the water that they presented the appearance of elegantly shaped flower-baskets fifteen or twenty feet high, the flowers being represented by candle-nut palms and Norfolk Island pines. The surface of these

islands we found to be carved and worn into innumerable holes and crevices, separated from each other by knife-edges of rock which caused our boots to come to speedy grief; and in these holes we often found, huddled together, three, four, or five venomous water-snakes,[1] semi-comatose in the fervid tropical heat, so that we could drag them out by their flattened tails, and take them on board the yacht for examination. Real savages, with extraordinary bushy masses of hair on their heads, came off to us from the bright, sandy beaches; they knew nothing of money, and had to be paid in tobacco: the whole scene was just like a picture in Captain Cook. Going on shore, our wonder became even greater. To say nothing about strange trees and flowers, my shooting bag consisted of pigeons and flying-foxes, great fruit-eating bats which climb and scramble about the trees like monkeys, and fly as strong and as free as a pheasant. The pigeons were of three sorts. One large, almost as large as a hen pheasant, bronze and the most glorious purple; another, smaller, bright green with a yellow breast and tail, and a black and white ring round his neck; the third, smaller still, magenta and green—the loveliest little creature that I ever saw. The shells and fish were equally strange and beautiful; the latter were poisonous, and it was lucky for us that we found this out from the natives before we tried to eat

[1] *Hydrophis.* 'Every hole in which we found them had an easily ascendable talus on one side.'—Note to *The Field.*

them. But, Lord! the coral reefs! It is of no use trying to describe their beauty. Look down through water, tenderest green, so transparent that the bottom can be seen at ten fathoms; look down on miles of the most exquisite corals and sea fans crimson, and mauve, and white, with fish cobalt blue, orange, purple, and emerald green, gliding and flashing in and out among them like great butterflies—and then—then you will fall far, far short of the reality. Oh, they are immeasurably more lovely than anything that I ever dreamt of!

'We spent a fortnight at this wonderful Island of Pines, where the Norfolk Island pine grows side by side with the coco-nut tree; and then we went northward again till we came to a small island south of New Caledonia—a wild, bare mass of red and white volcanic rock with but very few trees on it, but what there were crowded with singing birds, some like the New Zealand tui, some like a small honey-bird. It was a desolate-looking place, but we had to stop there for water, so we got through the time as well as we could, scrambling about the coral-reef ridges and poking about for strange beasts and shells. I saw a sea anemone quite as large as my hat, and an innumerable variety of creatures that I had hard work even to give an approximate name to.

'This place [Porte de France] is fine in its way, but it is a French convict settlement. It makes one's heart bleed to see the poor devils working hopelessly, absolutely hopelessly—all for life. As

for the natives, they are hardly human; I thought that the Maoris were bad enough, but they are polished gentlemen to these animals. We are obliged to stop here a week for provisions and repairs, and then we go south to Norfolk Island, and so back to New Zealand.'

FROM PORT ST. VINCENT, NEW CALEDONIA.

'16*th October* 1869.

'Here we are, and have been lying for the past three weeks in perhaps the strangest and most out-of-the-way place in the world. There is nobody here but one Chinaman and certain natives, whose dress it would be easy enough to describe, but difficult to give a description of—at least in a London drawing-room. We ramble about on shore looking for ——, of which we find none; and we ramble about on the reefs looking for shells, of which we find few. The rivers are very strange and wild, and full of the most wonderful fish, which we cannot catch, so all we can do is to collect birds and flying-foxes. We were a little excited yesterday by a French man-o'-war running aground. The captain and I went off in the night to offer our assistance. The row was lovely, every dash of the oars sending up flashes of the most brilliant flame; and this, and the gleaming fish rushing about in every direction, made one of the most extraordinary scenes that I ever saw. Make Mary look in her Cuvier for dugongs, and tell

her that I see one every day—an immense brown creature, nearly as big as an ox, floating about just under the surface of the water. It is wonderfully pretty to watch the chetadons playing in the small streams which run into this desolate haven. One of them will take some little bit of stuff into his long snout and blow it out again through the water as a sort of challenge, then another will dash up and do likewise, then half-a-dozen more will join in, and soon they are at it all round, flashing about like living gems, really just as though they were playing some kind of game. I have watched thousands of them, but I have never seen one shoot anything out of the water—I believe that fly-shooting is a myth. At low tide the mud in the mouths of these rivers presents a most curious appearance. Imagine a bed of early dwarf tulips, without leaves, all in active motion, appearing and disappearing in the most unaccountable manner, and then you will have a dreamy idea of a colony of calling-crabs, each one, apparently, leading off three rousing cheers with his one big claw, and picking something off its mandibles with his little one. On your approach he subsides into his hole, and if you follow him up with a piece of stick, you may or may not drive him out at the other end of his burrow, but, at any rate, out of one or the other hole there is sure to bolt a fish, something like a loach, running on two pairs of tiny compasses fixed under his chin, who will not only scud deftly over the mud, but, in his terror or artfulness, will often

run up the aerial roots of the neighbouring mangroves and down the other side into the water with a splash. The whole scene is one of the funniest imaginable. There is a grave solemnity in the motions of these crabs, each one seated at the mouth of his own burrow, clicking loudly (how, I cannot make out, but not, I think, with his big claw), which would put to shame the gravest Rabbi offering a Wave Offering, or a toast-master leading off the cheers for Her Majesty at a solemn dinner; then this fish, so utterly fresh and strange,—in every appearance and motion so unlike his *camarade* or chamber-fellow, —pops up like the comic element in a play, and his vivacity is as absurd as the solemnity of his friend.

'This is a fine, bold, mountainous country, but it wants water, and this, I fancy, will prevent it ever becoming of any great value; moreover, it is entirely surrounded by coral reefs, through which you have to enter by narrow passages, and the sea is so encumbered with rocks and shoals as to render navigation exceedingly difficult. You need not fear for us; we never move except in the day-time, and then we have a man at the mast-head: the water is so beautifully clear that every rock and sandbank can be seen easily.'[1]

[1] Long after his visit to Port St. Vincent he sent the following letter to *The Field* on

'PERAMBULATING FISHES

'In an angling note in *The Field* of 29th November, W. S. has asked a question which I suspect he will find easily answered—if he confines

No letter has been found containing a description of Norfolk Island, but in one of his articles he refers to 'that strange trio of rocks away in the open sea which we include in the name of Norfolk Island. On one of these rocks the fleas, left by the convicts

his perambulating fishes to English forms. For myself, I can distinctly say, No! I never did meet an eel walking about on the wet grass at any hour of the day or night, and I have been about in all of them. Still, from what I have seen elvers do in the way of ascending posts and lock-work generally, I should not feel my own pulse if I met any number of eels, little or big, in the gloaming. On the other hand, were I to meet dace, pike, or jack under similar circumstances, I should immediately recognise him as a 'subjective' fish, and hurry to the nearest respectable practitioner and beg to be properly treated. Of course, if you go to other parts of the world (by the way, have any of your correspondents seen our old friend *Anabas scandens* walking up the stem of a palm-tree lately?), you may find fishes walking about the shore on their pectorals, and even, I believe, taking considerable cruises inland; and not only that, but running up and down trees "like Christians," as the sailors say. Curiously enough, whenever I mention these facts in the smoking-cabins of big steamers, people glare and hint at the presentation of "kettles." I have always remarked that those who are given to the most reckless "embroidery" are those who are the first to repudiate some simple fact in natural history. One might quote here the old story of the "auld wifie" and the flying-fish, but 'tis somewhat stale.

'We learnt to know the cheery little *Periophthalmi* (I suppose they belonged to that genus) down in the South Seas,—New Caledonia, if I remember right,—where they swarmed. They lived in great amity with the scarlet calling-crabs (*Gelasimus*, sp. ?), and they seemed to be on excellent terms. Curious it was to see how the fishlets used to scud over the hardening mud, and bolt past the owner and excavator of the hole, who sat solemnly at the door of his sanctum, waving his big claw majestically in the air, as if he were giving three cheers for something or somebody, and ever and anon picking something off it with his smaller claw and putting it into his mouth. What they picked off I never could make out, but these cheerings and gesticulations were evidently of some use to them, which I believe obtains also

thirty or forty years ago, rush out in red hosts from the deserted cells (what awful irons were lying in those cells when I saw them last!) and almost tear the clothes off your back in their eagerness for another taste of human blood. On another, rabbits

in some of the higher animal races. They are rather shy, these calling-crabs. At one moment the brown mud seems sprinkled thickly with red tulip blossoms, to some extent vocal, for they keep up a strange clicking concert amongst themselves, and then in an instant, as the vibration of a heavy footstep shakes the ground, the whole parterre vanishes, and nothing is seen but a belated *Periophthalmus* who has been unable to make up his mind in time, working his pectorals like the paddles of an old-fashioned steamboat to gain the refuge afforded him by his crustacean friend. Not that he always stops there; sometimes, in an ecstasy of terror, he bolts into the front door and out of the back, and, becoming delirious, rushes up one side of the aerial roots of the nearest mangrove and down the other, squattering eventually into the protective security of the dirty water out of which he originally came. Curious things are these "cursorial fishes"—Hickson's *Periophthalmus*, for instance, of which he gives such an excellent figure in his Celebean book: the fish who permits himself the extraordinary liberty of breathing with the tail he keeps carefully in the water, whilst he reposes all the rest of himself out of it on a rock, assuming, in fact, all the airs of a seal—and who has, moreover, literally thought his eyes almost out of his head in projecting his brain into possible futurities.

'One wonders whether these fishlets have reached their highest point of development, and whether they will ascend into the regions of Batrachians and lizards, or even into those higher realms of birddom, when they will have lungs and wings and bills, and lay improved eggs with a coating of carbonate of lime on them. Rubbish? Possibly so; but the thing has been done before, and possibly may be again, if things go on long enough. This sharing of lodging between the *Gelasimus* and his fishy friend always struck me as interesting, as are, indeed, all these associations of different animals under one roof. We all know those very queer clubbings of the prairie dog,—poor maker and proper owner of the house,—the rattlesnake, and the inevitable pair of owls who stand winking and blinking at the door

(and wonderfully nasty rabbits they are too) live in the trees like birds; while, on the third, the sea-birds burrow underground like rabbits, and croak horribly from below as you walk over their heads.'[1]

with such an ineffably Pecksniffian expression. *They* know all about the mysterious disappearance of the prairie puppies which worries their parents so much, and the rattlesnake leers at them and they wink at him. They understand each other; but there are no trees to roost in, and the frost is sharp in the winter, and they both have to keep a house over their heads—somehow always a difficult matter when it is somebody else's house—rent free. I wonder why there are never more than two owls to a burrow? Do the rattlesnakes take toll of their young? I know not; but if ever I saw two rascals living on a foolish, excitable, but kindly being, those two are the rattlesnake and the owl. As for *Gelasimus* and his cursive friend, I do not think there is any knavery on either side. *Gelasimus* is for ever fiddling about with his big claw and his little claw, wondering, possibly, whether they will ever be both of one size, and allows "the man he knows by sight" to bolt into his front door and out at the back without disturbing his mind on the subject. THE DOCTOR.'

[1] And this note to *The Field* (for 7th July 1889) was written by him :—

'Some years ago I landed on Phillip Island, one of the three composing the Norfolk Island group, in hopes of getting a specimen of the Phillip Island parrot. Alas! though red and green parrakeets were so plentiful and so tame that one could knock them on the head with the ramrod, I found no *Nestor productus*. (I did get a curious cuckoo, but of course my usual luck followed me, and the skin never reached England.) But I found that, with the exercise of a little imagination, I might almost say that I had a chance of getting that beau ideal of a shooter, a "rocketing rabbit." Rabbits had been introduced on the island during the period of the use of Norfolk Island as a convict station, and had increased and multiplied till they had made the ground as bare of vegetation as a well-kept gravel walk. In consequence, they assumed arboreal habits, and were positively living not only on, but in the trees—trees, it is true, so wind-swept as to rise but three or four feet above the soil, with thick stems sloping at an angle of inclination which made it more of a walk than a climb up them,

From Papieti, Tahiti.

'*27th August* 1870.

'Here we are at Tahiti seeing the strangest, most beautiful sights. On the 12th we ran past the rocky peaks of Tubuai in the Austral group (the island on which old Fletcher Christian of the *Bounty* wanted to settle after he left Tahiti), in glorious weather, and on the Sunday, about 9 A.M., sighted the great mountains, rising seven thousand feet high, glorious purple, blue, and gray peaks away up in the clouds, dark shadowy gorges and bright velvety green sea ridges, and below, a mass of tropical vegetation, the white surf, and the sea. Though our first view was spoilt by rain, it was marvellously lovely, reminding me somewhat of the east coast of Spain between Malaga and Gib., but infinitely finer. Lord! how well I remember seeing it all, long years ago, when I was a-sailing round the world with Byron—not the poet, the navigator (1764-66). We had to lay off and on Point Venus,—the sunrise on the great peaks

but still trees. The rabbits were of fancy colours, principally white and yellow, and very strange they looked seated amongst the foliage. I rather wondered at the time why they had not reverted to the natural colour of the wild animal. As food they were wonderfully nasty, even to tastes longing for fresh meat of any sort, so that one need not regret their extinction from starvation and interbreeding, which probably enough has happened by this time. We may not live to see it, but I fully expect that the rabbits of Australia will work out their own destruction in time, as did those of the Balearic Islands in the early Christian centuries.'

indescribable,—and only got into the beautiful harbour of Papieti on the Monday. I cannot tell you all the wonderful things that we've seen since. They had tremendous jollifications immediately after our arrival—the great French National Fête—regattas, races, and what not; and we heard for the first time of the war: it will be an awful business if these Frenchmen get into my dear old Deutschland. One of the canoe races was superb. Two huge, long canoes, in each forty or fifty men, twenty or more paddles a-side rising and falling in regular time, digging away for life, and in the bow a captain, dancing, yelling, and stamping, and whirling his paddle round his head like a bedlamite drum-major. When it was all over, they lay under the stern of the French frigate, beating their paddles against the sides of the canoes in time to the music of the band—a glorious row! But more glorious still was the singing of the "Hymenès," Hymns—forsooth! would that they sang such hymns in the little bethels!—by the native choirs in the Governor's garden in the evening. It was a mixture of Usquikiah, sweet waters, and a Tyrolese singing meeting in the Jellah Thal: the perfect time, and the marvellous accuracy with which each individual took up his or her part, put me much in mind of the latter. It was a fairy scene: the hanging lanthorns of paper dotted about among the trees; the soft white of the graceful, clinging, unstarched dresses; the beautiful black hair, glossy and clean, of the

women, encircled by wreaths and coronets of bright yellow made of the dried leaves of the bananas, long strips of which many wore round their necks in the ancient manner. And then the music of "the hymenès," the perfect time, the perfect cadence, the strange humming bass (like the sound you hear when you "listen" to a shell, magnified a thousand times), the wild, high, long-drawn falsetto notes, the smiting together of hundreds of hands in perfect unison, all ending in a deep sigh! It was finer than all the songs of Arabs, than all the savage music that I've ever heard.

'But I cannot tell you all the wonderful things we've seen—besides, some of them were not quite proper. The natives are happy, contented lotus-eaters. "How do you Kanakers live?"—"Oh, we live in houses." "How do you get your living?"—"Oh, we play games." They are far higher, far more beautiful, more graceful than the Maoris, and are bubbling over with life and good-humour and genuine kindliness. As you walk along, the great, strapping brown fellows will greet you with a smile and a cheerful "Ya rana" = "Good morning—God bless you. How I loves to see your 'andsome face." They wear a loose white shirt, and a sort of kilt of blue or scarlet cotton wrapped round the loins, which is printed with all sorts of fantastic devices of their own imagining. They are as proud of their hair as the women, and wear it in much the same way. The women have long, loose muslin dresses

reaching from the neck to the ankles, without any waist, and they arrange them in all sorts of coquettish manners as they walk, or rather trip along. Very pretty green and pink are the favourite colours, though pure white is very popular. Their hair, which is beautiful, glossy black, is carefully dressed with coco-nut oil, and they have head-dresses of bright yellow plantain or banana leaf, and sometimes a bunch of feathery stuff, which they get from the coco-nut palm, which is really prettier than any ostrich feathers I have ever seen.

'We had more "hymenès" in the garden of the Queen's palace, and saw Pomare herself, looking rather sad, and no wonder, poor dear. We had a charming picnic at Point Venus with the Consul, Mr. Miller, and his wife. There was a large encampment of natives on the shore. They were returning from the fête, and, being unable to reach their homes on account of contrary winds, they had drawn up their boats and made tents out of the sails and coco leaves; and these tents were really richly furnished inside with mats, and blankets, and pillows stuffed with silk cotton, which they got from a strange tree with bare green branches, like the yards of a ship, from which oval pods depend.

'One comes across strange contrasts here. The other day I walked up a perfect paradise of a valley, through groves of coco-nut trees, bananas, oranges, and everything else, including sugar-cane, and was scrambling along the bed of a mountain torrent over

boulders of lava, with the loveliest butterflies flitting around me, when, all of a sudden, to my unutterable astonishment, I came plump on a live Bishop—the serpent! He told me that I was meandering about his private garden.

'I've had but poor sport fishing, but the fish, as in all these islands, are exquisite. There were some strange, beautiful, orange-coloured fellows with the most extraordinary action in the water, and the glorious ultramarine and emerald darlings in swarms. I should have done famously had they bitten but half as well as the infernal black mosquitoes—imported, like the Bishop. It would be difficult to find a finer pose for a sculptor than that assumed by a Kanaka, fishing by night, as he bends over the water with his torch in one hand and his fish-spear in the other. The "roundliness" and development of the upper part of the back and arms are superb, and, when not disfigured by elephantiasis, the lower leg is very beautiful: infinitely better than the coarse Irish-chairmanish legs of the Maori.

'Last Wednesday we went to the plantation of a Mr. Stewart at Atimaono on the other side of the island, and stayed two days there in great bliss. The loveliness of the scenery through which we passed on the way thither is simply not to be told. Through a tropical forest we drove, with here and there a gap through which we could look, on the one side, at the sea,—deepest, yet brightest blue,—then a line of dazzling surf, and then a band of still, clear

green water inside the reef; on the other, up at the mountains, cliff beyond cliff, tier beyond tier, in sunlight and shadow, up to the very clouds. I slept there in a little house built on a rock right out in the sea; it was approached by a bridge of planks, and the roar of the surf shook its very foundations —a lullaby for a god! I could look out of my window and see the gleaming fish by thousands swimming past; and, in the middle of the night, I was awakened by the glare of a native fisherman's torch looking in at me.

'A short time ago a fellow-medico who was lodged there got up in the morning to find, to his no small consternation, that the bridge had been washed away. It was not the blue ghost-chamber, it was the Robinson Crusoe, the maroon chamber.

'We have been thinking of going from this place to the Marquesas, but it is a long and difficult way, so we have decided to give the idea up, and to cruise among the islands to the westward instead.'

'AUCKLAND, 5*th December* 1870.

'Here we are again, my darling, after one of the most delightful cruises ever made. I wrote to you from Tahiti. I hope that you got the letter; we have been out of reach of post-offices ever since. After we left Tahiti we dropped down from one lovely island to another, seeing the strangest sights imaginable, and being treated like princes by the natives, who literally loaded us with presents. I had

no idea that they were still in such a perfectly natural state—still with the old head-dresses, the kilts of yellow leaves, and the extreme absence of clothing that one sees pictured in Captain Cook's voyages: most of the islands were quite unspoilt by Europeans.

'First of all, we ran over to Eimeo, where we anchored in the western harbour, inside the reef, in one of the most glorious gorges that I ever saw: sheer precipices of green rising upwards of two thousand feet nearly from the water's edge, fringed around their feet with coco and orange trees and luxuriant vegetation of all kinds. The peaks and walls of rock were indeed magnificent beyond comparison, and the red roof of the ex-manager's house set off the foreground exquisitely. Here we saw the natives catching small fish—something between a dace and a charr to look at, silvery green above and crimson beneath—by means of a kind of seine made out of pandanus leaves; when near shore they inserted an immense basket, and scooped up the beauties by hundreds. The eastern harbour, which we went to afterwards, was not nearly so fine, but there I saw tropic-birds with white tails at least a yard long, soaring about the black cliffs—a most beautiful sight. Then we sailed to Huahine—a sweet, pretty island with a missionary, small but kind, Saville by name.

'We had a walk with him to a lagoon separated from the sea by a raised coral beach a couple of

hundred yards wide, covered with cocos, bread-fruit, and iron trees. There was a very remarkable cyclopean causeway along the edge of this lagoon, said to have been built by a large tribe in a single night, in order to procure a famous beauty for their chief—it being supposed that it was the right thing to do something heroical and beyond the common on such occasions. On the land side were many "morais," generally formed of immense slabs of coral rock tilted up on end, and sustaining thick walls and terraces of smaller stones. They seem to have been partly places of sacrifice, and partly places of assembly. Pigs were sacrificed on the big upper ones, but the chiefs had human sacrifices on the smaller and lower: one quite rejected with disgust and disdain the idea that these human sacrifices were ever eaten. Out over the waters of the lagoon there was built a village on piles. The huts were very large; the walls formed of hibiscus, with plenty of room between the sticks, as the people like fresh air; the floors covered with dry grass and pretty mats, all very clean and tidy. Coming home in a canoe, a strange thing happened: suddenly a flight of gar-fishes, some two or three feet long, rose from the surface of the water and sprang right across the canoe like flashes of green flame; one of them, however, catching our little padre a sounding thwack in the ribs, plentifully covering his coat with scales, and then falling stunned among our legs, was made a prize of. The native said that had it caught him

fair and square with its long beak, it would probably have done for him.[1]

'From Huahine we sailed to Raiatea and Taha, two islands about thirty miles away, both enclosed within the same reef, with the wild rocky mass of Bora-Bora backing up the gap between them beautifully. They were magnificently rugged and green, and covered with wild guaras, fringed with cocos and bread-fruits. Here we had a grand present of pigs, plantains, and poultry from the King, a shrewd but reprobate monarch, who had nearly blown his arm off in a Malthusian effort to diminish the population with an old rifle. He, the Queen (a graceful and pleasing brown woman who spoke English), and the Prime Minister came on board to visit us; and we were boarded later on by a hundred and odd school-children—a most charming business. The missionary discreetly turned his back and allowed the youngsters to carry on, which they did to such an extent that he was obliged at last to whack some of the more intense devotees of the can-can over their pates with his umbrella. Ten minutes more and the yacht would have been a pandemonium.

[1] 'There is in all these waters a gar, or guard fish (*Hemiramphus*), some two feet long, with a hard, sharp, prolonged lower jaw. This fish has an unpleasant custom, when suddenly startled, of leaping out of the water with such extreme velocity as to transfix any soft substance which happens to be in his way. Cases of severe wounds, even of death, from this cause are by no means unknown.'—*South Sea Bubbles*, 5th ed. p. 81.

'Then we threaded the reefs between Raiatea and Taha, and worked out of a narrow channel into the lovely blue sea. Deep sapphire blue is the real colour of the sea in these regions when the sun shines, in cloudy weather inky, Indian inky, and purple, but always beautiful from the bright, crisp break of the waves. From the Raiatea side Bora-Bora looked like a gigantic ruined cathedral with a stately gray tower, and ruined aisles, naves, and transepts, with some buttresses still standing. Round a long and dangerous reef we went, and worked our way into a glorious harbour, with a mass of rock about three thousand feet high at the end, and noble basaltic cliffs standing out from a perfect cascade of verdure.

'Nowhere have I ever seen cliffs so richly green as they are in these islands. There was a huge church here and a black preacher in barnacles. It was sweet to sit on a bench near the church door and listen to the wind outside swishing through the glorious bread-fruit trees and the strange, outside-green-stemmed cottons, and to look out of the window at the deep blue sea with the white foam of the barrier reef for an edging. We went round the island in the lifeboat, inside the reef, which was about two hundred yards across, and almost uninterruptedly wooded with hibiscus, iron woods, and cocos. Every view of the great cathedral tower and its buttresses was more lovely than the other. The tower seemed absolutely inaccessible from any side,

but our man said that it had been ascended. The King was a fine young fellow, quite six feet two. His "Motu" or Windsor Castle was an open shed with one end thatched in with palm leaves, and the royal bed was a mattress on a mat with two or three plaid coverings; at its head were a double-barrelled gun and a small accordion.

'Our next island was Tubuai. This island was but little above the water: a mere fringe of cocos with a protecting reef. We put out the old fish-fag,[1] but failed to find an entrance through the reef, on which the surf was breaking fiercely. Birds innumerable flew around us, terns, young tropic-birds, and grand fork-tailed frigate-birds who bullied the others tremendously, and forced them to pay tithes of their fishing. The green of the trees on the white sandbanks, and the glory of the purple and crimson evening sky, were indescribable. The next morning, guided by a group of men bearing a big white flag, we pulled over the rollers, and were dragged, boat and all, clean over the reef and on to the glittering white beach by a lot of jolly brown Savage islanders,[2] headed by Mr. Blackett, a Nova-Scotian who rents the island from the King of Bora-Bora for the purpose of making palm-oil. A walk of a quarter of a mile brought us to his house—a large, roomy hut

[1] The ship's boat in which they usually went fishing.

[2] I don't mean the savage islanders of the story books, but the Savage Islanders of the Admiralty Chart; the place where they ran at Captain Cook "like wild boars."—*South Sea Bubbles*.

of interwoven palm leaves, very comfortable, with lots of nice brown women and girls about, jolly and clean and well dressed, and innumerable dogs, cats, gigantic pigs, and chickens. It was situated on the edge of a lovely circular lagoon, about two miles across, of the brightest green, with a ring of cocos encircling it. We pulled across this to a white sandy spit of elevated coral with a few coco-trees and scrubby bushes on it, and under these bushes we found numbers of tropic-birds, with splendid long scarlet tails, sitting on their nests. The young ones squawked, and croaked, and wobbled about, but seemed, like their parents, too stupid to know fear. There was no necessity to shoot the old birds; we had only to peer under the bushes and pick them up. They bit, and pecked, and squawked, but made not the slightest effort to escape. Then we went to Raritonga in Cook's Group—a lovely green, peaked island with the usual wealth of cocos, and moored in a perfect saucer of coral.

'There was a vile, cockneyfied church there, but we had a most wonderful reception from the chiefs, who gave us all kinds of things, from a bull to a handful of coffee; but I don't think that there was a man, woman, or child on the island who did not give us something. They crowned us with crowns of riva-riva, and covered us with kisses, and mats, and belts, and all manner of strange things, and danced round us till we were dizzy. Pem. looked like a cross between the youthful Bacchus and the Eddystone

Lighthouse disguised in the glory of king Solomon. I won't tell you what he said I looked like. We witnessed a never-to-be-forgotten fantasia at the King's, where I saw more unfeigned kindliness and warmth of heart than I ever saw in any land before. The Queen and troops of her subjects came on board, and there were tremendous larks! They sang, they would sing, they were so glad to see the ship, and, moreover, not having the fear of the missionary before their eyes, they danced.

'Then we went to Samoa in the Navigator Islands, where the off-shore wind was positively laden with sweet odours, whether of the orange or of some kind of Cape jessamine I know not, but it was most rarely sweet. We were not quite so well received here, owing to the people being at war, but we drank real kava chewed by a beautiful princess, a figure of brown loveliness, who shimmered in the rays of the setting sun like a yellow bronze statue. She was dressed solely in a most lovely mat, wound with exquisite grace round her hips, the fringe below hardly hiding her dainty little feet. She wore a glorious wreath of crimson hibiscus flowers, and round her neck a double row of great crimson berries. A daintier darling I have seldom seen, or a more graceful. Her maid of honour had a necklace of whales' teeth scraped so fine that they looked like the claws of a gigantic tiger; she also had a wreath of hibiscus and a light kilt of tappa. There were some wonderful pigeons here, but none equal to my gems of the

Isle of Pines ; one, called the Didunculus, appears to be trying to turn into a parrot, and is persisting in the attempt. We had great fun palolo fishing. These palolo are sea worms, and when they are baked in plantain leaves they taste like most delicately dressed crab mixed with good spinach. We went after them, out on the reef, at four o'clock in the morning, among a cloud of canoes full of brown men and women, skirling and laughing and chaffing and carrying on anyhow. The sea was covered with innumerable wriggling worms, about the thickness of a pack thread, and from one inch to two feet long ; many were of a dark blackish green, but the general tint was fleshy. We had small muslin scoop nets, and skimmed the top of the water, each scoop bringing up some quarter of a pint of the beasties. It was a lovely scene, the glorious surf curling over within a few feet of us, and the golden rays of the rising sun gleaming through the bright sapphire blue water walls, while along the reef's edge were statuesque natives fishing with long bamboo rods, casting their baits into the surge in a most workmanlike fashion.

'I would I could write more, but the California mail starts to-morrow, so I must confine myself to the closing scene of the poor dear old *Albatross*. From Samoa we sailed towards Fiji, intending to call at Levuka, and then to run down to New Zealand. We sighted the outlying islands one very dark and stormy evening, but, being afraid to try to thread

the reefs in the darkness, we put about with the intention of laying off till the morning. About nine o'clock Pembroke had gone to bed, and I was walking aft in the cabin when I felt the ship strike under my feet, the planking heaving with the blow. I called Pembroke, and we rushed on deck to see, but when we got there see we could not. The night was awful, the seas breaking over us, and when one bigger than usual came, it caught us up and threw us farther on the reef.

'We were, I must say, all of us as cool as cucumbers. We immediately lowered the boats, with much difficulty getting them over the side of the ship opposite to where the sea was breaking, where, though much knocked about, they were comparatively safe. Then there was nothing to do but to wait; and that waiting was not very pleasant, for we feared that we should be driven over the reef into deep water, where the ship would have gone down immediately.[1] However, at last the sea seemed to lose its power, having driven us up as far as it could reach, and we went below. It was a miserable sight to see all our countless treasures hurling about in the cabin, and to hear the cracking and crashing of the poor old ship; but there was no help for it, and we did the best we could till daybreak. When that came we found that we had been thrown about one hundred and fifty yards over the reef, and that

[1] 'The noise of the rollers on the reef where we were wrecked was very like the falling of great trees.'—*South Sea Bubbles*, p. 287.

there were two small islands about a mile and a half from us. We soon landed on one, in no small fear of being eaten, but found that both of them were uninhabited, though there were evident marks of past cannibal feasts. We rigged up a sail for a tent, lighted a fire, and did what we could, though the rain was coming down in absolute torrents. The boats went back to save what was left of the live-stock and provisions, for we could find nothing eatable except one another; and then we rigged up more tents and took it easy. Here we had to stay for nine days. We were not quite sure where we were. The captain tried to take an observation when the sun gleamed out for a moment, but a great sea-bird settled suddenly on the top of his head. We were in constant dread of the natives, though, as it turned out afterwards, there was little fear of their disturbing us;[1] but at last the weather moderated, and we took the boats, and after thirty hours, fortunately fell in with an English vessel

[1] 'We found out afterwards,' says Lord Pembroke in *South Sea Bubbles*, p. 258, 5th ed., 'that our apprehensions on the score of cannibalism were needlessly great. . . . Our sole informant and authority on the subject was the *South Pacific Directory*, which described the Fijians, and the Ringgold Islanders particularly (Nukumbasanga was in the Ringgold Group), as the most ferocious cannibals.' 'Where's the romance of this kind of thing?' he says again, shortly afterwards, 'unless you call it romantic to hear the terns screaming on the other side of the island in the middle of the night, and to creep through the bush towards the place where they are crying, expecting to find a canoe full of hungry, murderous savages, just landed, with the head chief serving out sherry and bitters to give them an appetite for supper.'

which took us to Levuka. Coming down here, we ran on to another coral reef, and stuck there for twenty-four hours, but that was a mere picnic. It is a great pity losing our collections; they were really wonderful; but that cannot be helped, and we were lucky to escape with our lives. I certainly never expected to be playing Robinson Crusoe at my time of life, and, believe me, my darling, it's much better fun in the book than it is in reality.'[1]

'The mere picnic' was held in Gava Harbour. In his copy of *South Sea Bubbles*, George Kingsley wrote the following note:—'Our ship "took the coral" on the Sabbath. After doing our best to get her off, unavailingly, we sent on shore for native help. The missionary returned word that he would not permit his young men to work on the Sabbath. We returned word again that unless the ship got off in half an hour, we should come on shore and make him, the missionary, come on board to look at the

[1] SKINS OF THE DIDUNCULUS.—I am desirous of correcting a misstatement made in writing of the Didunculus. I wrote that those collected by 'the Earl and the Doctor' were lost in the shipwreck of their vessel. The latter has favoured me with the following interesting letter: 'My dear Sir,—I am glad to say that the skins of the Didunculus we obtained at Samoa were not included in the wreckage of the poor little *Albatross*. Deeming them very precious, we placed them in the breasts of our shirts, and brought them safe and but little damaged to Levuka. They were well set up by Ward, and are now at Wilton.—Yours very truly, G. H. Kingsley.' I am sure that all naturalists will congratulate both the writers of *South Sea Bubbles* on having preserved these interesting trophies of their voyage.—W. B. TEGETMEIER, *The Field*, vol. lxx.

capstan, whether he liked it or not. As it fell out, we got off the reef without his assistance, but I should very much have liked to have seen him doing some honest work at that capstan. We would have made him do it too!'

V

CONCERNING MOOSE CALLING AND CANADIAN FORESTS AND FISHING

WE will now leave the South Seas and try to follow George Kingsley into the other most remarkable region he was privileged to know, the forest lands of Canada, whither he went on several occasions after moose and grizzly bear, and hunting and fishing of all kinds, with that ardent fellow-sportsman, the Earl of Dunraven. Here we have a bit of description of the sort of forest where moose are to be found, where 'the ground is carpeted in such a manner as to throw the delicately designed carpets of the East into almost blatant vulgarity. A little farther on groups of stunted pines, decked with greenish gray pendant Spanish moss, waving weirdly in the evening breeze, backed by still loftier conifers, interspersed with the white skeletons of dead forest monarchs, victims of the bush fires, standing out against the gold and crimson and pink and purple of the evening sky with a sharpness and a clearness unknown in more southern climes. Press through

the swamp, where grows the strange Indian cup and divers things which seem more suited to a tropical than to a sub-arctic flora; crush through the interlacing fir branches as you follow the narrow, devious moose track, and out on to the inexpressibly lovely carpetry of the barren, with its unending wealth of lichens and mosses, into which your moccasined feet press ankle deep; cross the swamp again, where the greenery rises, thick as air, on every side, and out on to "the hard wood ridge," where the tall, slender birches show their ash gray stems in endless colonnades, and the "windrows" cut by the fierce, narrow blasts are as sharply defined as though made by the stroke of some vast civilised missile, and you are in the loved home of the giant moose, the grandest of all the bone-horned creatures.

'There are some moose bulls who do not utterly refuse to listen to the voice of the charmer, but who take as little notice of it as suits their purpose, and, oddly enough, these are usually young moose bulls. It is your old moose bull who comes up bravely to the tootlings of a dirty rogue of an Indian and gets himself shot, poor fellow, for his pains—the older the fool, the bigger the fool, if indeed it be folly. My last moose was one of these wise youths, and we called him, from our little clump of bushes at the edge of the forest "barren," from dewy eve all through the moonlit hours till dawn, and called him, but in vain. My Micmac friend (a gluttonous villain who had only killed

two people in cold blood, and wore strings on his pantaloons where the buttons should have been) discoursed the sweetest music that ever was heard in moosedom. He climbed up a little tree, and sat there "wouking" "as gently as any sucking dove"; he climbed down his little tree and shoved his nose into the bushes close to the ground and "wouked" "an 't were any nightingale"; he "roused the night out with a catch," and the night revenged himself by uttering a demoniacal yell that nearly sent the heart of me through the soles of my moccasins; he was yearning, he was reproachful, he was coaxing, he languished in despair, but that wily young moose bull would not face the open. We could hear him, away there in dark forest, dashing his horns against the branches, swaggering around, rampaging, and "raising h—ll generally," as they say "out West," but he would *not* take the open; and at last we got bored of uttering our blandishments, and in the earliest morning—how cold it was sitting there like a hot-house flower in a florist's window! the night is coldest, not darkest, before the dawn—we determined to challenge him to mortal combat. Choking with rage, we uttered the most defiant snorts, drew our fragile birch-bark trumpet across the stem of a dead pine to simulate the sharpenings of mighty antlers, and smashed twigs to impress him with an adequate idea of our matchless force and prowess, to show him that we were a rival

worthy of his horn—but he came not. I fancy myself that we overdid this part of the affair, that we made ourselves out to be rather too terrible a fellow; at any rate, he elected to retire for strategical purposes, and declined the partie. Ah! what a thing swagger is in this world! If he had only known how frightened we were! In the midst of our most defiant challenge Noel clutched my elbow, "'Spose he come, you shoot?" To which I replied, in the laconics of the Dials, "You bet!" not, however, without a lurking suspicion that there might be a slight uncertainty of aim if the mighty one did come crashing down at us in the moonlight.

'As neither love nor war suited our friend, our hand was played out, and, reckless of the consequences, we lighted a little fire, so small that you might have put it into a breakfast cup, and heated a little drop of tea, and then wended our way campward, cold, stiff, and disconsolate, in the dawning. What a cowardly brute a bull moose must be to feel afraid of a doctor, not even in his professional capacity, and a dirty rogue of an Indian with strings on his pantaloons where the buttons ought to be!

'"Wh-e-ww!" What a soft, low, thrush-like whistle to the left of me! Trained so well long ago in dear old Sutherland to drop to the faintest whisper, I settle down silently into the bog, which receives with a clammy, chill embrace, and gently, ever so gently, turn my head to catch the direction

of Noel Glode's extended finger. Through the haze I peer across the "barren," and, saints and snakes! there, two hundred yards away, black as midnight, gigantic as all outside, just sneaking out as 't were from the dense growth of young pines, is the great bull moose, slowly turning his ponderous head, with its massive, palmated, whitish brown horns and "prehensible muffle," to right, to left, as he warily gazes around him. "Aha! my artful one, if you had come out in the moonlight I might have missed you from want of light. If you had charged me in the bush I might have missed you from—Two hundred, Noel? Crack! Missed! Nose thrown up. A moment's pause. Crack! Slap! Habet! and he's gone! The wall of greenery hath devoured him! Gone, and shut the door after him, it seems, so utterly is all trace of his passage instantly erased by the closing branches. After him we go! Noel points at a black mass under the birches. I fire, hit it, and am none the better for expending a bullet on a rotten log. But the shot awakens the echoes, and something more. What a plunging and a crashing to the right! Our moose, in a temper or dying. "Let us sit and wait a bit while he bleeds and cools and stiffens"—bless us! how brutal it looks on paper—say I. "No!" squawks the Indian. "We lose him in the hardwood!" Against my will, I advance into the thickest of the thicket. What a stamping and a floundering! And what a rush as we near the noise! Away he goes! Away

to the *Ewigkeit!* Adieu, my moose! My Indian! "I told you so, most miserable of Micmacs. There goes eight hundred pounds of moose meat to rot in some horrible swamp—a useless death. . . ." (They proceed to track this moose.)

'Try, and try hard we must, for the ridges are stony, and the swamps are "poached" by innumerable crossings and recrossings of tracks, more or less recent, of wandering cows and bulls. What a difficult piece to puzzle out is this, where the gray limestone crops out from the soft green bog, with only a moss-filled cranny here and there, or a bit of Capettarie, with its dainty pink stems broken and its dark green leaves crushed, to show where the sharp-edged hoof has passed. Is that blood? No, not moose blood, at least, only the blood of Adonis, wept for by apricot-cheeked Syrian women long ago and far away, staining the anemone leaves. On, on, squelching through the oozy morasses, scrambling over the smooth, damp rocks, through the dense thickets, over the slippery logs, hopelessly hoping on. No large drop on stone or twig smeared off from the wound as the mighty beast passed by. No sign of hope, except that the position of the rare hoof-marks shows that our quarry is walking slowly, not going at his natural swinging trot, careless in his strength, scattering the black peat over the green moss as he goes, but that he is walking slowly perforce. And see now! how widespread the prints of those giant hoofs, expanding under the weight of the

dying mass, which the faltering legs strive to the last to support, like the failing knees and ankles of that dying gladiator, the real not the false one, at Naples. Indians are the most marvellous trackers in the world. Are they? I would rather have an Australian black fellow with me now than the keenest-sighted Rouge that ever wore moccasins. Still on, I watching the bushes for a glimpse of the great head, Noel watching the track; and he touches me with one hand, and almost touches the dead moose with the other.

'Poor fellow! there he lies, so quiet, so calm, perfectly composed in every limb, almost graceful now just as the warm life died out of him, without spasm or struggle. What a strange look of ironical, sarcastic resignation there is in those deep cup lips, drawn up at the corners by the last thought that passed through the subtle brain!'

(I add another bit of description from an almost indecipherable MS. note.) 'There is something wonderfully eerie about this moose calling, not ghostly exactly; your foreign clank'm chains, or the little old lady with the powdered hair and the white satin petticoat, would be terribly out of place here; they'd catch their deaths of cold — thought the willis might suit us, but eerie; and this feeling comes, I verily believe, from a lurking consciousness that one is playing, and playing a deadly game with love, a lurking consciousness that it is somehow not quite lawful; *on ne badine pas avec l'amour*—as with

'us from the strange, mysterious beauty of one's surroundings.' (Then he goes on, apparently, to describe how they lay in the shadow of the bushes, listening intently between the wild 'calls' from the Indian's birch-bark horn for the answering grunt of the deceived moose bull.)

'Before us stretches the forest barren, with here and there a low gray rock with glints of light on it, and here and there a clump of stunted spruces. All is bathed in the brightest moonlight, nowhere is the moonlight so silvery bright as here. . . . The occasional hootings of the owls seem only to harmonise with the solemn loveliness of the scene, only to make the silence more profound, the repose more perfect. . . . Hist! scrackle-crack. A moose! No, only the urson, the porcupine. . . . Then again the silence is broken by that weird, plaintive, yearning love-call from Noel's birch-bark horn. . . . Silence, the world is asleep in the moonlight. No! Is that, can that be some one chopping wood at this hour, right away there in the forest? Nearer, nearer! Wouk! Wouk! . . . I did what I could to prevent it. I made a hole in the ground, the soft, spongy, moss ground, a hole which filled with water which tastes like water and porter, more porter than water, and buried my face therein. I did what I could to prevent it. I held my breath till my brain swelled as big as the universe, and the universe became an infinite maze of scintillating atoms whirling wildly in a maroon mist. I did what I could to prevent it.

But what is the use of Noël's calling, call he never so wisely? What is the use of my Micmac

> Pouring through the echoing birch-bark
> All the yearning of his soul,

when, just as the clatterings and clashings and bangings of those mighty horns, sounding like nothing on earth but a delirious kettle-drummer fighting with his own kettle-drums, herald the approach of the deceived bull, night is made hideous by one gurgling, snorting, choking bark sneeze, followed by three fierce, hard, appalling, sneezing barks? My goodness! what a row! And all is still, except that shameful echo travelling for miles, fainter and fainter, but still going, the astonished squawk of "the whisky Jack" awakened from his guilty dream, and the startled yelp of the "Lucifer," who stops in the chase of some wretched hare on a distant barren, half paralysed by the awful thought, "My soul! there is a Lucifer."[1]

'How does the silly old song go?

> Cupid sneezing in his flight,
> Once was heard upon the night.

'Ah! love may sneeze at you, but you must never sneeze at a moose bull. And here am I, all lonely and utterly forlorn, in the little camp at the end of the brown lake from eve till morning, forsaken except by a cold but affectionate frog who comes

[1] Whisky Jack, a species of magpie; Lucifer, the Canadian lynx.

to see me, like a bad conscience, as soon as ever I am comfortably tucked up in my blankets, and walks about me and around me and over me, and then is hurt at my indifference, and keeps up a scrabbling and a scratching against the canvas, more irritating than the hiss of a snake, yea, even than the hiss of *Coluber catenatus* himself, the fangless one, for whose bite, they say, you must *not* console yourself with the pleasures of intoxication. So up I must get, in spite of the damp and my cold, and have it out with my trouble. Thanks to a moonbeam, I see you, my friend; out you go, sprawling. But, Lord! how beautiful the old-logging road looks in the moonlight, with its rolling transverse beams, so fair in their perspective it leads away and away, a thousand leagues away, in the moonlight up to the land of the all lovable. I know that in sunlight and truth it leads to a foul swamp four hundred yards off, but I like it best in the moonlight. . . .'

'Dr. Kingsley and I were not strangers, for we had travelled together in America before, had hunted in company, eaten out of the same battered iron pot, and drunk out of the same pannikin,' says Lord Dunraven in *The Great Divide*, an account of his travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the summer of 1874. In many of the illustrations to that work by poor Valentine Bromley we can easily recognise the figure of the Doctor. Here, for instance, we see him and his companions shooting a rapid in a birch-bark canoe, and here sitting with his rifle

across his knees under the great cedar-trees, and watching, with evident suspicion, the approach of some extremely doubtful friends in the shape of a band of mounted Sioux Indians. A little farther on we find him apparently making a desperate and gallant endeavour to pack an exceedingly refractory mule single-handed; and now we observe him lounging off, with a fishing-rod on his shoulder, evidently intent in the catching of trout, while more industrious individuals are employed in 'making camp.' And here again we discover him, a dark form seated on a wet log, a perfect picture of misery and dogged endurance silhouetted against the blaze of a lonely little fire and the forest primeval, with the cold sleet beating pitilessly upon his shoulders.

The journey which is described in *The Great Divide* was one of several which Lord Dunraven and George Kingsley made together in Canada and the United States between 1870 and 1875; and in the course of these wanderings they shot not only moose in the forests of Acadia, but also every other kind of living thing that is regarded on the Western Continent as being legitimately shootable, with the solitary exception of their fellow-men.

The following letters, undated as usual, describe two journeys made, apparently in different years, to the country immediately to the west of Lake Superior.

'From Chicago, *October 17th.*—Lake Superior is certainly the most wonderful place for mirage. No

matter what the wind or the weather may be, some part or other of the landscape is sure to be distorted in a wild manner. One of its favourite vagaries is to take hold of the tops of the pines on some quiet little island and drag them out into elms with great bushy tops some two or three hundred feet high. Your telescope does not reveal the deception, and when nearness at length destroys it, the poor little trees seem quite shrivelling up with shame at the trick which they have been made to play, and at the disgust of the traveller on discovering their real size. Mountains upside down, and one on top of another, like thingummy upon what's his name, are too common to be noticed; but this arboreal development is new to me, though before now I have seen a thirty-foot camel dwindle into a rock as high as my knee, and a roc undevelop itself into a sparrow-hawk on a pebble stone. Under the bright sun to-day the lake is as blue and as fresh as the Mediterranean, with quite a smart sea running, flecked with snow-white foam. The fish are infinite in variety, but the "white fish" are the finest of them all; indeed, they are quite the best fresh-water fish that I have ever tasted. Unfortunately they are not properly preserved at the spawning time, and at the present rate of destruction the supply must soon run short. The fishing is of great importance, and vast quantities are salted down in barrels and exported to the South. There is another fish, the "Siskiwit," so

rich as to be almost uneatable; when placed in the sun it melts away into oil, leaving nothing but the head and the bones behind. Every time one examines the boundary line between the States and Canada, the more one is surprised at the utter indifference to British interests shown by those who laid it out. Isle Royal, for instance, a magnificent and most valuable island close to the Canadian shore, has been included in the States, though, geographically, it as much belongs to Canada as the Isle of Wight belongs to England. Do the Yankees intend to use it as a place in which to relearn English when they have so thoroughly debased their own language as to render it useless as a means of intercommunication with the English-speaking races?

'*September 20th.*—We have had a lovely run down to Ignace Island, passing on the way Pie Island, so called by imaginative miners because a huge truncated hill on one side of it reminded them of an enormous pie. The scenery was very fine indeed, Mt. Mackenzie above Fort William being particularly bold and free in outline. From Jarvis Island we went to Fort William itself, a Hudson's Bay trading post, and till lately the only point of civilisation in this part of the world where trappers sell their peltries and buy their blankets and ammunition. On a broad, brown stream, rejoicing in the name of Kaministiquia, a building occupying three sides of a square, one side, the cosy house of the chief factor, embowered in wild

hops, and with a charming garden, even now bright with flowers; the other two, old stores, stone-built and iron-shuttered for a siege, if siege there was to be. In front, a grass plot with plank paths laid down, and enclosed by white palings; behind, a marshy field or two stretching away to the limitless forest. A few wooden shanties, a store, with every requisite for trapper or traveller, some Indian hunters lounging about in store clothes and with bright "Six Nation" girdles, some jolly dogs trained for winter work, a hearty welcome, and a sweet, pretty rose of a face to give it—and there you have Fort William.

'We only lingered there for dinner, and had no time to wait and see the first white wedding on the N.W. shore of Lake Superior, as the tug whistled impatiently for us to go back in her to the granite, glacier-scratched promontory at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, where is our camp.

'We are camped on the bare granite, with the lake before us, and the forest, filled with the roar of the Mackenzie River, behind. We have a shanty with the unwonted luxury of a stove for cooking, two tents and an old log hut shelter us, and when a layer of spruce branches is made and covered with the warm, blue blankets in use in this part of the world, we have beds which are not to be despised. One end of our tent is open to the forest, and strange animals peep in at us in the gloaming. The other night a skunk paid us a visit, and tried

to get his head into the milk-can. Luckily Jim, the dog, was asleep, or we should have had to quit the camp. You must leave him alone or the consequences are awful. His power of ejecting an unutterable fetid fluid to a distance of yards makes him a positive terror to all who are near him; one drop on your clothes and you have to sink them in the nearest brook—you're deuced lucky if you don't have to sink yourself too. A bear followed us the other day along a wild trail leading to the Kakabika Falls, as we could plainly see by his prints on our return. Legend says that an artful Canadian Boniface once invented a machine which exactly simulated the track of an immense bear in the soft moss. These marks being shown to the "sojer officers," hounds were sent for, an expedition of many rifles organised, and a great hunt made; but somehow the bear always managed to escape, though of course *hit* frequently. Mine host, however, had his reward, and his quest was the foundation of many glorious yarns. The bear is a wise fellow, and boxes as adroitly with his paws as my old friend Sambo Sutton; but he is a harmless beast, unless interfered with, and objects to fighting on principle, though he is by no means averse to it in practice. When he comes upon a trail which has recently been used by man, he loses his temper, and, in default of the trespasser, attacks the pine-trees, which he scratches and bites with great pugnacity; at least, that is the explanation which

Minniscan, the half-breed, gives of the scars which we find on the tree trunks, some of them as high as I can reach with the tips of my fingers, showing the size of the inflictor. It may be that they are the effects of mere cat-like claw sharpenings; at any rate, there they are, and the bear is the only animal that I know of, except man, who "blazes" his track. Caribou are getting very scarce here now. The chase seems hardly worth the trouble, though people talk enthusiastically of running them down on snow-shoes in the winter, alone, generally for fear of shooting their comrades; even the oldest runner may get *mal de racquet.*

'*October 2nd.*—Silver Islet, that potentiality for growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice, is a mere bare rock, some few yards wide, lying about a mile from the shore of a sheltered bay on the N.W. shore of Lake Superior. The vein of quartz is visible on the mainland, and crops up again at this place, which has been made the principal point of attack on the riches below. Situated as it is, exposed to the really terrible seas of Lake Superior, it would be unworkable were it not literally cribbed, cabined, but not confined by vast "cribs" formed of mighty pine logs morticed together and sunk so as to form breakwaters. Even with these safeguards the surf flies high and wild around it in a gale; and we have just arrived to find great portions of these bulwarks fairly twisted from their foundations by the force of the water. On the islet are a few wooden buildings,

the principal one an admirably fitted up boarding house, giving accommodation to a number of the miners. The majority of them, however, live on shore, and are brought off by day and by night in "shifts." An American lady, who went off in a boat the other day in order to romanticise in the moonlight, was extremely astonished and shocked at being suddenly greeted with the jubilant shout of, "Here comes the night-shift!"

'On the mainland a low range of cliffs, crowned by pine-trees, is separated from the bright green waters of the lake by a narrow strip of land, in some places broad enough to permit of the location on it of pretty wooden houses, and even of a church, in which services are given indiscriminately to all kinds of the faithful; in others, so narrow as hardly to permit of the passage of the road which leads to the charming white wooden villa of the Managing Doctor, which contains everything to make life a pleasure. A more lovely situation for a house it would be hard to find. Indeed, Nature seems originally to have intended it for that purpose, for she has run up trap-dykes so conveniently as almost to do away with the necessity of walls, while in front lies Lake Superior, with Isle Royale, Pie Island, and innumerable others shining purple and green and gold in the soft, warm northern sunlight, and breaking the straight line of the water with every form of graceful curve and rugged ridge. The forest begins immediately at the edge of the clearing. In part,

gray and black from forest fires, but even then brightened up at this time of year by the flaming scarlets and yellows of the undergrowth; in part, green and gray, the spruces planted closely together, tall, lithe, and graceful, and decked with pendant reindeer moss,—reindeer moss, however, only if the snow is too deep to permit of the caribou scraping it away from his favourite lichens. Penetrate this vast forest in almost any direction, and you will come across lakes of every size and description, with the forest primeval growing to the water's edge so closely as to prevent the fisherman getting a cast for miles, though the water is alive with fish.[1] Trails there are, here and there, but it requires a cautious and trained eye to follow them; lose them, and you are at once in the midst of trees so serried in their ranks as to render the forcing of a way through

[1] 'PRE-ADAMITE FISHES

'What, geologically speaking, is our oldest English fresh-water fish? I think, with Master Shallow, that the "luce is an old coat," and that possibly *Esox lucius* may have existed long before we had a roach or a perch. And I will tell you why. Once fishing in that paradise, Thunder Bay, Lake Superior, for *Salmo Ramaycush*, for food, not for sport—for they have no more fight in them than an out-of-conditioned cod—I caught now and again what the Americans, in their passion for the misuse of proper names, persist in calling a "pickerel," a fish so like our own jack or immature pike, that Günther himself would be puzzled to tell the difference.

'Happening to take a smallish fish up by the wrong end, and glancing down him from tail to snout, I was struck by the evident regularity of the sweep of the white spots common to him and our own fish—round and round the body—in an evident but disconnected spiral. It struck me at the moment that these spots might be the

them a work of toil and difficulty, a difficulty increased a thousand-fold when a tract of fallen trunks is met with, tossed in every direction like a bundle of spillikins. There are, indeed, a few wide trails intended for winter use when the thermometer is 20° below zero and the water is as hard as diorite; but even these have their own peculiar drawbacks, leading down as often as not to the edges of broad lakes, and there ending abruptly, in which case a struggle, heart-breaking and exasperating to a degree, round the swampy shore is necessary before you can regain your road on the opposite side.

'The left side of the bay is terminated by the magnificent cliffs of Thunder Cape. These cliffs are very like the Pallisades of the Hudson, but much more broken and varied in form. Their feet are clothed in a splendid vegetation of pines and birches, and their flanks are blazing with the bright-coloured leaves of smaller trees. The Indians call this fine headland the Great Manitou, and from a distance it requires but little imagination to sketch the outline of a sleeping giant with his arms folded

"homologies," or the surviving relics of the bony plates, or rather ganoid scales, which follow exactly the same curves, round those strange remembrances of the Old Red Sandstone, the Lepidostei or bony pikes of North America—a link connecting us with Old Osteolepis himself.

'I do not remember ever seeing the subject mentioned, but it is certainly a very interesting one; and still more interesting, if it could be done, would be to watch the gradual separation of the scales of the Lepidosteus till they are reduced to the white patches on our common pike.'—THE DOCTOR.—*The Field.*

across his chest, with even the scalp lock trailing behind him.

'We have not far to go for game, such as it is. Any quantity of big gray lake-trout are to be caught by spinning a spoon round the rocks, and "Jim" is for ever barking at partridges. These said partridges (in reality ruffed grouse) on being disturbed take to the trees, and wait there patiently till somebody comes and shoots them. This is called stupidity, but may, I think, be put down to an instinct of self-preservation, which tells them that their best chance of escaping observation is to remain perfectly quiet and motionless; their sober grays and browns help them in this, as they wonderfully assimilate with the colour of the trees and the mosses pendant therefrom. There is, of course, no sport in shooting them; indeed the gun is almost a superfluity, and a long stick, or even a stone, would be enough to get a bag with. The Mackenzie River is a fine, brawling stream, very hard to fish, and with nothing but very small dark-coloured fish in it at this time of year. The water is intensely cold, and a dark brown colour, not at all a good looking state of things for the searcher after trout. We spent a few days there, hoping in vain for better sport, and at last struck our camp, and on a beautiful day started in a boat for the Carp River, known to the Indians by the somewhat difficultly pronounceable name of the "Kakahsakateewayagounac," "the-nearly-flowing-over-into-Lake-Superior-River. We had not

a breath of wind until the last half-hour, and the lake was perfectly glassy, giving us a splendid pull for some twenty-five miles. On reaching the creek we were horrified at finding the hoped-for stream a mere runlet of water, and camped in a little valley between stupendous cliffs, with dire forebodings of utter want of sport. This was the more disappointing as the stream is represented in the surveys as considerably larger than the Mackenzie. The next day we wandered up the half-dry stream, rather cheered by the quantity of partridges we came across, to a lumberman's shanty, where we were told that the stream had been dammed up for the purpose of floating down logs, and then we went up and away through the forest till we came to a succession of long narrow lakes, or rather pools, which had evidently led the engineer, who saw them from some distant mountain top, into the belief that he was looking at a big river. We toiled, however, in the hope of better things, and were at last rewarded by a glimpse of what was evidently *the* lake, and judging from the birch-bark canoe which lay on the shore, a fairly large lake too. We were sorely tempted to utilise her, but refrained from fear of being scalped by the infuriated Mr. Low, should he discover the borrowing.[1] Then the trail failed utterly, and the bush on the shore was so thick that it was impossible to get a cast. But at last we found a fallen tree projecting far out into the

[1] "Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind."—POPE.

lake, and scrambling along its uncertain and slippery surface, we made a few hopeless casts in the clear brown water, which was undimpled by the sign of a fish. Just one more cast under that leaning spruce, and what's that? A fish? Aye, and a big fish too, showing his crimson sides through the transparent water. A short struggle, a dash by the fish into the mass of logs that floored the lake, and he was gone. Another try, another fish, and at length our united efforts landed one of the loveliest creatures in the world, the purple-backed, ruby-flecked, crimson-bellied, spotted trout of Canada, in perfect condition, and in colour excelling the gaudiest opah that ever blundered on British shores. Three or four more were added to the bag, and then, dreaming of great things for the morrow, we wended our way homeward rejoicing. On reaching camp we found Mr. Ollivier, the owner of the location, just landing to look after his property. He offered us seats in his canoe, which we joyfully accepted for the next day.

The following morning the mist hung heavy on the lake as we cruised along in the birch-bark, but we saw enough to convince us that we were in the midst of some very lovely scenery. Of course, the little lake had its little islands, and each little island its little forest of pines, cedars, birches, and poplars. We tried, almost in vain, for trout, and at last went ashore, built a big fire, and waited for the return of our fellow-voyagers, who had gone inland to

prospect for big pines. Curiously enough, not one of the party had ever seen fly-fishing before, and on my playing a trout on my slender tackle, they burst into roars of laughter at what was, to them, an incomprehensible absurdity. They poach the beauties in every kind of rascally manner, and even go to the length of salting them down in barrels as if they were mere vulgar codfish. On our arrival at their starting-point they departed to flush some logs down the stream, and we took command of the canoe and went to the narrow entrance of the lake to try our luck. And luck indeed we had, for during two hours, in spite of the mutterings of a gathering thunderstorm, we were, one or other of us, never five minutes without a magnificent fish fighting gallantly on our slender tackle, and the bottom of the canoe was soon paved with scarlet and gold, brilliant enough to shame the brightest carpet ever woven. The fish dashed out from under the mass of fallen logs which paved the bottom of the lake, and nothing but the most desperate and determined "butting" enabled us to land them. Without landing-net or gaff this was rather a ticklish operation, but we lost very few, and at last it seemed as if we had cleared out the whole bay. Then we wended our way down through the forest to our camp at the mouth of the Carp River, bearing our mighty bunch of glories on a pole between us, and the thunderstorm, which soon burst over our heads, roared

and rattled unheeded. Lord! how it did thunder and blow that night! One uninterrupted roar of wind and storm, first booming from one range of cliffs, then crashing against the opposite one. The mist ablaze with colour and light, which seemed to splash about our very feet, adding a thousand new beauties to the bright-coloured plants at our tent door. The storm raged fearfully all night, but as the wind eased in the morning, and we were short of provisions, we made a dash to get round to Fort William. But hardly had we started when it came on to blow ten times harder than ever, and there was the more imminent danger of our boat swamping. Minniscan remembered a camping place at the end of a neighbouring bay, and we ran for it; but as we neared the landing we found that the surf was far too heavy for us, and made for the side of the bay, where there was some sort of lee. When we got there, the half-breed pluckily leapt waist deep into the water, and some of us kept the boat off the rocks, whilst others chucked the blankets and tents to him to lighten the boat. This done, we hauled her up, high and dry, and looked about us to see what sort of a place we were in. A narrow strip of land at the foot of the cliffs which skirt the fine Makengus Mt. gave us a camping ground, which had evidently been already used by Indians, and in spite of the lashing wind and driving rain we soon had the tents up and the fire ablaze. The curved sweep

of the seas into the bay was very graceful, and, as the waves were wonderfully short, the curves were beyond counting, but each was as regularly drawn as if by the hand of Albert Dürer himself. What a fearful gale it must have been outside when we, embayed and almost land-locked, got such a dose! As we were nearly foodless we had rather an anxious time of it, for, had the gale continued, we should have had to force our way, through forest and swamp, to Fort William. However, the wind went down and we reached there the next day in the boat. This was the heaviest gale they had had for a long time, and it did immense damage at Silver Islet, twirling the strong piles in two like frosted carrots, and strewing the shores of the lake with the mighty pines which had once formed the sea-defying "cribs."

'Some of our birds are pleasant and familiar, particularly the woodpeckers, who abound, and are as tame as Belgian scenery. They delight in tapping the fire-scarred trunks of the pines, and eye one between the taps with their heads inquiringly on one side, as if asking for our opinion on the subject of grubs. Another, the "Whisky Jack," though a sad one as to colour, is by no means a sad one as to conduct, unless the accusation which he lies under, as to an undue fondness for the liquor from which he takes his name, may be considered in that light. One hears his quaint whistle as one passes through the woods, but it is not until one has camped that

one sees his quaintness. Looking something like a cross between a miniature magpie and a shrike, he flits about the trees, pretending an intense unconsciousness of you and your belongings, until he has satisfied himself that you are not inimical; then he becomes bold, not to say impudent, and hops and pecks about in search of unconsidered trifles, and evidently intends that you should consider him as one of the party. On your departure he calls his friends around him, and the last bit of vitality which you see as your canoe pushes off from the deserted camp, is the party inspecting your remains and comparing notes, complimentary or otherwise, on your cooking and mode of living generally. From his dress and manner I should suppose him to have been, in a prior state of existence, connected with the dissenting interest.

'*October 6th.*—We crossed Lake Superior in the *Silver Spray*, a little tug belonging to the Silver Islet Company, rather too small for the work, for getting caught in a heavy storm, we had hard work to make Copper Harbour on the south shore. Then we left her, and took a light waggon across the peninsula to Lac-la-Belle, which was pretty enough, particularly one side of it, where the hill was blazing with scarlet and yellow foliage. The drive was through the forest the whole way, and now and then we came on a deserted mine, with the windows of the wooden shanties around it boarded up to save the glass. In some places these collections of

shanties had grown into towns, with hotels and churches, all empty and drear, the fall in the price of copper having forced their closing. The bird they call the partridge swarmed along the road-side, sitting on the logs, and refusing to move even after many stones had been shied at him. The intelligent citizen when driving along amuses himself now and then by dismounting and endeavouring to kill them with the whip, whilst his fellow-citizens keep up discordant yowls to distract his attention. We left Lac-la-Belle just at nightfall, and had a long and wearisome drive through the forest in the dark, in the course of which we managed to smash one of our light waggons, which necessitated a long walk through the driving rain and sleet. We knocked up a charitable German mining master, who lent us a new waggon, and without further disaster we reached Eagle River Settlement at one in the morning. The door of the tavern was open and we entered, but could make no one hear; so we lighted a fire in the stove and foraged out a bottle of whisky and some biscuits. At last the proprietor turned up with an astonished countenance, and a tremendous black eye, which he accounted for by a long rigmarole story connected with the splitting of logs. At last we got some beds, and turned into them with infinite contentment. The next morning I observed that the posts supporting the verandah had been nearly whittled through by the guests as they sat on the raised steps.

'Our road followed for a long way the great conglomerate backbone of Keweenaw point, which is the great nidus of the copper ore, and pierced in every direction by big mines, some working, some played out. We visited the largest of them, possibly the largest in the world, the Calumet and Hecla, which is, they say, a nice little property for a few shareholders. A long drive through the forest brought us to Houghton, a pretty little town on an arm of the lake, principally composed of wooden houses built with great taste, and painted white and brown, which gives it a Swiss-like aspect, and this is heightened by the quantity of German and French which one hears talked in the streets. From Houghton we started in two light waggons for Ontonagan, near which it was reported that a wonderful silver mine had been found. As we started late, and had at least thirty miles to go, we had a heavyish time of it. The road was so bad that even by daylight we had to travel the greater part of the way at a foot-pace, and after nightfall it was, of course, even worse.

'It led up and down through forests of sugar maple—now of a universal light, bright yellow colour —swarming with partridges. Small clouds of sparrow-like snow birds, beginning to put on their white winter jackets, fluttered around us, and now and then a quaint little squirrel chattered at us from a branch, and we saw one specimen of the ivory-billed woodpecker, a very handsome fellow. Early

morning found us at Ontonagan, and glad enough we were to get there.

'Ontonagan is a name which the Indian translated for me in two different ways: firstly, "the-place-where-a-young-girl-cried-because-she-dropped-her-panniken-into-the-water"; secondly, "the-place-where-a-man-shot-a-man-through-a-place-without-seeing-him,"—I suppose he meant that one gentleman had fired through the bush in the direction in which he supposed another gentleman to be, and had bagged him. Yes! sir. The black desolation of the spot is not to be described. It was only after a long search that a spark of life could be discovered, but then it was bright enough. A scientific watchmaker from Brighton, who sells specimens which are never bought, publishes a monthly gazette, and drinks lager beer, a young lady who teaches music but has no pupils, and rears canary birds, and a German gentleman who sells lager beer, and everything else, in the neatest and tidiest wooden cottages, and reads a monthly gazette, are the most prominent, if not the only inhabitants. A vast wooden hotel, the whitened sepulchre of many thousands of dollars, looms high above the surrounding level, its flagstaff blown down, its halls deserted. On Sunday, a few settlers in fur caps, and with Wellington boots, with red and blue patches in front, pulled up over their trousers, lounge under its verandahs, and Mr. and Mrs. Cow are there, well dressed and apathetic, and Miss Cow, with blood, I fancy, not unmixed. All is desolation; stores

have descended into hotels, hotels have descended into Hades, their signs hanging askew for want of the nail which it would not pay to expend on them. Vast wharves, crumbling and falling piece-meal into the water, masses of valuable machinery rusting and sinking by their own weight into the mud, utter bankruptcy. One boarding-house there is, conducted on temperance principles, probably because the landlord, Mr. Paul, feels that he would be obliged to drink himself to death with his own liquor if he had any. In addition to the few miners who are still left, and some explorers who are still hungrily seeking after wealth, it has a permanent clustage consisting of the telegraph clerk, who, the wires being broken, enjoys a sinecure, and the gentleman who assists in the store. It is comfortable and clean, and there is a sufficiency of well-cooked food, which Mr. Paul dispenses to us, three times a day, with his own hands, relieving his labours by occasionally stalking about the room and spitting as heavily as if he thought we all had evil eyes. The only way to get up an interest is to turn one's back on the town and to wander towards the forest, past the prosperous-looking little clearings, cheerful with the tinkle of the cow-bells, and homelike with the curl of the soft blue smoke rising from the mud chimneys of the log huts. The squall of the child from the interior, the bits of muslin and the bright flowers in the little windows, are positively exhilarating after the mournful dulness of that ruined gambler by the lake side.

Skeins of wild geese fly clanking over our heads, seeking their warm south from their breeding-places on the shores of Hudson's Bay; snipe are feeding on the splashes of mud by the road-side; and among the logs jolly little striped chipmunks, with dainty little feet, scramble and play, disappearing with a frisky flourish of their bushy tails, and suddenly reappearing and looking at us with bright eyes, as if they wanted us to have a game of hide and seek. . . .'

'ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA,
'*September* 19.

'We left Silver Islet on the 2nd of September, drove forty-eight miles through the forest to Lake Shebandowan. There we found our canoe, which had been forwarded up the river on which the great falls are which we visited last year, and tied her to a tug and were towed across the lake, one of the most narrow and tortuous I have ever seen. We had to carry the canoe over a portage to Lake Katchibone, which is so narrow as to be rather a river than a lake, and another portage brought us to Lac-des-Mille-Lacs. At all the portages there were Emigrant Houses established to assist the people who were going to the Red River Settlements. During the night a tremendous thunderstorm burst over us and set a tall tree on the bank into a brilliant blaze; the forest was very grand as seen by the flashes of lightning. On the 4th we started on

Lake Windigoostigwan, which had been dammed up to improve the navigation, and in consequence of this there was a fringe of gray and ghastly dead trees along its shores, whose grimness was by no means relieved by the colour of the water, which, under the cloudy sky, seemed as black as ink, though, in reality, it is of a brown stone colour. We camped at Matinis, and, on the next day, started at half-past eight, and were soon lulled into a state of dreamy beatitude by the pleasant monotonous thud of the paddle handles against the sides of the canoe. This state of mind, however, was suddenly disturbed by our running Ker-shamsh! into a rock in the middle of a rapid, and cutting two big holes clean out of the bottom. Luckily we were able to reach the shore before she sank, and she was soon unloaded and turned upside down, and two pieces of birch bark were sewn neatly over the holes with thongs made from the fibres of the spruce root well sized with gum, and, in half an hour, she was afloat again as sound as ever. Then we crossed over "the height of land," the ridge which divides the water running into the Arctic Ocean from those which flow into the St. Lawrence. Wherever we stopped in the woods we could hear the queer creaking rasp of the big boring grub which they call the screw-worm. We carried the canoe over Island Portage to Lac-la-Croix, narrow, and bright with birch-trees. Here I found a fox as tame as a kitten, a perfect darling, and learnt that

his Indian name was Wagoosh. We slept at the Kettle Falls, at the head of Racing Lake, and saw there a great pow-wow of Indians which was held within a circle of birch-bark, three feet high and about thirty across; yelling and tambourine playing, after the Arab fashion, the outer circle of Indians jumping monotonously up and down with bent knees, accompanying the performance with the most dismal howls. There were some beautiful rapids there, and the Indians had rigged out long, slender stages over them, from the ends of which they scooped up delicious white fish with exaggerated landing-nets with long and wonderfully elastic handles. Five years ago a disease broke out among the rabbits and destroyed them by millions from Labrador to the Rocky Mountains, and, in consequence, the Indians have been hard put to it for food and clothing. The latter they made by cutting up the rabbit skins into long strips and plaiting them together, whereby they got most deliciously warm and soft robes.

'On the 6th we ran down Racing Lake, low shores covered with forest, to Fort Frances, a Hudson's Bay post prettily situated by a fine rapid. Fine Indians, in full fig, were lounging about, and plenty of handsome half-caste girls were to be seen. The Indian face painting is according to individual fancy, and consequently infinitely various; the popular taste seems to incline towards a general good rub over of bright yellow, with streaks and narrow black

lines something like tattoo marks. Blackstone, "the Indian Bradlaugh," was there, and a most ill-looking and impudent scoundrel he was. There was also a pretty white girl, supposed to be about seventeen, who had been bought from the Sioux, by whom she was carried off in the great massacre of '62. Whilst with them she had forgotten how to speak English; now she had, discreetly, forgotten to speak Sioux.

'*7th.*—Still at St. Frances. The Chippeway Indians here call themselves Sotos. One gentleman is adorned with a dab of vermilion under each eye, a dab on each ala of the nose, and a line of the same colour upon each corner of the mouth. The women wear black cloth leggings prettily embroidered with beads.

'*8th.*—Towed down Racing River with a long flotilla of boats and canoes, past woods of oak and beech, and here and there a few pines, and here and there a few birches, the banks green and bright with flowers; it was pretty to see our long tail serpentining down the stream behind us. As the Indians moved they made a tiny jingling and clinking with their fringes of beads, and the silver chains and medals which hung from their ears.

'*9th.*—Got to Lake of the Woods, flat, shallow, and uninteresting, at least at the part where we crossed it; they say that farther north it is pretty enough. A grand toilette by the Indians; the stripes on the face are made by first drawing the pattern on the palms of the hands and then dabbing them on the cheeks. Grand feathers stuck in their hair orna-

mented with bright tips and tags. To see a grave and respectable elder calmly sit down and solemnly paint his face like an insane clown, and then stick his hair full of feathers like a bedlamite, is very amusing. They plait their hair in long tails, which they sometimes twist round their necks like collars; they have fur caps and fine bead garters, and smoke execrably foul pipes, made either from a black stone which is found in Racing Lake, or from a red stone which is found near North-West Angle. "Foul as an Indian's pipe" would be a good simile. Their blankets are generally scarlet and bright green, and altogether they are tremendous swells, and are for ever consulting the looking-glasses with birch-bark covers which dangle from their necks. Good bead-work is made with a shuttle, but worked with a needle.

'Reached North-West Angle, a rascally encroachment of the Yankees into British territory. It is a low, marshy, narrow angle of the lake, and as dismal a place as one could wish to see in a summer's day. Here we sent back the birch-bark, and then drove in a light waggon till one P.M. through the swampy forest, being devoured the whole way by mosquitoes.

'10*th*.—After an hour or two's smoke in a shanty we started and drove through the mixed forest and swampy prairie, bright with Michaelmas daisies and golden rod, and swarming with grouse and snipe, to Fort Garry, which we reached at sunset. There is not much to be said about Fort Garry. It is situated

at the junction of the Assiniboine and the Red River—queer round turrets at the angles; a wooden town, Winnipeg, growing up round it. These five days wretched travelling down to this place.'

During one of his visits to Chicago, Lord Dunraven happened to see the head of a magnificent Wapiti stag, which had been sent as a present to General Sheridan from the officer in command of some western frontier post. 'My enthusiasm,' he says, 'rising to a fever heat on a closer inspection of the antlers, nothing would satisfy me but I must be off at once to the fort,' whereby it fell out that George Kingsley, at the age of forty-six, found himself, clad in fringed buckskins, 'riding like a maniac among the wild sand hills after thundering herds of the American elk.'

To His Wife

'Fort Macpherson, Nebraska,
'*November* 15, 187 ?

'We have been hunting for nearly a month, and have had some wonderful sport. At Chicago we got an introduction from General Sheridan to the officers of the Fort, and they have given us regular western outfits, which are very necessary; and we cannot hunt without a guard of soldiers for fear of the Indians, who are inclined to be nasty. Our first hunt lasted for fifteen days, out by the wildest part of the Platte River, north of the

Station. We killed elk, white-tail and black-tail deer, antelope, swans, immense geese, ducks, and small game without count. This elk running is perfectly magnificent. We ride among the wild sand hills till we find a herd, and then gallop after them like maniacs, cutting them off, till we get in the midst of them, when we shoot all that we can. Our chief hunter is a very famous man out West, one Buffalo Bill. To see his face flush, and his eyes "shoot out courage"—as his friend and admirer Texas Jack says—*is* a sight to see, and he cheers us on till he makes us as mad as himself. One day he and I had seven elk on the ground at once, of which number he credited me with three, not bad for a beginner. These elk are really the great Wapiti which you and the children have seen so often at the Zoo. The herd out of which we got our greatest number contained quite a hundred and thirty, a most splendid sight. A few days later we saw another herd of at least twice that number. It is absolutely impossible to describe the grandeur of their rush as they go thundering along. Despite the great hardships and the very rough work the sport has quite repaid me. We four, Lord Dunraven, Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, and I, killed fifteen elk on this trip. We also saw wild horses, but, of course, did not hunt them. Soon after our return we fitted out again and went south for buffalo. We only found two, both of which we killed, Lord Dunraven one, I the other. Un-

fortunately, the men who were sent out to bring in the meat, instead of doing so, found more buffalo, which they went after in vain. They then lost themselves in a most frightful storm, got separated, and one is gone altogether; we hope, however, that he may yet turn up. This buffalo running is very good fun in its way, but I don't think that I shall care about much more of it, the elk running is far finer.[1] Our southern bag consisted of these two buffalo, five wild turkeys, a wolf, and—a rabbit! We saw six lynxes playing together, but they were too far off to shoot. We are now contemplating a new hunt, but the weather is so frightfully cold that it is doubtful whether we shall be able to go; it has been below zero already, and even the swift running streams are frozen over. We had a terrible ride yesterday to get in, the wind blowing

[1] The Doctor never seems to have changed his opinion with regard to buffalo running :—

'I vow that, all said and done, I think that stalking an educated stag on a Hieland corrie is the most exquisitely delicious sport that I have ever tried. Possibly, were I a sportsman, I should prefer galloping in the midst of a herd of poor blundering brutes, plugging one after another *à buot portant* with a Springfield, and leaving a long line of carcasses behind me to rot on the plain. It is a thing to do once; but for sport, No, sir! Once is enough for me. As for stalking a single buffalo, I would as soon stalk an old woman, stone deaf and parcel blind, picking up sticks to boil her kettle withal; but tastes, like doctors, differ. . . I am only a medical person who goes up and down the world to see things, and to shoot them or to miss them, as the case may be, generally the latter; but if the title of sportsman is only to be earned by going out buffalo hunting for the fun of the thing, I don't think that I shall ever earn that diploma.' —*Extract from letter to the 'Field.'*

a perfect hurricane, and over some of "the divides" or "highlands" separating the ravines, it was a doubtful business whether we should be able to manage it.

'*November 16th.*—The gale has blown itself out and the day is lovely, though intensely cold, but with plenty of blankets we shall do very well, though soldiers' tents are hardly the sort of thing for this climate. I suppose that people would be considered mad at home were they to leave their houses in the coldest mid-winter and betake themselves to tents for a fortnight together; but here, where every man is a soldier or a hunter, no one thinks anything about it. We have a quaint sort of a stove which keeps us warm as long as it is in, but as we have to turn out of our blankets into the cold half a dozen times a night to keep it going, it is a question whether it is a great advantage. We are up long before daybreak and in bed at seven. One comfort is, that this cold will keep the Indians quiet, but next spring they expect a big war, particularly about the North Pacific Railroad, which runs right through their hunting grounds. After all, one cannot be surprised at the poor wretches fighting; they depend wholly on the buffalo for food, and the railway and its consequent settlers will soon drive them away for ever. Quite lately these grand rolling plains were black with buffalo, and the Indians lived in abundance, now we are considered lucky

to have killed two. There are, however, vast herds one hundred and fifty miles away to the south ; and we thought about paying the great Spotted Tail a visit in order to see them, but the weather is so changeable that we have given the idea up.

'Our first hunting ground was not real prairie, rolling away to the horizon, a mass of wild, sandy hills, with patches of rank grass on them here and there, and having, as often as not, abrupt little cliffs some fifteen or twenty feet high on one side of them, which made it mighty pleasant riding. To the south the land was better and firmer, sparsely timbered with gray-barked, gnarled elms and cotton-trees, and cut by shallow valleys containing sluggish, green, alkaline streams fringed with thickets of red willow and large sun-flowers, now dead and dry. A snow bird or two, an occasional flight of handsome, long-tailed magpies, and a few wary willow grouse stretching out their necks and peering about as they perch on the tops of the elms, ready at the slightest alarm to fly clucking away to the wild prairie, represent the birds ; black-tail and white-tail (the former very fine, as fine as a red stag), elk and lynxes, the larger animals ; the cedar rat (handsome and clean), the cotton-tailed rabbit, and an infinite variety of moles, gophers, and ground squirrels, and what not, the smaller.'

Evidently he had, at one time, thought of writing an article, perhaps even a book, about some of his

experiences on the Plains; but this scheme went the way that so many of the best laid schemes of mice and men go, and we have only a set of disconnected sketches, of which I give a few.

'What a picture for an artist, working with either pen or pencil, was our crossing of that south fork of the Platte River, shallow and winding, rippling over sands, and whirling in blue-gray pools —where a harder bit of ground checked its course and compelled it to expend its power on the softer bed—so wide that one could hardly see across it, yet so shallow that mid-leg could ford it, broken by innumerable islands, dense with rugged, grayish white cotton-trees and purple-tipped willows, where the willow grouse clucked and crowed, and the deer slunk, rustling but invisible. But shallow as it was, the crossing of it was by no means an easy matter, for on the sandbanks there lay broad sheets of ice, frozen to the ground, and on either side of the open water there projected other sheets, thick enough at first, but soon tapering to a thinness which let in our waggons with a smash and a splash and a thump on the one side, and, on the other, presented razor-like edges which woefully bothered the mules who attempted to surmount them, with crashings like the breaking of ten million window panes. I remembered the description of the old London hunt, "the asparagus beds rode awfully heavy, and the cucumber frames were up to our hocks." But it was mighty pretty, the honest,

blue-coated soldiers of Uncle Sam working—not without a strong suspicion of Irish "bedads" and German "Kreutz donner wetters"—hard at wheel and leader, careless of frostbites, tugging, shouldering, whipping, and wheedling the horses down, through the crashing ice, into the stream, and "persuading" the mules who stuck fast in the same, as if glorying in the obstinacy which was causing them to be slowly, but surely, absorbed in the quicksands; and the bright, cold, yellow northern sun slanting at us all, as if saying, "I can't warm you, boys, but anyhow I'll light you." The crash, the jingle, the half-humorous, half-despairing "cries" when things went a little more wrong than usual, all inspired me, till I did what I had not done for years, took a run and a slide, and came down a sounding bump that reminded me of my boyhood days.

'Over we got at last, and away we bowled over the dry, yellow plain with the jangling teams at a trot, and the mounted men, at least the non-military part of them, careering madly, on horses as wildly excited as themselves, over the firm, hard ground, reckless of gopher holes. The military part of the expedition behaved like soldiers, rear and avant guard, with the gray old Irish sergeant looking after them as carefully and as far-seeingly as if in command of the wing of an army.

'What a delicious canter over that mile or two of sandy plain between the south and the deeper

and more rapid north fork of the river, the long, dry prairie grass swishing against our horses' legs with a sound like a rustling wind! Even here men are working, culling the rich, natural hay and compressing it into trusses to be sent to the all devouring eastern states, this compressing being done by means of a machine consisting of two long leaves acting downwards with great power, into a square, wooden box, and worked by a cunning arrangement of tackles attached to a simple horizontal windlass. A pleasant chat with the bluff, kindly western men, a mixture of Yorkshire shrewdness and Devonshire warm-heartedness,[1] and then on to the bridge. Such a bridge! Tressels rude and rough, ever being destroyed by freshets and ice, ever being renewed by the indomitable energy of the Texan cattle owners; planks gaping with innumerable holes and crevasses, thinly covered over with willow brush, across which our horses pick their way with noses well down, but not without many a rattling, thumping stumble which

[1] 'Western men and western manners are in America as in Europe. They seem to get the sun longer, and to ripen, and to glow like Devonshire apples; and the nearer they are to the western sea the better. Your land sunsets are but poor things as a general rule, except in the desert, which after all, is a sea to all intents and purposes, barring the water, as the Arabs well know. But sea sunsets are glorious and rosy and warm. The sun setting behind the inland hills gives a last supercilious wink, as if to say, "If you pale-faced miners and you ranchers like to stop down there in the valley you may, but I guess my beams won't." But as he sinks, slowly and grandly, into the sea, he says, with his jolly, broad face growing gradually somnolent, "Well, good evening, old fellows, sorry to leave you. You've followed me thus far, follow me still."'

threatens to pitch their riders head-foremost into the grayish green stream which comes sweeping with such graceful curves through the flat country. The toll-keeper, footless from frostbite, the consequence of a night lost on the hill, brightens up at a few words of his own German, and wishes us "Glücklicher fahrt"—nor refuses a small nip of the Bourbon as the only toll, for we are under the wing of the American Eagle, and on military duty, though that duty be nothing higher than the procuring of venison for the officers' mess, and of mallards' tails for their ladies' hats.

'On the other side we tap the railroad, and *more Americano* "ask each other questions" at the bar of the hotel, the said hotel, stuck though it is plump down in the middle of the prairie, being as warm and as snug as if on Broadway. Our host is, of course, an Irishman, and given to making the wildest charges in the coolest possible manner. "Wall, I suppose ten dollars won't spile yer?" We pay, but we nurse our revenge, and on our next visit patronise the opposition shanty, though it is infinitely mean and ruffianly. This treatment has its effect, and ever afterwards we are well treated and reasonably charged; Mike, indeed, being rather discomfited at finding the men whom he fleeced, and secretly chuckled at, turning up and shaming him before the citizens by the cut direct. The only way to get on out west is "pay up and look happy," if you can, but "pay up." The Americans always do

it themselves, and you, as a visitor, had better follow their lead; after all, a ten pound note more or less is not worth worrying about when you're really on the grand rampage. The conversation turns, of course, on Indians, how they come down in the spring, and lie in wait in the willow beds ready to snap up any straying horse or carelessly protected scalp, and then off and away with them far into the desert, long before the troopers are half-way through their preparations for a pursuit. These troopers—most of them Germans and Irish, but with a few deserters from our own army—have, indeed, no earthly chance with the nimble, quick-witted Indian. The only men who can cope with him are men like our friends Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, who know every double and turn of his subtle, twisty and twiny mind, and hunt him as a nobler species of game, in whose killing there is infinite credit. By-the-bye, I have not yet introduced you to these two perfect specimens of the western professional hunter, a race which I had been led to think of as existing only in Fenimore Cooper's novels. Not that they are of the leather-stocking type—if you want to meet him you must go to the wooded parts of Colorado or California, where you will find him, silent and apparently slow, with his ponderous Kentucky rifle, that mighty bar of iron, invariably bearing the honoured name of Hawkins on its lock-plate, which no ordinary mortal can "help," spending his life in that delicious, observant lounging under the green-wood trees

called "still hunting"—the style of hunting pursued by Robin Hood, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslee—which is, in its way, to a man who loves studying Nature, the most perfect of all sports. No, our man is a different being altogether; a man of the mustang and the high-peaked Mexican saddle, of the lassoo and the spurs, a man whose whole soul is so full of energy and excitement that it bursts forth, ever and anon, into wild singing, and yellings, and gallopings, and firings of rifles, from mere speed of circulation in the dry-champagne-like air of the prairies. His work is done with a rush and a dash, to the poundings of hard horse hoofs, and the thunderings of hundreds of wapiti and bison. His sport is on a gigantic scale, and his returns often enormous, but they soon go; everything on the plains is frightfully dear, and his very clothing—and he is sure to be a dandy if he is worth anything—cuts a most monstrous cantle out of the greenbacks which he receives from the States—western men always talk of "the States" as a far distant and foreign country—for elk and buffalo, black-tail and white-tail, and, best of all, venison, prong-horn.

'Buffalo Bill, as to face and feature, is a noble Vandyke stepped from its frame. Oh! that I had the pen of a lady-novelist to describe his manly charms! Half hidden by their long black fringes, his large, lustrous eyes so full of slumbering fire, which flashes into flame in moments of excitement—

Jack says that you can "see the courage shooting out of 'em," when he's charging Indians—his firm, sensitive mouth, his delicately moulded chin, covered, yet not concealed by a pointed beard of silky brown untouched by scissors, his pale morbidezza complexion, and glory of glories, his magnificent hair, sweeping in natural curves over his strong, square shoulders, on which the marble column of his neck is poised with the grace of an Antinous—aha! that's the man I think! "Todgers could do it when she chose!" Really, joking apart, one of the handsomest and the best built men I have ever seen. As for his manners, they are as perfect as those of the Vandyke would have been. I have never met with a more thorough gentleman, quiet, calm, and self-possessed, full of memories of strange adventures, yet never thrusting them too prominently forward, but telling them with a quiet earnestness which gives to them a far greater reality than any highly-wrought description could possibly give. No wonder he has become a western hero. Sudden he is, I fear, and quick in quarrel, and when aroused he shoots straight, as the nearest town can testify, but what then? His life or theirs! I heard a legend down in Colorado to the effect that the limits of his range were becoming rather restricted owing to his little difficulties, and that, like Dick Swiveller, he would soon have to go out of town to get across the street. Moreover, that there was a gentleman travelling with his portrait in his

possession, so that he might recognise him, and "shoot at sight," to avenge some relative who had been fired through; but these are the mere awe-struck whisperings of his delighted admirers. One hears a deal about shooting in the States, but unless you go to a low bar, a gambling saloon, or a State lottery, purporting to "get up a ——," you will see precious little of it.

'Buffalo Bill has two styles of dress: the first, which is the one which he usually wears in the Settlements, is of beautifully dressed buckskin, decorated with fringes and lappets innumerable, and gorgeous beyond description, but, as he well knows, worse than useless in the plains; then he, being a member of the House of Representatives of his State, thinks fit to assume, at times, a civilian and civilised garb—short black jacket, black pants, and thin kid side-spring boots, which makes him look like the aforesaid Vandyke nobleman trying to disguise himself as a steamboat steward. For some inscrutable reason he delighteth to hunt in this peculiar rig, adding thereto, however, a white Texan sombrero, which, when the leaves thereof are tied tightly down by a handkerchief knotted under his chin, assumes a prudish and poke-bonnet-like appearance which entirely unprepares you for the noble face and flashing eyes which suddenly appear at the end of its tunnel when he turns the apparatus end on towards you. By the way, the first time that I met Bill and

Texas Jack—they had just been burnt off the prairies and were thirsty—they were both attired in fringed buckskin trousers and black velveteen shooting jackets of the real old keeper cut—I often wondered what became of those said jackets, I never saw them again. Were they taken off in a little difficulty and "smushed" by the gentlemanly barman, or how? Do tell!—Of the many marvellous deeds done by Buffalo Bill, it is not for me to write; are they not all related, more or less badly, in the dim novels beloved by western men? I have only to say that he got his title when killing buffalo for the Kansas Pacific Railroad, when it was his custom to bring in a buffalo's tongue for every cartridge which he took out with him.

'Come forth! O Texas Jack, known in the "sorf south" before the war as J. Mahondro, Esq.; and would that a better hand than mine were here to paint your portrait! If Buffalo Bill belongs to the school of Charles I., pale, large eyed, and dreamy, Jack, all life, and blood, and fire, blazing with suppressed poetry, is Elizabethan to the back bone! He too is an eminently handsome man, and the sight of him in his fringed hunting buckskins, short hunting shirt decorated with patches of red and blue stained leather, pair of delicate white moccasins embroidered by the hand of some aesthetic and loving squaw, with his short, bright brown curls covered by a velvet cap with a broad gold band around it, would play the very mischief with many

an eastern girl's heart. He, however, has his love and his longings out here, the pale maiden who lives down on the Median River, who rides like a chipney, writes poetry by the yard, shoots pistols as well as Jack himself—and he is the best shot in the territory—and is altogether the proudest, tenderest, coldest, lovingest, most inscrutable darling to be found on "God-a-Mighty's footstool." I thought also that this wild huntress of the plains lived only in the romances of Mayne Reid and the "dime" novels, but here she is, warm flesh and blood, as wild and as strange and as full of contradictions as the most Bourbon-inspired novelist ever dreamt of. I have long had a fancy that one could find everything that one can imagine somewhere in the world, if one could only search long enough, and the more I travel the more do I find myself becoming convinced of the truth of my own theory, which is not the case with all theorists, I think.

'Jack raves poetically as we canter along side by side, and on one of us remarking what a deal of beauty there is in the most plain prairie, he bursts out, "Ah! you should see it in the spring-time, with the antelopes feeding in one direction, the buffaloes in another, and the little birdies boo-hooing around, building their nesties, and raising hell generally!"

'Jack, being a southern man, thinks it necessary to suppose that he has Indian blood in his veins, a very popular idea in those parts. If he has, he is rather rough on his relatives, for he is deadly on

Indians. Indian hunting is, in fact, the real profession of both Jack and Bill, they being retained as trackers, aye, and as fighters too, in the case of horses being run from the neighbourhood of the Fort; though, from time to time, they are put in charge of a band to see that it does not exceed the limits of its Reservation, and to lead it out to the hunt as a shepherd leadeth his flock to the pasture. They have the strangest feelings about Indians, these two. Though, when on the war path, they would no more hesitate to shoot down an Indian off his Reservation, than they would hesitate to throw a stone at a felonious chipmunk, they have a sympathy and a tenderness towards them infinitely greater than you will find among the greedy, pushing settlers, who regard them as mere vermin who must be destroyed for the sake of the ground on which depends their very existence. But these men know the Indian and his almost incredible wrongs, and the causes which have turned him into the ruthless savage that he is, and often have I heard men of their class say that, before God, the Indian was in the right, and was only doing what any American citizen would do in his place. It is not so much that the intentions of the U.S. Government are not good, as it is that the manner in which they are carried out is extremely evil. The men who are told off as Indian agents are notorious for their wholesale peculations, and for the riches which they amass; and the wretched native, driven to despera-

tion, and knowing that death is certain, chooses to meet it his own way, and makes it as sweet as he can with revenge. Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack have the same feeling for Indians that the true sportsman has for game, "they love them, and they slay them." They admit that in many respects they resemble human beings, but hold that they are badly finished, their faces looking as if they had been chopped out of red-wood blocks with a hatchet, and say that they must never be trusted, friendly or unfriendly, and that they must be shot if they will steal horses. I remember once shooting a swan, the leader of a party of five, two old and three young ones, and sending one of the men to recover it. He came back to me in quite a melancholy state, and told me that the cry of its mate had made him feel so sad, "the poor thing was a-mourning so." Yet this good fellow would describe his shootings of Indians as coolly as if he were describing a shot at a rabbit, and would have heard the death shrieks of squaw and warrior with equanimity, if not with pleasurable excitement.

'We can see, even now, the long, low black line of smoke with, here and there, a red flicker at its base, which shows that the mischief is still in progress. O! the unutterable misery and dreariness of a burnt prairie; and still worse of the water-courses, with the bunches of charred reeds and the scorched cotton-trees — the unburnt parts of their bark shining a ghastly gray against the

black charcoal—and the river, all bare and naked, bereft of all the mysterious charm which it used to derive from its disappearing and reappearing like the bright glance of an eye through the shroudings of a mantilla. These fires cause Buffalo Bill to sing a kind of war chant in a queer *sotto voce*. This war chant of Bill's is a curious affair. You hear begun, with a pale but calm and smiling face, a little ditty which never gets beyond the first line, "On the beach at Long Branch." What happened or did not happen on the beach at Long Branch you are never told; the light humming goes on, but if you approach close enough you find that the libretto is composed of some of the hardest and tallest swearing that it has ever been your good luck to hear. The effect is mighty odd; and a stranger hearing this light-hearted humming might imagine that its performer was exactly in the right state of mind to welcome with effusion the proposition that he should make a little loan of a ten dollar bill—but when Mr. Cody is singing his little cusses, look out for squalls!

'However, there are no Indians to slay here at present—at least, none that we can see, for that thicket of willows with their tops sticking up like real "cock-a-boddie-hackles," may be full of the devils for aught we know to the contrary. But a crackle through it will soon show, and then to camp.

'Our hunting ground is not prairie proper, it

does not consist of that unbroken roll away to the horizon which is the characteristic of the prairies to the south and the east. From some cause or another the glacier mud here has been tossed and tumbled about into wild sandy, or rather loamy, hills, which extend for an indefinite number of miles on each side of us. The valley, some six or seven miles broad, which we have just left, has evidently been worked out by the river, and almost as soon as we quitted the banks of the latter we began to ascend, and the sand hills shut us out from all but the highest peaks beyond, through whose ravines the setting sun is now pouring his last rays in glorious long, yellow bars. We ride on merrily to reach our first camping ground before nightfall. A dip in the ground brings us to it, two or three small pools of bright water with their surfaces still dimpled by the flutter of that little skein of wild ducks who go whistling away, in all alarm, at the unwonted sight of strangers; a tiny stream curving and winding through the long grass; a few scattered, bleached buffalo skulls; and the black scars of a previous fire or two. The military proceed to camp military wise, and there is a hammering of tent pegs, and a squealing and a snorting of mules. As the fires are being lighted, I take up my scattergun and wander away upwards — carefully marking every point with care, for it is horribly easy to get lost on the prairie—in the hope of getting a willow

grouse for supper. Suddenly something in the long grass catches my eye. Praise the gods! Promptitude in killing has saved me! and I continue my prowl without being reduced to a condition which would prevent my rejoining my companions except in a state of well-washed nature. For that was a black and white mephitis with his head slewed round to take good aim, and his brush of a tail whisking wickedly, and a mephitis is an animal before which the boldest man may retreat with undiminished honour — as a Yankee would put it. If he does for you "you must get up and get." The horror of having a skunk prowling and skylarking about in one's log hut, when one knows that if that dog, now growling and "wuffing" in his dreams, does but wake up, the said hut will be utterly uninhabitable for an indefinite period, is simply not to be told. I have heard the scent compared to many things, but, thank Heaven, I have never met with the single thing with which to compare it. Five-and-twenty thousand polecats with their hind legs in traps, concentrated down to half a pint and mixed with the strongest ones carefully putrified, with just a dash of recently made kakodyle, is a receipt which—if made up from fresh materials by Mr. Rimmel—might give some slight idea of the savour. Like most things that are not particularly wanted, his supply largely exceeds his demand. He swarms in the long grass of the prairies, and under the slab-built houses of the

forts, from which position he is, however, constantly being driven by the domestic cat, who hates him cordially. They are really handsome animals, and a good skunk robe is a very pretty bit of peltry; but they must be killed so suddenly as to prevent them from using their powers of annoyance, or their skins will be intolerable. Men have told me that they can be easily tamed, but, Powers Below! think of having such a pet! Batting to a fast bowler with a lighted Chinese stink-pot for a cricket ball would be a joke to it. There is something very uncanny about their bite; and I was told by the regimental surgeon at Fort Heeyes that he had had no less than five cases of a disease which closely simulated hydrophobia from this cause. I wish that I had got more particular information on the point at the time, as it might have thrown some light on that strange disease.

'As I was meditating on skunkdom and keeping a look-out for willow grouse, I repeatedly struck my foot against the half-hidden skulls of the buffaloes which had furnished sustenance to the Sioux long before the white man disturbed him in his happy hunting ground. How little did I think when, as a small boy, I pondered over my "Lewis and Clarke," and marvelled at the vast herds of bison depicted crossing the river, that I should ever touch what may possibly be the skulls of the very animals which they saw. Half-buried in the rich loamy soil, old and decaying, green and rotten, with the horny parts

gone, are most of the skulls that one sees here now. Not a buffalo, at the present day, is to be found north of the river, and they are ranging farther and farther southward every year, and will soon become as scarce as their European representatives.

'Almost oppressed by the utter silence of the prairie, a silence unbroken at this time of year, even by the chirping of the smallest cricket, I was glad enough to see the bright camp fires with the dark shadows flitting around them, and to hear the jingle and stamp of the horses and mules at picket. A light supper and in we turn; not, however, without posting sentinels as carefully as if we were in an enemy's country, which, indeed, we are, as those poor fellows camped just below us will find out before eight hours are over.

'Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early!'

No, sir! not if I can help it—but I can't. So in the dusk, with the dark forms of the sentinels just visible against the light of the coming dawn, we saddle, and are soon riding away towards the next fork of the great river.

'Hunting begins at once, though we are still too near the Fort to expect any great amount of game. Spreading out on each flank in two parties of three (a professional hunter, a soldier, and an amateur), we manage to sight game, and if not to kill it, at least to have a glorious gallop after it. For the essence

of this deer-stalking on horseback is as follows: canter up nearly to the top of the sand hill, peer over, and if things are propitious, get a shot, if not, gallop round, sinking carefully below the hill ridges till such a position is gained as will permit of your approach on foot. Then—if things go well—slip off your horse, throw the reins into the hand of the trusty trooper who has been told off to be your henchman, and make your stalk as best you can. In hunting on the march, you must, of course, take what wind you can get, and so you are terribly apt to startle your game before you can get a shot. In that case your only chance is to spread out and ride with the best of your judgment in order to turn the deer one way or the other, so that somebody may get a chance. Jack has a wonderful instinct about these "breaks," as he calls them, making up his mind with the rapidity of lightning as to the best thing to be done—and doing it off-hand; and on this instant decision depends all your hope of success. It is marvellous how a horse used to the work understands the necessity of keeping concealed when he is thundering full speed up the side of the sand hill. He will invariably stop just in time, and then, with out-stretched neck and pointed ears, wait until you have cautiously raised yourself in your stirrups, and craned over to see what there may be in the valley beyond. It is really a beautiful sight to see Old Bull, a very handsome, high-bred horse of Bill's, drawing himself out, elongating himself, as it were,

to try and catch sight of the game without moving from where he stands, after his master has dismounted for a shot, and he is as eager and as interested as the keenest hunter of the party. The prong-horn show themselves, but not in great numbers, they, like the rest of the game, having been scared by the burning of the plains, probably in spite, by the Indians.'

VI

HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES

FROM the many letters which he wrote to his wife and his daughter, while he was on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains, the following have been selected as being those which are best suited to illustrate the manner of his life out there. It must be remembered, however, that they do not all relate to the same expedition, but to many expeditions made in different years in the seventies; and they must, therefore, be read not as though they formed one more or less continuous narrative, but merely as a series of disconnected fragments.

'FORT MACPHERSON, *9th November.*

'We have had a long hunt, at least thirty days in the saddle, which has brought me down as fine as a stax and as strong as wire. Our hunting was not so good as last year, however, as the prairie fires have swept the whole country. Where then we found beautiful grass and tall trees is now a black, arid wilderness; desert is not the right word for it,

the desert is infinitely varied and beautiful in comparison to a burnt prairie. We had to ride one day at a hand-gallop to get through; the wind blew half a gale, and whirled the burnt grass and sand about to such an extent as to make it almost impossible to face it. It was not quite so bad as our ride from the Medecine last year but very nearly.[1] We have had every kind of weather, from sharp winter to bright summer, to-day is of the latter, warm and delightful, to-morrow we may be shivering with 15° below zero. The elk are evidently getting scarce; we only killed seventeen, just the number we killed last year in one afternoon. The prairie fires drive them about too much, and I fancy that a very few years will see their utter extinction. We were more successful in the trapping line, and, particularly, caught one enormous beaver; I have prepared its skin for you. I have also a very large badger skin, the original owner of which I shot the other day; he seemed to be as old as the hills and was as fat as butter. We ate him, but he was not worth much; a raccoon, on the other hand, was excellent, tasting like very good sucking pig; oddly enough, in the treeless country they walk about in the open! We rather expected an Indian fight the other day whilst we were away on the North Platte

[1] I can find no account of the Doctor's ride from the Medecine in his letters, but I can remember him saying that, on one occasion, they had to ride so hard to the Fort in order to escape from a blizzard that the horse of one of the party died immediately after they had gone in.

in a country far north of that in which we hunted last year, which has rarely been visited. I think that the Indians saw the hunting; at any rate, a few miles off the oddest puffs of black smoke began to rise in the air, one after another, in a line of, perhaps, two miles in length. They were evidently caused by lighting lumps of grass and then suddenly putting them out again. The next day we moved up the stream some twenty miles, and just as I had killed a buck, I saw opposite to me, and two miles off, the same number of puffs of smoke arise as before, showing that the brutes had been watching me steadily and had gone up abreast of our party! However, I fancy that they thought that we were too strong for them, and we got in yesterday with our scalps on. This is the last bit of Indian danger we are likely to have; and I for one am not sorry, for there is a certain feeling of anxiety about the top of one's head when one walks about with one's life in one's hand. Tell the learned one that rattlesnakes have been quite plentiful this year; in fact, we have been obliged to be very careful in our deer-stalking on foot. They "whizz" quite sharply, but more slowly, not up and down, but in lateral coils, turning the head first one way and then another, not raised more than an inch or two above the ground, watching for an opportunity to strike. But they are slow, stupid brutes and do not strike at any distance. When on horseback, one can put them down with the butt of the rifle and pull the rattle off the tail

with one's free hand. The last rattle near the body is always black, as if filled with coagulated blood. The rattles have evidently nothing to do with the spine, but are altered scales, just as the rhinoceros horn is altered hair. I believe that I had a shot at a big black wolverine, at least I don't know what other animal it could have been. It was late at night, and I could see a strange black mass moving in an uncanny way over the sand; had it not been so late, and had we not been doubtful about reaching camp, I should have followed it. I have learnt a deal about beavers. They only make dams when the streams are too small for them to splash about and bathe in, performances which give them great delight. They don't build houses in this part of the world, but live in holes in the bank, generally three in number, one above the other, a bedroom, a store room where they keep their stores of red willow for winter use, and a sort of bath-room. The big, hay-cock-like looking heaps which one sees in the shallow water, above the dam, are the houses of the musk rat; I saw one yesterday at least six feet high. The beavers are about all the winter, they do not hybernate. Though we have made our traps pay for themselves, our success has not been great; the nights have been too cold and windy for the animals to move about much. We have killed no swans, and very few birds of any kind; they are much scarcer than they were last year, I suppose they have been scared away by the infernal fires. The country is

indescribably black and dreary ; under the moonlight —we started at four in the morning yesterday—the effect was strange and artificial to a degree, looking more like some queer, exaggerated stage effect than a natural reality. A year or two more of this burning and hunting will be done in this part of the world. Good-bye, I am dead tired, we were in the saddle at four in the morning and only reached here at four in the afternoon.'

Shortly after their return to it from one of their hunting expeditions, Fort MacPherson narrowly escaped destruction. One night the sky to the southward was red with the glare of a great prairie fire which had originated many miles away. by the banks of the Republican River, and it was presently discovered that this prairie fire was rushing with alarming swiftness, over the hills and through the valleys, straight towards the Fort. All the ground in the vicinity of the latter was covered with high, dry grass, and the only hope of saving the place lay in the possibility of being able to burn this grass down before the prairie fire could reach it, or, in other words, in the possibility of being able to form, in a very short space of time, a belt of bare ground too broad for the flames to leap across. Every soldier (the garrison consisted of eight companies of infantry and three troops of cavalry) and every civilian was turned out to attempt the performance of this task ; and they found it to be one of considerable danger for, owing to the height

of the wind which was blowing at the time, they had great difficulty in beating out again the fires which they themselves had lighted, so that they stood a fair chance of escaping from the enemy which they were battling against only by consuming themselves in a prairie fire of their own lighting. 'Fire is an awful foe, but the men met it gallantly,' says Lord Dunraven, 'advancing in line commanded by their officers, as if moving against a living enemy, only instead of being armed with sabre and rifle, they carried water-buckets and blankets. . . . It is hard to imagine anything more hellish than that scene. The heat was intense, the sky glowed lurid, red with the reflection of the flames, the fire poured down upon us as if it would devour everything in its way, and between us and the flames, standing out clear and distinct against the intense bright light, was the fighting line, wild-looking figures, waving coats and blankets as they furiously beat the flames, men rushing to and fro, and mounted officers galloping up and down the rank. After some hours' incessant hard work they beat the fire, thrust it on one side, and saved the Fort; but it was a very, very narrow escape, for the flames passed awfully close to the hay-yard, where a whole winter's supply of forage was stacked. A few yards nearer and the hay must have been ignited, and if that had once caught fire nothing could have saved the stables and all the other buildings of the place. There was no actual danger to life,

for the barrack square of bare earth was sufficiently large to have afforded shelter and safety to all the human beings in the Fort; but the horses would probably have perished, and the stores, and the barracks, and officers' quarters, and, in fact, the whole settlement would have been burnt to ashes.'[1]

'DENVER, COLORADO,
'*23rd December.*

'I joined the party at Sydney, where they had buffalo hunting with great success. It would take too long to describe the unutterable villainy and ruffianism of that most infernal hole, and we were delighted to get out of it with whole skins. The colonel of the post was very kind indeed, and sent an escort a few miles down the line with us. Then we rode across country to a most extraordinary series of cliffs and fissures called Scott's Bluffs, composed almost entirely of light-coloured clay, rising some three or four hundred feet from the plain, and carved and weathered into all manner of strange buttresses and pinnacles. Here we expected to find "big horn" or Rocky Mountain sheep, and so we did, but just as we were commencing to hunt them a band of Sioux Indians, two hundred and forty strong, under the command of "Little Wound," the fiend who massacred the Pawnee women and children last year, swept down

[1] 'Wapiti Running on the Plains,' by the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, *Nineteenth Century*, October 1880.

on us, so we folded our tents like the Arabs and silently vanished away. Then we travelled westward to Fort Laramie, which is situated at the foot of the beautiful Laramie Peak, where the granite of the Rockies bursts through the prairie, and there, and in the Black Hills to the north-west, we abode and hunted till a day or two ago. We got three sheep, but none of them with very fine horns. We saw lots of lynxes; they run at a tremendous pace with their little tails stuck up, till you overtake them, then they turn and spit at you like cats, but they are not dangerous. We really lead a very hard life; we have been camped in single-walled tents for nearly the last three months, and have had to lie out in frosts which, at home, would be considered intense. We have to roll ourselves up at night in buffalo robes and blankets, leaving only a small air-hole to breathe through, and in the morning this is coated with ice. Where we go next I hardly know, but at present the idea is to run down to New Mexico.

'*December 24th.*—Our New Mexico trip is given up, a conclusion which I regard with mixed feelings. I should have liked to have seen the country very much—it is wonderful—but we hear that, at present, it is really too dangerous, those fiends the Apaches are on the war-path. We have all been forced to take to buck-skins, nothing else will stand the work, so expect a figure all fringes, and tags, and lappets, and dried gore, to present himself at Highgate

Station next year. You never, in all your life, saw anything half so wild and ruffianly and blood-thirsty as we look. I keep to a modest and simple hide and feel very Guy-of-Gisborneish, but the other two are arrayed like king Solomon in all his glory, in crimson and blue. Moccasins I cannot take to; they are warm and comfortable enough, but the ground is covered with a dwarf species of cactus with most awful spines which pierce right through the stoutest elk-skin, so I stick to shooting-boots, though they are rather out of keeping with the rest of my barbaric splendour. These cacti were, indeed, beyond speech; we have to crawl slap over them when stalking, and they made us more fretful than porcupines because we could not "shoot our quills."

'The climate is cold but bright as summer, and the air is clear and transparent to a remarkable degree. We shall be out of all Indian dangers for some time, the only savages will be the Utes, quiet and peaceable animals. I shall not be sorry, for the constant tension of expected attack is rather wearisome, and it is a bore not being able to hunt without soldiers dangling at one's heels. We are going up into the beautiful parks in the Rockies, wide valleys in the bosom of the snow mountains, where we shall find all sorts of game, and if the weather keeps fine—it has suddenly changed to summer—a bear or two.'

'SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
'*25th December.*

'Here we are, snowed up among the Mormons, but hoping to get off to-morrow for 'Frisco. We hear that things are pretty nearly played out, and that the Gentiles are having it all their own way. Our host, James T., sits gloomily by the stove as I write, either thinking of taking a new wife or pondering as to whether he has not one too many already. There is nothing here to stop for, even the theatre is no longer supplied with actresses from the Prophet's family, so the great fun of the thing is gone. We have been down in Colorado by Denver and the Colorado Springs, hunting up in the Rocky Mountains; and horribly cold it was! We had very poor sport, the deer being so wild as to be almost unapproachable. I tried to get a shot at a mountain lion, but failed, though I tracked him through the snow a long way; he must have been nearly eleven feet long. We also went after big horn, but failed to get one. When we return from 'Frisco we intend to hunt in Colorado and Texas, and may have some grand sport, though we can never expect to beat what we have done already. We saw hundreds of prong-horn between Cheyenne and Denver; they tried to shoot them out of the baggage car, but got none. Cheyenne is a funny town of the packing-case and kerosine-tin order, plumped right down in the open prairie without a tree or a shrub within sight. Denver is a very pleasant place, beautifully

situated at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and with a capital hotel—kept by one Charpool, a Swiss —having one of the best cooks and the best wine cellars in America. Lord! how we hungered for its fleshpots when we were up in the mountains. The Colorado Spring scenery is very fine; the granite has tilted up the sandstones and the limestones right on end, and they stand up in pinnacles like gigantic sharks' teeth, red and white, three hundred feet high. The cañons are fine, but I cannot think for a moment of comparing what Rocky Mountain scenery I have seen with the Alps or even the Pyrenees. The so-called parks, wide dales up in the mountains, are pretty, and the climate in them is glorious, and the air so clear that mountains seventy-five miles away look quite close. After Greely Station, between Cheyenne and Denver, the land begins to improve, and is cultivated: it looks as if the lighter and richer portions of the glacial drift had begun to deposit here, leaving the heavier sands and gravels to the north. The grayish green plain is broken by long lines of reddish brown willows marking the water-courses; here and there one sees groups of wild-looking mounted men driving home the cattle, and in the distance are the blue mountains—just like a picture by Berghem. The more westward we go the more English the people become, and the more English the sound of the voices. I like the people and the country out west infinitely better than in the east.

'I hope that we have done with the Indians now. They are going to have a big fight in Arizona, but as we are not going there it does not matter to us. I really fear that they will have to be wiped out if they will not settle and be civilised—and they won't !. The world cannot afford to give up enormous tracts of valuable land in order to enable a few bands of wandering savages to live in idleness, but it pays so many private interests to keep them up, at present, that it will be a long time before "little Phil Sheridan" will be permitted to sweep them away.

'I was much disappointed at the mountain road between this and Cheyenne. Much of it was wild and desolate, some of it—particularly one cañon of rich red conglomerate—fine, but certainly none of it deserving the epithets of grand and magnificent so freely dispensed by Americans. The situation of this place seems fine, but the snow clouds are hanging so low that I can hardly form an opinion; I hope they will lift before we go.

'We have not got a single bear, and I am afraid that it is rather too late for them, people say that they are laid up for the winter. There are plenty of them, black, tolerably quiet; cinnamon, large and rather fierce; silver gray, small, but very frisky and bold; old grizzly, the very devil himself, who means to have you when he goes for you. The work and exposure are rather hard sometimes, harder indeed than anything that I have gone through yet, but in spite of that, I am certainly much

better than I have been since my illness.[1] If any one had told me then that I should ever ride desperately hard over broken country all day long, and then sleep in a tent with the thermometer at 10° below zero, without being a bit the worse, I should have told him that he lied.'

'FORT BRIDGER, WYOMING,
'*25th August.*

'We returned yesterday from a ten days' hunting trip into Utah, on the western slope of the Rockies. A most curious country of sandstones and limestones with immense glacial moraines; the river-courses fringed with thickets of willows wherein the bears love to dwell; the hillsides covered with pines and shaking aspens; and great moors covered with sage-bush, and in this sage-bush lives the magnificent big grouse which they call the sage-hen. We had but poor sport, and I had to half support the party by catching trout which abounded infinitely in all the streams. Campbell, however, had a turn-up with a grizzly. He was stretched full length on the grass near a pond, with a double-barrel, looking out for deer, when he heard something crushing through the bushes, and suddenly an immense grizzly walked out, almost on top of him. He fired slap at him—when he reared—let him have the other barrel, then skurried away for dear life, with the bear after him like ten thousand of bricks, as he thought, but having reached a tree, he glanced round, and saw, to his no

[1] A severe attack of abscess of the liver contracted in Syria in 1868.

small satisfaction, that Bruin was making off. He was badly wounded, however, and we followed him for several miles by the blood, but, unfortunately, he got into a wilderness of willow bushes, and hunt as we could, we could not find him—a great pity. From the immense size of his tracks we calculated that he would weigh, at least, a thousand pounds. We are off to-morrow to Salt Lake City, there to prepare for an excursion to the Yellowstone district which they are making such a fuss about here. I expect to find it mighty like the Geyser district in New Zealand, larger possibly, but much the same kind of thing. If the Indians are not quiet I don't know what we shall do afterwards. Poor brutes, they are great ruffians, but the majority of the whites with whom they come in contact are quite as bad, so they improve one another.'

'MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE,
'20*th September* 1874.

'We have had very poor sport, for though we have been in a country swarming with grizzly bears we have only killed one. I was mousing around by myself the other day with the little Ballard—(a little, single-barreled rifle)—and hearing something smashing about in the willow beds, and thinking that it might be a deer, I proceeded quietly to investigate, when out there lounged the great-grandfather of all the grizzlies. He looked at me for a moment, and then turned and trotted off,

and I trotted after him, when he, being suddenly struck with the idea that valour was the better part of discretion, faced round and walked straight at me, stopping about thirty yards off. As I only had the Ballard, and was quite out in the open, away from any decently-sized trees, I hardly knew what to do. We stood facing each other thus for a few moments, and I could plainly see his pink tongue licking his lips, and his bright little eyes twinkling with rage. I put up the rifle, but could not cover any part of him where a ball would have been mortal, and if I had only wounded him he would have been at me in a brace of shakes. After interviewing one another thus, he said "hough" and decided to advance, and I decided to retreat, which I did with considerable decision up the thickest sapling in the neighbourhood, hoping, however, that he would follow me at least to the foot of it. I was in no small state of exultation at the prospect of killing my bear single-handed, but before I was settled, he swerved and went crashing away through the willows, and I saw him no more. He looked as big as an ox. Texas Jack quizzed me tremendously about this on my return, but the very next day he came back to camp with a far-away look in his eye and requested whisky. He too had come across a grizzly. He found him in a patch of trees, covering up the carcass of an elk—they are wonderfully cunning, these bears, and will plaster mud and moss over carcasses they don't want at once, will even plaster

over their wounds when they have been shot. Jack fired. Hit him. The bear gave one tremendous yell—looked round a moment—then tore up the ground like mad and flew at the trees, sending the bark flying in all directions. Jack lay as flat as a flounder behind a tree, and when, at length, the bear made off, came home a wiser man. After hearing his account I was rather glad, on the whole, that my friend had not followed to the foot of my sapling, for had I not killed him first shot, he would certainly have made it a very shaky perch to reload on. The one killed was a fine one, of course not as big as mine or Campbell's at Fort Bridger.

'The weather has been most miserable for camp life, snow and frost and wet. I would tell you of a great scalp dance of Indians at the Crow Reservation, and many other things, but this is my only procurable scrap of paper.'

A few days after his interview with the grizzly George Kingsley was lost for some hours, was indeed nearly lost for ever, in the mountains which rise between the Yellowstone and the Gallatin River. Lord Dunraven, Texas Jack, and he had been hunting without success, all the day long, in the driving wind and rain, and in the evening, when they were returning to camp, the Doctor wounded a deer, and, partly because he had 'visions of fresh venison steaks before his eyes,' partly from motives of humanity, he separated from his companions and

followed it alone. The visions soon vanished and his humanity received a harsh reward; he failed to get his deer, and just as the darkness was falling there came to him the feeling—one of the most awful of all feelings, so men who have actually experienced it say—that he was, in the expressive slang of the West, 'turned round,' lost, lost in a vast forest of pines and spruces, at night, in a most fearful storm. For a long time he wandered about hoping, but hoping in vain, to find his way to the camp, slipping and stumbling on the wet grass, falling in the pitchy darkness over the rocks, and struggling over the masses of prostrate tree-trunks. Again and again he shouted and fired off his rifle and listened, but the only answers which came to him were the voices of the storm. 'At intervals, when the gale paused for a moment, as if to gather strength, its shrill shrieking subdued to a dismal groan, there was occasionally heard with startling distinctness, through the continuous distant din and clamour of the night, a long, painfully rending cr-r-r-ash, followed by a dull heavy thud, notifying the fall of some monarch of the woods.' . . . 'Strange and indistinct noises would come up from the vale; rocks became detached and thundered down the far-off crags; a sudden burst of wind would bear upon the roar of the torrent below with such clearness that it sounded as though it were close at hand. It was an awful night in the strictest sense of the term. The Demon of the

Tempest was abroad in his anger, yelling down the valley, dashing out the water-floods with his hands, laying waste the forest, and filling with dread the hearts of man and beast and every living thing. There was not a star or a gleam of moonlight.' At last,—he was almost exhausted now,—he attempted to make a little fire which with its warmth might keep the warmth of his life in until the morning came; but it was a hopeless task, every twig, every fir-cone was saturated through and through, so he went wandering on again, stumbling and falling, shouting and firing his rifle; when suddenly, to his intense joy, his signals were answered by the shouts of men; Texas Jack and a ranchman named Fred Botcher, who was one of the party, had come in search of him. Lord Dunraven, meanwhile, with no other companion than his dog, had been sitting, protected from the tempest only by an elk's hide stretched between four tree-stems, feeding the camp fire with birch bark and pine splinters, and occasionally emitting a dismal yell to keep the searchers acquainted with its whereabouts. 'Most miserable was my condition,' he says, 'and I could not even resort to the Dutch expedient for importing courage to supply my natural allowance of that quality which had quickly oozed out of my cold finger tips. I had poured into a tin pannikin the last drain of whisky from the keg, and had placed it carefully to settle. I knew that Kingsley would really want it, so I could not seek consolation in

that way. I could not even find a dry piece of tobacco wherewith to comfort myself. I began to feel very wretched indeed; and it was truly a great relief when I heard the shouts of the returning party. They brought in the lost man pretty well exhausted, for he had been out a long time exposed to the weather, had walked a great distance, and had fallen about terribly in the darkness. He had tried in vain to make a fire, and was wandering about without an idea of the direction in which the camp lay. He was indeed in need of stimulant, and when, in answer to an inquiring glance at the keg, I said that there was half a pannikin full, his face beamed into a cheerful smile. But, alas! a catastrophe had occurred. A gust of wind or a falling branch had overthrown all my arrangements, and when I arose to give him the pannikin, behold, it was bottom upwards and dry! [Jack trod in it, says the Doctor in a pencil note.] If it be true that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," I suppose that it must be equally true that the effectual fervent swear of a despairing mortal will penetrate far. If so, I know that a responsive echo must have been awakened somewhere by the vehemence of the monosyllable that greeted this discovery.'[1]

[1] So Lord Dunraven eloquently describes the voices of that night in *The Great Divide*.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

'RAWLINGS SPRINGS,
'WYOMING, 20*th October* 1879.

'We only reached the railroad last night after a most toilsome journey of nearly a thousand miles, principally on horseback; and very glad I am to get a few days' quiet, the first I have had for two months, and the last I am likely to have for some time, for soon, I suppose, we shall be off again, away to the mountains, now covered with snow and ice, to sleep in buffalo robes and endure all manner of hardships. We saw the geysers, but they are so very marvellous that it is hard to describe them. Imagine a number of beautiful steps made of the hard stuff deposited by the hot water as it cools, most of them of a rich creamy white, and varying from one inch to six feet in height; these leading up to a cone of the same stuff with a hole in the centre, out of which the water and steam rush when an eruption takes place. These steps are not flat on the top, but have rims around their edges which keep in the lovely green or blue water in pools, sometimes shallow, sometimes deep. The water is always boiling inside, and the steam always floating out of the big central hole, but when an eruption is going to take place it carries on worse than ever, with such growlings and groanings, and bouncings and roarings, that you can hear it miles away. These go on getting louder and louder, and the water rises

higher and higher, just like a fountain beginning to play, till at last it gets as high as a church steeple, a glorious, great, white, glittering column, roaring and rushing and deluging everything around with torrents of hot water, which run in great streams round your feet as you stand looking on—on the windward side; if you are to lee'ard you must bolt or be boiled—the steam, meanwhile, floating up and far away in lovely clouds. There are a great many of them, all together, and they are always hissing and steaming, filling the valley with vapour; there are so many that one in action is always in view. They are of all heights, from miniature ones only a few inches high to the grand giantess who throws boiling water and spray upwards of three hundred feet, and plays for more than an hour with uproar undescribable. I threw great logs and big stones into one, and they bounced out again as if shot from a cannon. I fancy that they beat the Icelanders hollow, they certainly do the New Zealanders, though the terraces there are far more beautiful than any that I saw in Montana. A great deal of the scenery is dull and tame, particularly near the geysers.

'I can't tell you all that we've done since I wrote last. We have been reduced to trout more than once; and though they are very fine and beautiful to look at, the trout in these parts are precious poor eating. . . .

'We talk of going straight east to Quebec to

hunt caribou in snow shoes; as we have neither of us had a pair on in our lives, and know as much about them as we do about the astrolabe, I don't see very well how this is to be accomplished, but I suppose we shall try. If we can walk on snow shoes we can, if we can't walk on snow shoes we can't.

'Good-bye, I am pretty well tired, having only reached this place at five in the morning after travelling, night and day, across an awful country.'

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

'ESTES PARK, COLORADO,
'18*th January.*

'We have been up in the Rocky Mountains for three weeks, amid snow and ice, hunting wild sheep, "big horns" they call them here, from the immense size of their curly horns, which are about as large and round as my leg. One wonders how they can carry them and jump about the steep, sharp rocks as they do. They are as big as a small deer, and wonderfully strong and active. We had a jolly big dog to hunt them with sometimes; when he found them he rushed after them and made them take to a high rock, and kept them there till we came and shot them. We had some extraordinary trout-fishing; the river was frozen two feet thick, so that we had to cut holes with an axe to get at the water, and then we crouched just like so many big frogs, each one

over his own hole, with a short stick and a bit of string, bobbing for the trout, who came up and stared at us, and gasped, and blew bubbles at us in the funniest manner. We caught scores; but it was horribly cold, the trout froze stiff as soon as they were pulled out, and the lines were covered with ice every few minutes, so that we had to roll them under our feet to break it off. It was too cold for bears; there were lots of them in the mountains, but they don't like the cold any more than I do.'

In the summer he wrote again to his daughter from the same place:—

'It is a fine day here, and as I sit I can look across the flat country away to the Rocky Mountains, on the higher peaks of which the snow is still lingering, gleaming wonderfully bright in the intense sunshine. Vivid green willows and poplars and aspens — the latter with a most delicate silvery shimmer which shows off exquisitely against the deeper tints of the others—fringe the river, and away in the distance the pines stand out, black as ink. There are lovely wild flowers, purple columbines as large as roses, and, in the damp places, glorious bright scarlet lilies. It is a beautiful place; but I really think that it is much grander in winter, it seems smaller now, and the shadows of the granite rocks look harsh and black against the sunlit spaces. We are going to take our little tents up into the mountains and hunt bears, which will be mighty

pleasant if we are not devoured, not by the bears, but by the mosquitoes, who are, I fancy, far the more dangerous animals of the two; for the bears are not grizzlies, but only mere common brown fellows, big, but quiet enough when left alone.'

To His Wife.

'Estes Park, 13*th July* 1874.

'Your letter reached me in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. We have been hunting and fishing, but have not done much, only killed three mountain sheep and an infinity of trout. We had a little difficulty the other day: one of our friends had a row with a wild man of the woods and shot him with buckshot, actually knocking out some of his brains. They sent up the mountain for me, and when I saw the man I thought that, of course, he must die. Not a bit of it, he got round so far that I have been able to send him to Denver Hospital, with a possibility of recovery, though I assure you that there was at least a teaspoonful of brain oozing out of the wound. It is the most wonderful climate in the world for wounds; there was no suppuration whatever. I have ridden down to the confines of civilisation to-day to write you this hasty note, as there is a man going to Denver. A mountain lion comes by our shanty every night; we could have shot him once, but thought, in the darkness, that it

was Plunk, our sheep dog; it was a pity as we may never have such a chance again.[1]

'We talk of going round to Fort Steele, thence to the Ute Indian Reservation, and then round here again, which will be a hard but very pleasant trip. The weather is awfully hot, 90° in the shade, and both Dunraven and I are burnt to cinders. The height which we have to go for the big horn makes the air so thin that we can hardly breathe, and we get palpitations of the heart. We had such a climb yesterday; I was quite sick and giddy, but we got our sheep. There are some very fine views in the mountains, though I have seen nothing to compare with the finest bits in the Alps. The absence of

[1] I think that I have heard the Doctor say that Lord Dunraven and himself, both of them attired in somewhat scanty garments, once chased this mountain lion in the middle of the night. A certain enterprising Western journalist hearing of this incident elaborated it into a story of the most thrilling character, which, apparently, came in some manner to the ears of Mrs. Kingsley. Writing, still from Denver, the Doctor said, 'We are both knocked up by hard work and hot weather, and don't know what to do. The Indians are raiding and murdering all over our pet hunting grounds, and the troops can do nothing with them. Fancy trying to hunt mounted Indians with a few companies of infantry! What is this legend you have got hold of about a blood and thunder battle with a bear? It was not a bear we were after, it was a mountain lion, and there was neither blood, thunder, nor battle. It was a great pity that I didn't shoot, I thought it Griff's big dog Plunk; but Dunraven had neither knife nor rifle, and it might have turned out nasty for him. I suppose that this business is the origin of the wonderful story in the papers. Our lion is the puma (*Felis unicolor*). There are plenty of them, but they are seldom seen, as they prey at night. The papers tell such lies about us. They were very facetious on the subject of Jim and I, "a bold Western mountain man not going to die at the bidding of a British physician, however famous, etc."'

glaciers is a great loss from a picturesque standpoint.'

The Doctor had two patients, at least, while he was staying in Colorado in 1874. One of them was his brother Charles, whom he found, to his great surprise, in an hotel in Denver, suffering from a severe attack of pleurisy, the other was the wild man of the woods mentioned in the last letter This gentleman, whose real name was Nugent, but who was popularly known as 'Rocky Mountain Jim,' was one of the notorious and the most picturesque of all the Western desperadoes, truly a man as wild and as strange and as full of contradictions as the most Bourbon-inspired novelist ever dreamt of! An extremely interesting account of him is given by Miss Isabella Bird in her charming book, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains.* He was a Canadian —a man of considerable natural ability who had received a good education, but for some reason he found it expedient to leave his native land and to go to the Western States, where, after a time, he became 'one of the most famous Indian scouts of the plains, distinguishing himself by some of the most daring deeds on record, and some of the bloodiest crimes,' and was wont, according to his own account, 'to ride through the camps in his scout's dress with a red scarf round his waist, and sixteen golden curls, eighteen inches long, hanging over his shoulders.' At a later period of his life he joined a gang of

border ruffians in Kansas, but when Miss Bird and George Kingsley made his acquaintance he was a trapper living in a hut—'it looked like the den of a wild beast'—at the only entrance to Estes Park. His location there was regarded by the few people who then frequented the district as a nuisance, for Jim was dangerous with his pistols, and it would have been much more pleasant for peaceably disposed citizens had he been located elsewhere. He possessed, without doubt, many bad qualities, but he seems equally without doubt to have possessed many good ones, and probably the verdict which was once pronounced upon him by the man who subsequently killed him is the best—'When he's sober Jim's a perfect gentleman, but when he's had liquor he's the most awful ruffian in Colorado.'[1]

The following account of the closing scenes of his eventful life was found among the Doctor's miscellaneous papers:—

'I was in one of the wildest lateral branches of Estes Park, fondly believing that I was about to kill, "all alone by my own self," as the children say, a reasonably-sized bear whose tracks showed that he was but a little way in advance of me and that he was unaware of my presence. I was revelling in the perfect noiselessness of my post-ursine prowl and of nature generally, when I was suddenly heart-stricken by the most fearful yellings and howlings

[1] Miss Bird will, I trust, forgive me for making the quotations from her book.

that were ever heard out of Bedlam or the "Zoo," coming from the cañon below. I naturally imagined that somebody had got my bear, or that my bear had got somebody, and immediately descended in great wrath to have it out with the survivor, whichever he might be. Both my suppositions were wrong. When I got down I found three of the "hardest cases" in the Park sitting on their horses and yelling around generally to attract my attention. What was it? Why, Griff had shot Mountain Jim, and he was lying bad under a clump of aspens down below. Now, though I by no means loved the Mountainous One (as we sometimes playfully called him on account of the extraordinary altitude of his lies), considering him a humbug and a scoundrel, my medical instinct told me, of course, to go and do the best that I could for him. I found the poor wretch stretched out under a clump of silver-stemmed, quivering-leaved aspens, whither he had been carried, with five small bullet-wounds about the head and face, and one of the bullets had most certainly penetrated the cerebellum. He was prostrate, of course, but I must say as calm and as plucky as any man I ever saw in trouble. We took him into the neighbouring log-hut, where I did all that it was possible to do for him, though that was not much. All the bullets ("blue whistlers," large, round shot) had "gone through," except one which was embedded in the bony process under the left ear, and the one which had passed into the brain. One of them had

gone right through the bones of the nose, splintering them at its entrance and its exit. What a horrible case this would have been in a polluted war hospital! But up here, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, not a single wound suppurated, and all healed as healthily as the cut finger of a healthy schoolboy would have done. One morning, some little time afterwards, when I was overhauling him in the hospital at Denver, I saw to my astonishment that one bullet, the unaccounted for sixth, had passed right through the biceps of his left arm, and that the wound had healed without his knowing anything about it. When I have to fight my duel I shall certainly appoint Estes Park as the place of meeting. It seems that nothing but death himself can kill there, and, as a matter of fact, poor Jim had to go elsewhere to die.

'But let us go back, saga-wise, to his shooting. Down a short way below the clump of aspens where I found him was the log-hut in which we lived, a hut of so generous a nature that it most willingly gave house-room to any amount of fine snow which happened to be drifting about in search of a resting-place, and so, ever and anon, kindly provided us with the whitest of counterpanes as we lay wrapped up in our blankets on the rough floor. The only drawback to this generosity was that, unless we half-suffocated ourselves by covering up our faces, those sprightly little gnomes of the snow tickled us to madness by industriously trying to polish up our innocent noses. This hut had, of course, a small

roof over the door, and a big door-step; and the door opened immediately into our apartment, which, for the comfort of its owner, actually contained a real bed. Outside were some bits of sweet pasture divided from one another by scrambling, untidy snake fences—*more Americano*—and with the rocks showing through the surface here and there, a corral for cattle, and a few clumps of firs—in fact, the earlier form of the Western log ranch. The only thing there which you did not usually find on the Western ranch was one of those curious machines, consisting principally of a pair of wheels, which seem necessary all the world over for the bringing down of heavy timber from the forest. So much for the still life outside. For the more or less active life within, take Griff, the Welshman, dozing in his bed by the open door, and a wandering Englishman, who was dawdling about in those parts under the pretence of hunting, seated on the door-step—everything as calm and as peaceful as the top of the Great Pyramid on a fine day. Then to them comes Mountain Jim walking, with his pony, and he, sheltering himself in a queer way behind the wheels of the timber machine, evidently tries "to draw a bead" on the seated Englishman. Luckily for the latter, Jim had, some time previously, had a desperate fight with a grizzly bear, who had mauled him in the most frightful manner, and, amongst other injuries, had scratched across the right eye, causing an adhesion between the lid and the eye itself, without, however, seriously

injuring the latter. I often examined that eye of poor Jim's with a view of releasing it from its too permanent curtain. The grizzly had performed a most remarkable operation, for a bear's paw is not exactly an instrument well adapted for performing operations in ophthalmic surgery. 'In consequence of this state of his right eye he could only shoot from his left shoulder, a difficult thing to do, especially with a military rifle with the hammer on the right side, so he had to poke and twist about for a moment or two in order to cross the sights on the unarmed Englishman, who, wisely remaining seated, shouted to the somnolent Griff, "Jim's on the shoot!" Now Griff—who had made up his mind that the thing would have to be done sooner or later, for the Mountain One was a terrible customer in his mad fits—always kept at his bed-head a scatter-gun loaded with "blue whistlers." Starting up he seized this, bounced out of the door, and "let 'im have it!" as they say in those parts. Curiously enough, he clean missed Jim with the first barrel, but killed his pony with a single chance shot. But the second barrel—oh! poor Mountain Jim!

'Now, what do you think Griff did when he saw the effect of that second barrel? Why, he jumped on his mare and rode thirty odd miles to the first Justice of the Peace in the Plains, and took out a warrant against the man he had just shot for *assaulting him and others.* This warrant proved very useful, for it enabled Lord Dunraven, who behaved

very kindly in the matter, to insist on Jim's being taken down to the low country (Denver), where he lived for three months with the two halves of a split bullet in his brain. I was much chaffed and derided by the local papers for saying that a bullet had penetrated the brain, but one day, as I expected, Jim tumbled head over heels like a well-killed rabbit, there was a post-mortem—and there it was.

'He used to cause me considerable uneasiness now and again during his temporary recovery, for the man who had shot him occasionally drove me past the shanty in which he lived, and in front of which he used to see him sitting rifle in hand. I confess that I felt somewhat anxious on these occasions as to the possibility of his drawing a bead on Griff and including me in the shot; and I really fancy that had I not been there, or had poor Jim been quite certain of hitting the right man, good Mrs. Griff would have become a widow.

'He was, I am afraid, a great ruffian, but he was certainly an educated man. Some said that he was a defrocked Canadian priest, others that he was an expelled Canadian schoolmaster, others that he was both. He regarded me as a literary brother, and used to give me verses of his own composition. He left me his rifle and his last pony, but as he had stolen the one and borrowed the other I made but little out of the legacy. To my mind, taking him altogether, he was a bad Western man, a more plentiful species, I fear, than the good Western man,

though I have known plenty of the latter "real white men."'

With this sketch of a tragedy in the wild West I will conclude my extracts from my father's correspondence, and merely add a few letters written by him to his well-beloved newspaper the *Field*. It will be easily seen from internal evidence that these letters were elicited either by some one uttering to him a heresy, or by some one who touched a note of sympathy to which his memory responded. After his hunting the Plains with Lord Dunraven he was with him down in the Southern States, and the following note on 'Family Fish Life in Florida' appeared in the *Field* for June 16, 1888:—

'"G. W. H.'s" mention of the "saw-fish" in his pleasant paper on "Tarpon Fishing in Florida," put me in mind of a little bit of family fish life I once had the chance of seeing in the waters of the Indian river, which induced me to believe that those strange old-world-looking fishes were not without some amount of both maternal and paternal affection. Paddling about one day in a small "dug-out," as our manner was, we came across a shallow bay, in which were disporting themselves some half a dozen young saw-fish, all of the same length—some two feet—but each furnished with a perfect facsimile of the ancestral saw. Across the mouth of the bay cruised a pair of saws, some ten or twelve feet long, doing steady "sentry-go" backwards and forwards, always passing each other about the centre, and evidently

keeping a sharp look-out over the well-doing of what, if physical formation be a guide, were their most undoubted progeny. I watched both old and young as they sculled to and fro within two or three yards of me in the hope of discovering to what use they put those most preposterous noses, and particularly hoped that the youngsters would have let me into the secret as they floated quietly over the sand, and might or might not have been feeding on small molluscs and crustaceans, after the manner of some of their ferocious-looking cousins, the sharks. But no! I could not see that that most curious organ was utilised in any way as a dinner provider; nor with all my watching have I ever been able to discover its present use, whatever its past may have been. Has any one? The whole history of the saw-fish is very interesting as far as it is known, and I know of no better place for its completion than Florida. There are plenty of American and English visitors who could add immensely to the pleasure of their winter trip by collecting contributions towards it. These instances, rapidly becoming more numerous, of the existence of what may really be called the higher affections amongst the fishes, are of the highest importance in the history of the living world, both from a physical and material point of view. I wonder what were the "sea-trout" our friend caught in Florida? I used to be sent out to catch trout, and I caught them, but to me they looked like a species of striped

bass. Curious how difficult it is to find new names for bird, or beast, or fish. In America I shoot robins and find them thrushes; elk, and I find them wapiti; whilst here in England itself we shoot Latin partridges and pheasants, and catch, when we can, Latin salmon and Latin, or even possibly Greek, trout.'—THE DOCTOR.

This extremely short and disconnected account of his experiences in America may be concluded with the following characteristic letter 'On the Subject of Prairie Chickens out West,' which was written many years after his last visit to the States and the Territories.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt that you are much better posted up in the subject of prairie chickens than I am; I did very little in the scatter-gun way during my visit to the States and Territories, still I feel inclined to make a fight for my fancy that they increase with the increase of civilisation, which not only kills down the skunks and the coyote, who lap up their eggs and young (just as those canting, scheimheitigkeit humbugs, the Scotch collies, do with the young and the eggs of the grouse), but also prevents the burning of the grass by the "Injuns."

'You may—ah! how I wish I could—ride a hundred miles out West and never see a single "prairie chicken"; but up North and down East you may "gun" them out of the car-windows as they rise from the rich farm-lands so thickly as to

make the missing of one the probable killing of another. Yes, sir! the prairie chick'n is the child of civilisation, and suited, providentially, to the relaxed nerves and the shut-eyed shooting of the denizen of great towns, and was scarcely known to the hardy hunter of the Western Plains till some four or five years ago, when one of "our most distinguished citizens" of the territory of Colorado was fined $250 for shooting them—and had to pay up too, you bet! The sheriff trousered the dollars!

'The quail does very well on the Southern Prairies, and is not absolutely dependent on wheat. I think he is as sporting a bird as I know; and when mixed with snipe, which is often the case, most admirable shooting. The Californian quail is nought.

'I did not "pan out" much on the scatter-gun in the States and Territories, as I have said, nor do I care much for prairie chick'n gunning. I shot them as a duty up north, and got so be-midged and be-bitten by wild flies that I thought the sport hardly worth the powder. Once I had a lively turn with them between Fort Garry and Pembina, when the gentlemanly conductor stopped the public stage whenever he saw a brood, and he and I shot them, turn and turn about, whilst the intelligent citizens, our fellow-travellers, betted on the result.

'But if you have no particular business at

Pembina don't go there; the shooting's too much the other way.[1]

'Why, indeed, should I go to America to shoot birds when I can get infinitely better "birding" at home? Aha! with one exception, that sweetest of all singing birds, the snipe! What are all the bubblings and the gugglings of any number of nightingales in the almond blossomed thickets of Arbana to his melodious "Skape! scape! scape!"? Talk of your larks indeed! If I wanted bird music worth the hearing I would go to some blissful bayou down in Louisiana, and listen to the song of the snipe—that is, if I were asked, not unless, for let me tell you that to shoot over a "snipe-dum" or "snipery" in those parts without being asked would be about as decent as to go banging about his Grace's home coverts without leave, no one but a carpet-bagging rogue of a Yankee would

[1] 'Pembina,' says the Doctor in one of his letters, 'is a miserable, muddy collection of disreputable shanties, in the worst of which, kept by one Judge Potter, we slept in pairs on the most shameless apologies for beds that I have seen. Packing up with a lot of drunken Irish-American ruffians is no joke, I can assure you. Moreover, before we arrived, society had been diverting itself with horrible whisky, and was intoxicated and uproarious to an unpleasant degree; and the angry threats of shooting which reached me through the thin partitions were by no means comforting, more particularly as their distinctness showed that the said partitions would do mighty little to arrest the flight of a random ball in case any of the gentlemen citizens did proceed to extremities.

'The best of it was that the worthy Judge wanted to charge us half a dollar extra a-piece in the morning "for keeping open house all night."'

do it. If you *are* asked always put your host in mind to have a bucket swinging under the buggy, in order that the Gebblum o' colour who attends you may put therein the wandering terrapin—his soup, the terrapins is—ah! well, never mind! But I wander, and always did, and always will as long as there is a new bit of the world to see. Well, about those prairie chickens on the real Western Prairie. As a rule there are no prairie chickens on the real Western Prairie. As you ride along, looking for "sign," Indian or other, you may, now and again, see two or three shrinking cusses, looking something like a mixture of washed-out grouse feathers and burnt grass, which you only recognise as "fowl" by catching the limpid black eye looking at you in sham innocence, and which you would never think of firing at for reasons which, if you were out there, you would know. But as for a grouse, a bold, hiccuping, kickupping, reckless rascal, with his cheery defiant "Go back! go back! go back!" you won't see him, no indeed, sir, not till the corn comes, and then it'll be but a poor imitation of the real thing.

'When out West, you have got back to the pleasant camp, amidst the cotton-trees, down by the snaky, curling, twisting, twining, dull-green river—which can only support a beastly chub as long as your finger, worthy denizen of water which you would not touch if you could get decent soap-suds from a respectable laundry—tired and vexed at

having forgotten to fire some three inches under the brisket of that big black-tail who stood so quietly below you there in cañon, and having got by your folly only a lock of hair from the point of his shoulder and nothing more—ah! that reminds me of the poet:—

> 'Only a lock of woman's hair!
> The maiden said;
> So she hung it over the back of a chair,
> And went to bed.'

Sweet! sweet! and true, too—at least I am told so by experts—which all poetry is not; no, sir! But to return to our prairie chickens out West—which I wish with all my heart that I could. Coming back, as I have said, with the certainty at last fully realised that the whole of creation is one blank mistake, and that the mastery of the brute creation given to Adam has not been transmitted to his descendants, you just take a "smile" of the real, old, blue-grass Bourbon. Gracious! who's pulled up the blinds? How bright everything is! It was not my fault that I missed the buck; no, nor the rifle's either, poor dear; it was that powder, of course it was; and, after all, there'll be meat in camp, and I hate mere butchery—those horns were not bad though.

'Come, let us saunter out, and sit under the cedars. As we sit we become aware of the existence of a pleasant noise besides the whisperings of the wind in the branches, a chirruping and a twittering and a croodling-sort-of-a-gossiping which causes us

to wonder why we ever left our dear old homes, and to become as sentimental under our cedars as the great king Solomon himself—who, however, bought his cedars ready made. And, analysing things, we find that the cause of this unwonted gush—putting aside the whisky, which should never be done—is the presence of innumerable wax-wings, each one with his little bit of sealing-wax still sticking to what, when he was a government clerk, were his fingers, and still preserving his old passion for innocent gossip and twaddle. Then comes slinking by a coyote who cringes and sneers like a London cad, "You wou'dn't fire at sich a pore little beggar as me, wou'd you, noble Capting? Curse you, I'd like to crunch every bone in your bloated carcass." "Pah! Let him go. Our New Ruler." Then, just as the last yellow sun-glints strike on the strange, creamy-yellow, clayey-sandy cliffs, with the bones of dead monsters sticking out of them, and studded, here and there, with a few cedars, salvage from innumerable fires, there comes a far-off note in the air, and in a moment! We are far away from the frozen North. Far away! In the hot, baked desert, at the back of Edfoo, waiting for Gatta! Nearer and nearer it comes, and we wake to reality. Down below us is a tiny plain, sprinkled with fresh-fallen snow, through which the burnt stumps of old trees show black and grim. The smoke of the camp fire rises, clear and straight, from the other side of the ridge; we can hear the half-frozen nigger cook

"cussing things generally," can even hear the munchings and the crunchings of the horses and the mules as they pick up their rations of Indian corn. Then the Gatta cry comes again—and, all of a sudden, down on the white snow patch, pitch, all at once, some fifty or sixty beautiful, sharp-tailed, creamy willow grouse. Let us sit close under our cedars, and hear them discourse. How they chatter and gabble and lie! True club men and club women, every bird of them. We can almost understand what they say. "Yes, she did; I know she did. It wasn't his fault. It was that woman. And the Dook said 'Oh!' and it all came out—so young—ah! dear me! so young; and brazened it out, my dear, and they do say. He! he! he! ha! ha! ha! How cold the snow is to one's toes! My dear, how well you're looking! Stupid old frump. Cackle! cackle! A-catcheri! A-catcheri!" And up they all bounce with a whirr, just as if the bell had rung for evening prayers, and into the cedars they flounce, and sit there as meek as maidens, pretending to be watching the sunset, but in reality on the look-out for a chance of making mischief. Then the patient and persistent rifle gets that wicked old cock—I know him—as he pokes and peers about, into line, and taking him end on, in the neck, brings him to bag. And, at the same moment, up bounds a white tail from the red willow bed, almost at our feet, with his white flag displayed, and jumps, jump after jump, till the little Ballard catches him between the shoulders—and there

is meat in camp! How red and bright his blood looks on the frozen snow! And that's about as much grousing as you'll get on the real Western Prairie.

'Aye di me! Oh! happy River Platte, and thrice cheerful Dismal—never to be seen again by me!—Yours, G. H. K.'

VII

GEORGE KINGSLEY'S LATER YEARS AND DEATH

I WILL detain you no longer with extracts from my father's letters. After his wanderings in the Americas with the Earl of Dunraven, he crossed Newfoundland, was away in Frobisher's Straits, down in Cape Colony, went round the world again, visited Japan, revisited New Zealand and Australia, and so on ; but none of these things was considered by him to be more than a mere stroll, and quite incomparable with the experiences he had when with Lord Pembroke and with Lord Dunraven. He enjoyed them all, in a way, just as he enjoyed most things that did not involve life in a town, or noise ; these he hated with a great cordiality, and when he was subjected to them his language had a strong family likeness to that of Mr. Cody when that gentleman happened to be subjected to a course of prairie fires.

I am fully aware that I have given you a very inadequate sketch of a remarkable man. His wealth of scholarship was recognised and valued by all the

scholars of his generation who came into contact with him. At his death there passed away not only a strangely fascinating man, gifted with brilliancy of insight and sympathy; not only that most excellent thing a good doctor, one whom his colleagues valued highly for his singularly accurate power of diagnosis, and whose therapeutics were pre-eminently successful; not only a friend whom all who knew grieved to lose, as he was only to be lost to them by death; but also a perfect treasure-house of learning, profound and varied, full of facts that may never be gathered together again until an equally sane, sound, brilliant, many-sided man, gifted with a like power of constant mental work, occurs. But even then, precisely his combination of gifts and opportunities will not repeat itself, for so many of the things he saw and observed have now passed away into the *Ewigkeit* unrecorded, to my undying regret, by the man whose make of mind—tolerant, scholarly, and humorous—was so well suited to do justice to them. You may, as I have often done, blame him for not having left behind him in books all that part that could be left. He has, however, left enough in manuscript to fill volumes on all manner of branches of obscure learning, mainly on early English literature and Semitic tradition. The most complete among these manuscripts is a work on the idea involved in sacrificial rites; but I, who for many years was his underworker on that subject, collecting for him accounts given by travellers of sacrificial rites, and views

taken on the question by German authors, know that he did not consider it sufficiently complete for publication. I do not like, therefore, to make him responsible for it now that he is dead, unable to give to it all the care and further research his death stayed him in.

There was one man, and one man only in his generation, that George Kingsley can be likened to,—I mean Sir Richard Burton. But it is merely the likeness lying in their enthusiasm for scholarship, coupled with their power of action, and equal love of both. Sir Richard was a born writer, a man not afraid of writing, who fully knew his power over literature. George Kingsley, on the other hand, did not think literature a thing much worth his while. If he wrote for publication on a subject he really cared for and deemed serious, he felt he must do it thoroughly, and in a manner worthy of himself and of the subject; and he was a difficult man to satisfy on these points, for ingrained in his nature was pride, —not that bastard pride vanity, but the real thing, —and he always knew his subject well enough to know the depth of it. You may say his pages reprinted in this volume do not show this, but I am certain he would not hold any of them as worthy of your attention; yet his having once published them exonerates me from responsibility towards him on this point, and I hope you will forgive me also.

The other main reason why George Kingsley

left no monument of learning in literature is that he was a Tannhäuser,—a type that constantly repeats itself among Teutons,—and a very thorough Teuton was he. The spirit that held his mind in thrall was no one goddess of no one mountain, but the *Erdgeist* Goethe knew of—that *Erdgeist* who has countless thousands of faery palaces in this world, and Heaven alone knows how many more elsewhere. To-day it is not the *Erdgeist* that charms men's minds; it is the human being that enthralls. Let the human being be never so feeble, flabby, hideous, or poor in spirit, it stands higher in popular esteem—more interesting than a rushing river or a noble mountain, or even than the great and deep sea itself. Most people nowadays see in the human being, however poor, the specimen—nay, even in the very unperfectness of that specimen—something greater than the tremendous beauty and majesty of non-human nature, and hold the human being a thing ever nearer to God and dearer to Him. George Kingsley did not see things thus, and, very humbly, I think his view was the right one; but I despair of ever making those who are under the thrall of the human being understand and sympathise with one who was under the thrall of the *Erdgeist*. This again brings us back to the inter-relationship between George Kingsley and his big brother Charles. That inter-relationship was a very strong one. Really they were two forms of one being; had they been but one man, that man would have had a noble vision

of things as they truly are—a vision greater than that of their divided visions—such as one knows, without attaining it oneself, must be attainable by man.

Charles Kingsley's deeply sympathetic and devotional mind, kept always at close quarters with men by his profession, became suffused with a great love and interest in them as a mass. His brother's life lay in pleasant places; he was not forced to contemplate poverty, sin, crime, and human wretchedness: therefore he loved only individual men; for the mass of humanity he had not Charles's intense love. That wider, intense love he gave to the *Erdgeist*—whom Charles also loved. Charles knew Nature and Nature's God enough to know that human misery is not all Nature's blame, but that much of it comes from 'man's inhumanity to man,'—a ptomaine human nature breeds when crowded. His tender love of man, and the responsibility he had taken on himself when he enlisted as a soldier of the Church, sent him down to fight evil in the human arena. It was no fight against God's laws of Nature, but a fight for them against diseased conditions. How deeply he also loved and was comforted by non-human nature he has shown in those beautiful, perfectly balanced utterances: *Town Geology*, *Water Babies*, *Madam How and Lady Why*, and *Three Fishers*.

I pray you do not let natural misty-mindedness in me give you the idea that George Kingsley was

merely a dreamer; for, truth to tell, he had a very strong human personality. It showed up in what I have referred to as respected in the family: 'George's awful temper.' It was not awful when you lived with it at close quarters and got used to it. It was volcanic, but never vindictive. I knew as a child perfectly well that if I successfully dodged a copy of Brand's *Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences*, or some other work, temporarily diverted into use as a projectile in consequence of some conduct of mine, all would be well, provided I went away and was quiet for a time. No one in his family knew half so much of his temper as I did. His wife he was ever anxious about on account of her delicate health; moreover, she was not an irritating person to any one—neither was his son; but I was so mainly because in early years I was liable, either directly or indirectly, to cause sudden noises. For example, I had in early life a taste for fighting cocks; my mother, who was fond of any kind of animal, let me keep them. During those long months when my father was absent from home those fighting cocks behaved well; when he came home they did little else but crow. There is something fine in a game-cock's crow, and it is stirring: it used to produce that effect on my father considerably, and I might just as well have crowed those crows myself, for I was held accountable for them. Therefore, when my father came home a transportation of game-cocks to the uttermost end of the long Highgate

garden was promptly carried out by me for fear worse might befall. But I could never make the run down there cock-tight; they used to leak out and either come up to the house, reserving their clarion crow till well under the study window,—a performance rewarded promptly with miscellaneous projectiles and observations,—or they would go away and have a quiet fight with a neighbour's valued dorking—in fact, they kept me in such a state of nervous apprehension that I neglected other things and got into trouble that way. Also, when I had discovered that one of the champions had left his home, I used to go after him on to the neighbour's premises regardless of consequences; for, above all things, fighting was a thing forbidden by me. I knew how to prevent them fighting each other; an old gardener, whose main boast was that when a boy he had been with the *great* Lord Derby,—he of the 'Derby Strain,' of course, I mean,—taught me how to do that; but when I missed Ki Ki from his domestic circle, and saw his red cloth cloak sticking in the hedge, I knew what was going on and went after him. Hence if I was wanted just then by my family I was not available; and when I returned with Ki Ki under my arm, furious at having had his pleasure spoilt by a silly interfering girl, I had as lively a time as Ki Ki had lost. Ki Ki, in fact, nearly brought me to an early grave,—he died himself in his bed at the ripe age of sixteen years, to my great regret,—but still, nothing ever would make

that cock realise that the return home of the master of the house entirely altered things. Old Mrs. Barrett, our one handmaid, understood this. She gravely denied herself her beloved pursuit of blowing up the copper flue with 'some of master's gunpowder' until 'master' was out; she battled with Fate to avoid her pet accident, namely, falling downstairs with a dustpan, broom, scrubbing-brush, pail, and a shriek; she greased the bearings of the kitchen pump assiduously, and never sang more than a line and a half of a hymn. The old gardener also used to avoid nailing up the creepers round the house, or rolling gravel; he would sleep a whole afternoon among the Jerusalem artichokes, or talk with another gardener over a hedge rather than 'disturb master.' Ki Ki, or for the matter of that 'Chickums' or Attila the Ostrogoth, were not so careful; and what used to hurt my feelings was that 'the master' would admire Ki Ki, and be highly delighted when Ki Ki had got into the front garden, flown at the postman and driven him into the coal-cellar, or committed some such flagrant, forbidden breach of the peace; but all the crows, and the letters requesting that 'such dangerous animals should either be confined securely *or* destroyed' went down to my account. It did not seem fair. Then I was my mother's chief officer from the day I could first carry a duster, and I had to do the tidying-up—that is to say, I became responsible for everything lost in the establishment. This again embroiled me with my

father. Also I had a great fondness—I have a weakness for it still—for filling the fire-grates with nice, clean, white willow shavings, with just a twinkle of gold shavings on the top,—an innocent, if not æsthetic practice, you will think,—but it was really one that gave a field of action on which we two met in conflict. He was a great smoker, and, moreover, reckless as to where he threw the matches. He always said I hid the matches and he never had one, but it was otherwise; he had them, and he usually threw them, if there was a grate handy, into it. 'Conclusions passed their careers.' Those matches—never blown out, mark you—in conjunction with my willow shavings produced conflagrations. My father, if any inferior member of the family entered the room, was observed to be absorbed in study, or slumber, to a marked degree; and, needless to say, no observations were made on the domestic tragedy. If my mother happened to go in, he would say, in deeply injured tones, 'Why do you let that child put that silly stuff into the fireplace?' My mother would say, 'It amuses her, and you ought to be more careful with your matches.' 'Well,' he would say, in a deeply resigned tone, 'she will get the house burnt down some day,' just for all the world as if I, plus willow shavings, spelt spontaneous combustion, and he had had nothing to do with it whatsoever. Infinite were the points of collision between him and me, very largely from our similarity in taste. I well remember his coming home once with a tin of gunpowder

which I heard him tell my mother was 'exceeding strong'; he discoursed in the evening to his beloved friend Dr. Oakeshott, also on that powder. I took an early opportunity to possess myself of that canister, and, desirous of testing the strength of the powder and of also seeing how military mines worked,—affairs which I had been hearing and reading about just then in connection with the Franco-Prussian War,—I inadvertently succeeded in blowing a tub of manure-water over our great spring blanket-wash that was hanging on a clothes-line hard by, bringing down on myself the usual prophecies of an awful end, and an immediate personal chastisement into the bargain. That was a truly awful row: my mother said he should not bring *such* things into the place, and my father appealed to the gods for information as to why he should have *such* a child; just as if he never, never used gunpowder for any purpose in his whole life, and could not conceive how any human being could do so. Then our tastes in literature were similar, and we both liked to read a book through quietly when we once commenced it; therefore, under my adverse fate, the chances were about ten to one that the very book I took out of his room was the identical one he was reading, and another paternal gale would come my way, and my mother would be informed she had no right to let that child read such books (a hurricane in connection with Norman Lockyer's *Solar Physics* was about the worst I remember).

However, I was by no means the one and only cause of the rousing of wrath. In so doing I was, at my best, far inferior to Mr. Gladstone, or any Roman Catholic priest: seen even distantly on the horizon, these were as a red rag to a bull. The sight of printed reports of Mr. Gladstone's observations, or of a priestly form, would rouse George Kingsley from any depths of study or contemplation into a very pretty temper; and I, as a child, used to wonder why such things as priests and politicians were permitted to exist, such a nuisance were they both to our household calm. For example, in those days, for some obscure reason, we used to take in the *Daily Telegraph;* and the *Daily Telegraph*, for some obscure reason, then used to approve of Mr. Gladstone. The consequences were that when a report of a speech by Mr. Gladstone was in the paper and my father was at home to read it, that paper was, according to the season of the year, either torn to shreds and thrown into my willow shavings, or thrust bodily into the fire, whereby we were deprived for that day of the pleasure of reading the police reports and such like amusement. Indeed, such a grave nuisance did the *Daily Telegraph's* Gladstonian leanings become that we resolved to take in another paper, and chose *The Standard*, an anti-Gladstonian. We soon found out our mistake. That admirable paper merely made my father worse, for it frothed up his rage and gave him definite extra reasons to go on; so we returned to the *Telegraph*,

and have kept to it ever since. And often as I read it now I regret he is not here to see it and the general public opinion standing in for the policy he loved,—the supremacy of England in the world, a supremacy clearly hers by divine right,—for in his eyes England was the incarnation of fearlessness, justice, and honour. If by chance any mere temporary Englishman dealt with the world on other lines than those that are both sportsmanlike and gentlemanly, George Kingsley had no mercy on him whatsoever, and in unmitigated language consigned that individual to perdition. Foreigners, as people not able to know better, were not dealt with so harshly.

But again, I pray you, do not think George Kingsley was mainly a dreamer with a volcanic temper; for in his many-sided nature there were other characteristics — an infinite gentleness with weak things, a vigorous hatred for those who inflicted suffering unnecessarily on man or beast, that came from a sympathy which made him feel the extent of that suffering. This may seem a strange claim to make for a man who was so keen a sportsman, but it is an essential part of the true sportsman. There is as fundamental a difference between a true sportsman and a man who loves inflicting death or suffering from sheer love of cruelty, as there is between either of these and the nervous lady who shrieks at an earwig and takes to the table top when mouse or beetle claims the floor.

Above all things, he was affectionate and steadfast in friendship and affection. His devotion to his wife the letters I have quoted faintly show. Wherever he was, he wanted her to share with him the beauty and the fun of his surroundings, and always minimised the danger, knowing her anxiety for him. I confess in old days I used to contemplate with a feeling of irritation the way in which my father used to reconcile and explain it to himself, that because he had a wife and family it was his dire and awful duty to go and hunt grizzly bears in a Red-Indian-infested district, and the like. I fancy now that I was wrong to have felt any irritation with him. It is undoubtedly true that he could have made more money had he settled down to an English practice as a physician; also undoubtedly true that he thoroughly enjoyed grizzly bear hunting and 'loved the bright eyes of danger'; still, there was in him enough of the natural man to give him the instinctive feeling that the duty of a father of a family was to go out hunting and fighting while his wife kept the home. But I am fully convinced his taking this view of life really caused the illness which killed my mother. For months at a time she was kept in an unbroken strain of nervous anxiety about him. There were months when no letter came; then when one came it was merely retrospectively reassuring for the period behind its rather vague date, and usually indicated that he was forthwith going on somewhere else, where his chance

of getting killed was as good as ever. When he was in the South Seas she had a most anxious time of it. There would come a letter eloquently setting forth the dangers of coral reefs to navigators, with a good deal about sharks and cannibals; then silence; then a paragraph in some newspaper to the effect that a schooner, name unknown, had been wrecked on some South Sea reef or another (in the region where she knew he might be), and that the crew had been massacred and eaten by the natives. Of course having him in North America was no more restful for her. Letters from him were necessarily scarce, and newspaper paragraphs not a bit more reassuring in tone, for they took the form of statements that the Sioux or some other red-skin tribe were on the war-path. Indeed, the worst shock she ever had was when he was away in North America. The last letter she had had from him informed her that Lord Dunraven and himself were going to join General Custer on an expedition, when there came news of the complete massacre of General Custer and his force. A fearful period of anxiety followed, and then came a letter saying that providentially they had been prevented by bad weather from joining General Custer at all. These anxieties, although groundless, were not good for so high-strung and sensitive a woman as my mother. No amount of experience in her husband's habit of surviving ever made her feel he was safe, and her mind was kept in one long nervous

strain which robbed her of all pleasure in life outside the sphere of her home duty and the companionship of books. The only thing that ever tempted her to go about among her neighbours was to assist them when they were sick in mind, body, or estate. So strongly marked a characteristic was this of our early home life, that to this day I always feel I have no right to associate with people unless there is something the matter with them.

My mother's ill health was the main cause of our leaving our old Highgate home and migrating to Bexley Heath in North-West Kent. The change to a drier soil, however, made but little difference, and after a few years' residence at Bexley Heath we all went to Cambridge because my brother was going up to that University. He entered at Christ's College and devoted himself successfully to the Law tripos, while the rest of us took up our position in a house in Mortimer Road overlooking Parker's Piece. My father rejoiced in the change, and delighted in the society of men keenly interested in scholarship and science with whom it brought him into contact. He had old friends there in Mr. Aldis Wright and Dr. Henry Guillemard and Mr. Robert Bowes, and he made many new ones, and, in fact, as thoroughly revelled in his Cambridge as if he had come up as an undergraduate. The river during term time, when there was rowing to be seen, was a great attraction; and there he would go, in spite of all I said about its being extremely bad for his rheumatism. For cricket

also he developed a taste, but never quite made up his mind whether he preferred the cricket on Parker's Piece or that on Fenner's—there was a certain wildness and an element of danger to onlookers in the former which endeared it to him. Unfortunately, the illness of his old friend Sir William Gull led to his spending a winter in Suffolk in attendance on a case of Sir William's, and that winter killed my father. He contracted rheumatic fever; he recovered from it, thanks to the infinite kindness and careful nursing given to him, but the fever left his heart badly damaged. We hoped that a voyage round the world, which he afterwards took, would have restored him, but it did not; and the increasing illness of my mother gave him great anxiety. On the morning of 5th February 1892, I, who had been sitting up all night with mother as usual, went upstairs with my father's letters. Knocking at his door, I got no answer, and on entering his room I found him dead in bed, evidently having passed away quietly in his sleep. It was a terrible grief, but still there was the comfort of knowing he had not had a day's illness. He had gone to bed rather better than usual, quite cheerful, and intent on going across on a visit to his friend Lord Sandwich the next day; and he was spared the grief of my mother's death, which occurred six weeks later, and also the grief of the death of his deeply beloved Earl of Pembroke, which, alas! also followed his only too soon. It was a merciful and happy ending to the very happy, honourable

life of a noble, perfect English gentleman—a man who all his life long, wild as the circumstances of it had often been, great as the temptations of it had been, never did a mean act or thought a mean thought, and never felt fear.

NOTES ON SPORT AND TRAVEL

I

A GOSSIP ON A SUTHERLAND HILL-SIDE

[Reprinted from *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel*, edited by Francis Galton (1861)]

HALF-PAST FIVE! The rain pattering against the window-panes, and the birches outside swishing and rasping against the walls, with a vehemence that tells of a rattling south-wester; dark gray mist driving past, only permitting us to see some fifty yards of the lake, lead-coloured, flecked with foam, and long white waving streaks like a tideway. To dress or not to dress? To turn out and drive seven miles in the teeth of the storm, and find our horizon capable of being touched with the point of a ramrod when we reach the stalking-ground, or to turn in under the warm bedclothes again, to wake at nine o'clock, with a guilty conscience, to the reality of a glorious morning, so clear and bright after the rain that I can almost count the stones on the top of Ben Clebric,—to be told that the household is aweary of mutton and languishes for venison,—to find the river in full spate and salmon impossibilities,—to

have one's health tenderly inquired after by Donald? ——Never! Tub—sleep-dispeller, welcome! and to breakfast at six with a Sutherland appetite.

Before the terminal gooseberry jam is attained, the sharp sound of wheels on the wet gravel announces the arrival of Donald, kindest-hearted and keenest of stalkers, and his cheery inquiries as to my state of preparation are promptly answered by my appearance at the door.

We are bent on business whatever the weather may be, but we go through the ceremony of discussing whether there is a chance of its being worth the while; and then, after an interchange of prophecies believed in by neither of the prophets, we climb into the dog-cart, and turn down sharp by that wonderful post-office, whose master is a 'Mairchaunt,' and where you can buy, or at least order, everything, from a red hackle to a reaping-machine.

How deliciously the fresh breeze sweeps round the corner, inflating our lungs to their innermost cell, and how the waves lap and jump under it! A wild night last night, judging from those piles of foam along the shore; but those great straggling rifts are beginning to show patches of the cold blue northern sky beyond. Nothing, after all, but a sea-fog! Whether the weather be wet or dry, wet *we* shall be on the hill, and those rifts will let light enough through to show us deer, if the worst comes to the worst.

Trundle along, powney, through the stone-inclosed

patches of oats, trying to look ripe and failing most dismally in the attempt; past little fields, half arable, half pasture, where the cow feeds tended by the bit bareleggit lassie, wet through already, but caring nothing for wet now, whatever she may do when she finds herself a wrinkled crone at forty, bent double with rheumatism. Then through the fresh sweet birch coppice, where the 'Ladies of the wood' are tossing their lithe arms, and sprinkling sweet odours and sparkling raindrop gems on every side; where the blackcock whirrs up and sails away on his strong-beating wings, and the daintily tripping roe crosses the road shyly, seeking her cosy lair, among the sweet bog myrtle and warm tussock grass, after her night's marauding among the oats.—Then a moment's pause to pick up Jeemie the gillie, and Clebric the muckle deer-hound, and out on to the great brown moor.

Something like the character of the people, serious and cheerful at once, quiet and reserved in general tone, but with bright patches of vivid green and bits of rarely-scented shrub here and there; lighted up with little eyes of water moist and gleaming as those of a girl, who has been crying for sheer happiness and breaks into a smile amidst her tears. Light and shade, rigid fanaticism and wild poetical fervour alternating in fitful gleams; the light at any rate predominating among those slim well-grown lassies and lither lads rattling on before us at a hand-gallop, going to gather in their marsh hay. Pass them we

cannot, nor does Donald seem particularly anxious to do so. We would we 'had our Gaelic' to understand the chaff that passes! It must have some fun in it to cause bright eyes to sparkle brighter, and some wit to produce such a severe struggle for instant rejoinder. Poor down-trodden Sutherland Highlanders! who, to see you galloping along in that fashion, would ever suppose that you had all been transported to the uttermost parts of the earth years ago? We are told so in 'prent buiks,' and so it must be true; but still it is rather puzzling to make out why there are so many more of you now than there were before you were deported in thousands. Verily, if all is true that is said about you, you must be a wonderfully prolific people. Expound unto me, Donald, how it happens that there are so many more people in Sutherland now than there used to be.

''Deed, sir, I cannot say, except because the old Duchess-Countess moved the people down from the hills, where they were starving, to the sea, where they get the fishing, and a chance of getting in their crops oftener than once in three years, which is about the average in the higher glens.'

'Ah, well! I should not wonder either; but another cause is the discontinuance of your good old custom of cutting each other's throats. When you left off that, you became too numerous for the land as it used to be. If old Sir Robert Gordon is to be trusted, there never were such a set of people for

sticking dirks into each other's wames, as you Sutherlanders used to be in the old time, friend Donald.'

'Hoot toot! 'Deed, sir, no! It was not the Sutherland folks, it was thae fallows from Assynt, and Eddrachillis and Strathnaver, who were aye coming over the marches, and lifting cows and raising blood-feuds that were hard to quell. The Sutherland lads were aye decent people,—except some of the clans, maybe.'

'Well, I believe that you really were, as you are, better than your neighbours, but there is many a broad blood-spot in your country, even in the fair gardens of Dunrobin. But we won't quarrel about that now. What is that heap of stones by the loch-side? It looks like a Pictish tower.'

'Ay, 'deed is it; and there is another on the Island, and another and another on the other side. Do you know what they were made for, sir? The old wives say, some that they were built by the Pechts, and some by the Feen; they must have been gey small folk that lived inside them.'

'Not I, Donald! I used to think that the Pechts got into the chambers, and put a big stone at the entrance to keep the enemy out, and built them hour-glass fashion to prevent the said enemy scrambling into them; but when I considered that an able-bodied man, with a bit of burnt stick, could pick the whole affair down in no very long time, the Pechts inside being as utterly unable to prevent it

as a rabbit is being dug out of his burrow, I doubted. As they seem always to have been built within sight of each other, some people have supposed that they were watch-towers, and those on the coast may have answered the purpose well enough. Most of the inland ones do not, however, seem situated on very good look-out points, and in old times, when the country was covered with wood, must have been useless for that purpose; unless, indeed, they were there before the woods. When the minister of Reay amused himself by pulling them to pieces, about a hundred years ago, he found nothing in them but wee querns, and deer's bones, and antlers. He gives drawings of them, with rude stone roofs, with a small hole in the top; but I suspect that he confounded those mysterious slab-built *Uags* with the real hour-glass tower. The Bishop of Ossory, who was antiquity-hunting in Sutherland about the same time, found many of them entire; I wish I could now.'

'Weel, sir, some do say that they kept their corn in them; and the old folks say that the good people are very fond of being about them, but I cannot say much about *that*. If you want to see a good one you must go to Dun-Dornadilla, on the road to Loch Hope.'

'Ay, that's the best of them now. The one built by King Cole in Strath-dhu is, I hear, very tumble-down. I have seen very perfect chambers in the one in Golspie Glen, and have wormed my

way from one to the other in great wonderment; but the quaintest of them all for situation is that at Store Point, which is connected with the mainland by a natural arch, and where Thorkill, the Orkney chief, concealed his lady-love.'

Clattering on past curious mounds of gravel, which look very like glacial moraines, our attendant carts suddenly diverge across the moss and plunge into the swollen stream, the very ponies seeming to enjoy the fun, and half swimming, half scrambling, with shouts and screams, and ringing laughter from the haymakers, they gain the wet fields on the other side, where the coarse marsh-grass, rich mottled brown like the hair on an old stag's neck, is piled up in vast cocks.

'Farewell, lassies!'

'Gude-day, and a muckle hart for you, sir!'

We must confess that we are not very well off for houses along the road, and that the gaps between them are considerably longer than those between the villas of Highgate Hill; but we can see three at once, and that is three more than one can see in the same distance on many a better frequented Highland road. The shepherds are scattered about in their bothies, and make but a small show. You must go to the richer straths and the borders of the sea, if you want society in Sutherland. There is some comfort, however, in thinking that the inns are placed with judicious care, and that there is no fear of your being unable to get from one to the other in

an easy day's march; and when you reach them, can you not take your ease in them, most comfortable of hostelries?

It is hardly fair to blame the proprietor for not building more, or enlarging those already built. Those already existing are absolutely empty two-thirds of the year, and are let at the magnificent rent of ten pounds a year. As every one of them has been built at the expense of the present Duke and his father, the tourist owes, I think, a considerable debt of gratitude to the family; had their erection depended on private speculation, they would never have existed at all. They would doubtless hold more tourists if they were larger, but whether if they were larger they would have more people in them is another matter. One great comfort is, that express care is taken to prevent their being occupied exclusively by resident sportsmen, a common nuisance in the Highlands, but often the only means by which the host can make money. If the Sutherland inn is full,—and, with the exception of the one at Lairg, I never found one so—you can always get a bed somewhere, often at the manse, as you do in the Tyrol. Anybody who wishes to speculate in the innkeeping line would be received with open arms by the Duke's agents, I am pretty sure; but unless he is actuated by the purest philanthropy, and is prepared to wait till the 'Anti-condensation of Atlantic Mist' Company is in full play, he must not expect a quick return for his outlay. The Reay

family, to the end of their reign, always stopped and dined at a green knoll near the Crask, still called Lord Reay's Table; *now* you have a good inn.

By-the-bye, I remember an anecdote of this same road before it was made, worth the recording. When the father of the last Lord Reay who possessed the estate changed his residence from Skibo to Tongue, his son was put into a creel on one side of a pony, and counterbalanced by his younger brother, the admiral, in another; the old lord, being a great lord and not easily counterbalanced, had *his* opposite creel filled with big stones. Remember, this is not so very many years ago.

The only house we need trouble ourselves about just now stands clear and white on the brown moor, like a target with a black window for a bull's-eye, the habitation of shepherd Rory. Trundle on, powney; you shall soon be up to your hocks in the warm heather in his stable.

At last, the last bridge and the last torrent, and the house we have seen so long is reached. A real two-storied house, well built, and warm, and if not comfortable and clean, the fault is the holder's; for a head-shepherd is no unimportant personage, and must be well treated. In many cases he is the real money-winner of the concern, and in all a most important agent in increasing the balance at the Golspie bank.

'How are ye the day, Rory?'

'Brawly, thank you. How's yersel'? Will ye

na come ben the hoose, and tak a drink o' milk or ye tak the hill?'

'Ay, 'deed will I; for though I cannot say that it is a potation I am much addicted to, I know that you will be hurt if I refuse your hospitality, and I also know that the sma' still whisky days have departed from Sutherland, thank Heaven!'

The pony is unharnessed, the dog-cart drawn to the side of the road, and Donald disappears with Rory to hold a solemn confabulation on things in general, and deer in particular; and escaping from Mrs. Rory's hot room, that makes one steam like a geyser, I will go and sit on the parapet of the bridge and moralise.

The hills I am going to stalk are under sheep, like the greatest part of Sutherland, and the shepherds wandering about the hills see a good deal of deer life, and can give most valuable information concerning them. More, indeed, than one desires, as if he has seen the deer, the chances are that the deer have seen him. Oh, happy black cattle times, when the forester had the right and the power of impounding every beast that strayed beyond its appointed limits, and when two-thirds of Sutherland was one wild unmolested deer-forest, well watched and well tenanted! Only sixty years ago! Blessed times, when the foresters had a legal amount of judicial and executive power which would make the Anti-preservation-of-anything Society of our own days open their eyes very wide indeed! All swept

away by those wretched cheviots, who, indeed, do clothe the naked and feed the hungry, but give no sport, unless the double system of manœuvring, which has to be practised to keep clear of them and get near the deer, may be considered in that light. Now that the greater part of Sutherland is disforested (though the map-makers persist in scrawling Dirrie-more[1] and Dirrie-chat[2] over the country to tantalise us), there are but few peaks left clear where the scattered remnants of the great deer herds can repose in security. The deer, indeed, rather like the sheep than not, as they save the hinds a great deal of look-out duty, and a flock scampering about three or four miles off is instantly seen and commentated on by them. But the shepherds and the collies! I must give the shepherd the credit of trying to prevent himself spoiling a sport which he loves in his heart of hearts (and I suspect takes a turn at himself, whiles), as much as he can, more particularly when he is treated with consideration, and a tip; but still *he* cannot help the hinds sniffing him out a mile off and retreating into the distance with their antlered lords. Of course, three tourists *per diem* blundering across the moss would put off every deer for miles, and the grand sport of deer-stalking would soon become a mere matter of tradition; a consummation which would not very much please even the non-deer-stalking population of Sutherland. Independently of the number of men employed as gillies

[1] 'The great deer-forest.' [2] 'The deer-forest of the Clan Chattan.'

and keepers, the renters of these shootings spend large sums of money every year in parts of the country where no reasonable being would willingly pass four-and-twenty hours without a stronger inducement than looking at scenery, which he very probably might not see the whole of the season after all. Remember, O tourist, that many a barren mountain top, which under no other circumstances could produce a penny a year either to peasant or proprietor, becomes a valuable source of income to both if it be but left undisturbed.

From the remotest antiquity this Sutherland has been essentially a country of deer, protected by the sharpest laws. I fancy that it was a conquered country, and that the conquerors imposed forest-laws on the conquered, as the Normans did in England. At any rate, never at any period of its history have the deer been less protected than at present. Sir Robert Gordon, who wrote a book in the seventeenth century, which I think has been prevented from obtaining popularity by being described as *A Genealogical History of the Earls of Sutherland*, being in reality the most wonderful collection of legends and stirring Highland tales in existence, positively boils over with excitement when he touches on the 'vert and venaison' of his native country.

'All these forests and schases are verie profitable for feeding of bestiall, and delectable for hunting. They are full of reid deer and roes, woulffs, foxes, wyld catts, brocks, skuyrells, whittrets, weasels, otters,

martrixes, hares, and foumarts. In these fforests, and in all this province, ther is great store of partridges, pluviers, capercaleys, blackwaks, mure-fowls, heth-hens, swanes, bewters, turtledoves, herons, dowes, steares or stairlings, lair-igig or knag (which is a foull like unto a paroket or parret, which makes place for her nest with her beck in the oak-tree), duke, draig, widgeon, teale, wildgoose, rin goose, gouls, wharps, shot wharps, woodcock, larkes, sparrowes, snyps, blackbuirds, and all other kinds of wildfowl and birds which are to be had in any pairt of this kingdom.'

Well put in, that last, Sir Robert, or we should have had to transcribe the index to Yarrell's Birds, for even to this day, Sutherland is a most marvellous country for 'fowl'; north enough to be the breeding-place of the wild goose and the widgeon, and the winter resting-place of innumerable rare arctic birds, and yet warm enough, thanks to the Gulf-stream, to suit the roller and the Bohemian waxwing. Some individuals in Sir Robert's list have disappeared, as, for example, the capercailzie, probably from the destruction of the woods; and no one, I fancy, who knows him, grieves much at his absence, for two or three birds, the size of turkeys, to the square mile, affording no sport themselves, and not permitting any sport-affording bird to approach their haunts, and, moreover, rather apt to taste like particularly tough old blackcocks, stuffed with blacking-brushes and a dash of turpentine, can hardly be worth the

keeping. If the naturalist wishes to study him, let him go to the 'Shramstein' in the Saxon Switzerland, and make the most of him.

That curious fowl, the 'lair-igig, or knag,' has also disappeared with the oaks into which she used to dig her bill,—a strange cross between a woodpecker and a puffin; if, indeed, she be not the latter, who loves to breed in rabbit holes, and might have made herself comfortable enough in a rotten oak-tree. If not a puffin, goodness and Sir Robert only knew what she was; she is gone like the dinornis, and must remain in abeyance

> 'To the Platonic year, and wait her time,
> And happy hour to be revived again'

by Professor Owen.

As far as I can make them out, all the birds named by Sir Robert, with the above-named exceptions, and scores of others, fly, fish, scream, trumpet, and whistle in Sutherland and the bordering sea to this day.

True it is, that if you have bad luck, you may drive all round Sutherland without seeing anything more rare than a chance grouse or an accidental blackcock, just as you may do, barring the two named, on a Devonshire or Derbyshire moor. But wander through the wilds, and peer cautiously at the lakes, and above all, paddle off the mouth of the 'Little Ferry,' in the beginning of November, when the sea is black with birds, and the air resonant with the cry of *Haroldus glacialis* and his arctic

friends, and then count the number of strange birds you have seen. Any given day in the year, woodcocks may be flushed in the coverts and snipes on the moor. Wild geese breed plentifully about some of the lakes, and the young are pinioned and reared by the farmers; so, O tourist, if you find a few swimming on Loch Shin, do not capture them and bring them to Lairg, as did certain young gentlemen last year, or your triumph in your woodcraft will be dashed by the laughter of the gillies, and the blasphemy of the proprietor,—as was theirs. The Meganser breeds on Loch Beannach, as I know to my sorrow, for I once slew a whole brood of three at a shot, unwitting what they were; and he who fishes up Loch Shin without hearing the hoarse cry of the black-throated diver, warning her young against his approach, must be unlucky indeed.

The greater number of Sutherland birds belong to classes that love the wild moor, and the silent, rarely-visited loch; if you see them, it is nine times out of ten when you are looking for something else, and seldom do they show themselves to the passing traveller who rattles round the country in the mail cart. The golden eagles were destroyed by the farmers because they killed their lambs, and the foxes more deservingly for the same reason, and the osprey was exterminated to supply the tourist-market with herself and eggs, much to the Duke's annoyance. However, the eagles have it all their own way now. It has been found that the destruc-

tion of the golden eagle has caused the increase of the blue hare to a formidable extent, and the only way to keep him down will be to let his own adversary have full swing again. I do not regret the coming fate of *Lepus variabilis;* I like to see him now and then, as he frisks among the stones, or walks about on his hind toes, like a cross between a kangaroo and a dancing dog; but he is an awfu' plague both to the sheep-farmer, the deer-stalker, and the grouse-shooter, when he becomes too numerous,—spoiling ten times as much grass as his head is worth ten times told, putting up the deer in his idiot terror, and seeming to delight in running up hill and seating himself on the sky-line, so that the whole world may see that he has seen something alarming, and pestering your pointers and setters with his sneaky draws and foolishly astute meanderings. The osprey, too, may come back when she likes, and we will gladly pay a tribute of grilse to her ladyship; indeed, she has come back, and was seen last summer floating and peering about, and speculating whether she might trust herself and her family on Loch Assynt again.

What particular kind of weasel a 'whittret' (? whitethroat) was, I don't know, but all the other quadrupeds, with the exception of the wolf, may be had now for the seeking. That British tiger,—the wild-cat—is now very scarce, but two kittens were seen, and one killed, last year. I fancy they will soon follow their old comrade the wolf, and the

sooner the better, for of all snarling, ill-conditioned, game-destroying brutes in the world, the wild-cat is the worst; and no one can hear their demoniacal caterwaulings at night, without being seized with an instant and intense desire to extirpate the race there and then. The wolves were the pest of Sutherland down to the end of the seventeenth century, the last one having been destroyed about 1700. One Timothy Pont, who travelled through Sutherland about 1650, speaks of it thus in his MSS. in the Advocates' Library:—

'It is exceedinglie weel stored with fishes, both from the sea and its own rivers, as also dear, roe, and dyvers kinds of wild beasts, *specially heir never lack wolves, more than are expedient;* it is weel stored with wood also.'

I am in the habit of taking something readable with me to the hill, to pass away the time when I am waiting for the deer to rise,—a habit strongly reprobated by Donald, who assures me that some day a scart of wind will snatch the paper out of my hand, and 'birl it o'er the hill like a ghaist,' to the terrification of all the deer; but still I do it; and having by chance the account of the destruction of the last wolves in Scotland in my pocket, you shall hear it, though you may have heard it before. Mine is, I assure you, taken from the original MSS., and I would not alter a word for the world, for it is evidently taken direct from the Gaelic by the author:—

'There is a solitary moorland lake near the

march between the parishes of Farr and Reay, called Loch Soivy,[1] which has an island reputed, in former ages, as a place of resort and shelter for wolves. At the period referred to, about the close of the seventeenth century, one of the tenants of Trantlemore in Halladale, named Eric-Bain Mackay, is said to have wandered alone in search of a wolf, which, in consequence of depredations committed on his farm, he believed to be lurking in his neighbourhood. The reputed shelter afforded to animals of prey by the wild grounds around Loch Soivy induced him to approach the loch, and in his eagerness to make a complete search in that suspicious neighbourhood, he swam to the island, and contrived to carry his gun along with him ; he there discovered marks of a wolf having been recently on the island, and afterwards found its den in which were two young cubs. He instantly killed them, and carried them homewards along with him, as evidence of his success, although the danger of meeting the dam, and being exposed to the well-known desperate fierceness of a she-wolf deprived of her young, occurred to him, and induced him to retreat as speedily as possible. He knew that the old wolf would not be long absent from her den ; and during his hurried progress towards the strath in which he lived, he cast many an anxious look towards the loch and along the wide

[1] *Soivy* is synonymous with *Foick;* both Gaelic words signify the unclean bed or den of a fox, wolf, or similar wild animal. The words, especially *Foick,* are sarcastically applied to a filthy or neglected habitation or apartment.

moor over which he was hastening. When about half across the uninhabited hill-grounds, he observed an animal at a distance following his footsteps, and soon discovered, from its peculiar howl, that it was the old wolf he dreaded to meet while carrying off its young, and which, no doubt, had visited her deserted den after he left it. His speed was redoubled; but his exasperated and formidable pursuer was quickly gaining ground on him, and he therefore cast aside the dead whelps, and stood coolly to meet the fierce attack with which he was threatened, and, when within gunshot, he took a deliberate aim, and fortunately succeeded in shooting the advancing wolf. Without awaiting to reload his gun, he continued to run homewards at his fleetest pace, and although one of the best runners in the district, he only succeeded in gaining the descent of the hill, at the foot of which his house was situated, before another, a male or dog wolf, was noticed in full chase after him. Mackay arrived with great difficulty at a rude enclosure near his house, which separated the *infolds* from the *outfolds* of his small farm, before the close approach of this second and equally infuriated wolf; and having managed to reload his gun, and ensured a certain aim by resting it on the wall behind which he stood, he shot this old dog wolf also. After this long-remembered slaughter in one day, by a single individual, of two full-grown and two young wolves, there has not been another found in that district of country.

'The death of the last wolf and her cubs in the forests connected with the east coast of Sutherland was attended with circumstances still more remarkable. For several years before their complete extirpation, the wolves were decreasing in number, and at a time when it was supposed that they had been all destroyed, some nocturnal ravages amongst the flocks in the parish of Loth gave indication that one or more wolves still survived in the neighbourhood. A great body of the inhabitants met together in order to scour the hilly parts of the parish of any of these ravenous animals that might be lurking in the district; but after a careful and laborious search, no wolf could be found. In a few days afterwards, a person of the name of Polson, who resided at Wester-Helmsdale, followed up the previous more general search by minutely examining one of the wildest recesses in the neighbourhood of Glen Loth, which he thought had not been thoroughly ransacked by the former party. On this occasion he was accompanied by only two young lads—one of them his son, and the other an active herd-boy. Polson was an expert hunter, and had much experience in tracing and destroying wolves, foxes, and other predatory animals; and, being well acquainted with the localities, proceeded directly to the wild and rugged ground that surrounds the rocky and nearly inaccessible mountain-gully through which the upper part of the Burn of Sledale runs towards Glen Loth.

'After attentively looking for such marks of the animal he was in search of as his experience had taught him to distinguish as such, Polson discovered a narrow opening or fissure, in the midst of large pieces of fallen rock, which he felt certain led to a larger opening or cavern below, and which it was very probable a wolf or a fox had been in the habit of frequenting. Stones were thrown in, and other means taken to rouse any animal that might be lurking within the opening, and then the two young lads contrived to force themselves through this hole in order to examine the interior parts of it, while Polson remained on the outside. The boys soon discovered that the cavern into which the passage conducted them was a wolf's den, bestrewn with the bones and horns of animals, feathers and eggshells, and enlivened by five or six active wolf-cubs. This intelligence being communicated to Polson, he directed his son to destroy the cubs with all possible haste, and to return up again; but in his anxiety to give these directions, and, if possible, to see the interior of the cavern, he looked down into the passage, and his head thus deprived the persons below of the faint light afforded by the open mouth of the den. They therefore directed him not to obstruct the light, and Polson thereupon stepped a few paces aside. In an instant thereafter he heard the feeble howl of the young whelps as they were attacked below, and, to his great horror, saw at the same time a furious full-grown wolf, evidently the

dam, and mad with rage occasioned by the cries of her young, close to the mouth of the cavern, which she approached unobserved among the rocky inequalities of the place, and which she attempted to enter at one bound, from the spot where she was first seen, before Polson could reflect how he should act in this emergency. He instinctively threw himself forward after the wolf, and succeeded in catching a firm hold of the animal's long and bushy tail, just as the fore part of the body was within the narrow entrance to the cavern, and her hind legs still on the outside of it. In the extreme hurry into which Polson was thrown, he omitted to take up his gun, which he had placed against a rock when aiding the boys to enter the opening, and probably he could not have used it with effect at the moment, if it had been in his hands. Without apprising the persons in the cavern of the danger to which they were exposed, Polson kept a firm hold of the wolf's tail, which he rolled round his left arm, and while the animal pulled, and pressed, and scrambled, and twisted, in order to get down to the rescue of her cubs, Polson managed, but with great difficulty, and by pulling the tail towards him with all his strength, to keep her from going forward. This struggle continued for a few moments, Polson, getting the command in his right hand of a large knife or dirk which he carried with him, wounded the wolf with it in the most vital parts he could reach. She made another vigorous effort to move forward, but Polson's strength, and his secure hold of her tail,

kept her back. This was succeeded by a desperate struggle to retreat backwards, but the hole in which her head and the fore part of her body were ensconced was too narrow to admit her to turn round in it, and when Polson found her pressing backwards he squeezed her forwards, and thus kept her stationary in the narrow mouth of the cavern, while he continued to plunge his dirk, as rapidly as the struggle would permit of, into the wolf's side. All this occurred in total silence, the wolf being mute notwithstanding the wounds she received, and Polson being also silent, in consequence either of the engrossing nature of his exertions, or of being unwilling to alarm the young persons in the cavern. They, however, although not aware of what was passing at the entrance of the den, were surprised to find it again shut up, and the light excluded from them. This obstruction having continued sufficiently long to annoy the boys, Polson's son complained in a loud voice of the continued darkness; and while the father happened to be pulling the wolf backwards with all his strength, his son asked in an abrupt tone, "What is keeping the light from us?" and was directly answered by the father, "If the root of the tail breaks you will soon know that." Polson having succeeded in mortally wounding his ferocious prisoner, dragged her out of the hole in which he so fortunately got her secured, and then easily killed her; and she and her dead whelps were brought home by him as trophies of his singular rencounter and victory.

'The anecdote soon became known throughout the whole country, and the singularity of Polson's answer (which tells better in Gaelic, the language in which it was spoken) while uncertain of success in a struggle on which his son's life depended, joined with the fact that the wolf killed under such peculiar circumstances was the last seen in Sutherland, gave great celebrity to this exploit, and has preserved the present traditional account of the occurrence among some of the country people to the present day.'[1]

Mr. Taylor took great pains to make out the time when Mackay and Polson lived, respectively at Helmsdale and Trantlemore, and the time of their deaths, and he decides that these occurrences took place between 1690 and 1700. It gives one a lively hint as to the state of the country,—this wolf-hunting within ten miles of Dunrobin!

The boar had probably departed long before the wolf; and I know no other mention of him than that contained in the sad and really beautiful tradition of 'Dermid the Pure and the Boar with the Poisoned Bristles,' of which Mr. Scrope has given an imperfect condensation from the Taylor MSS.

When you are at Tongue, and see the castellated crags of Ben Loyal standing out black and sharp against the sky, you may, if you are sentimentally inclined, croon to yourself—

[1] There is no doubt that this is the original of Hogg's story of the wild boar. He most probably obtained it from some Sutherland drover, and, as was his wont, appropriated it.

'Now were seen in their wounds the son of O'Duin, the excellent, the bloody horseman of Fingal's people, and the lovely branch of the twining locks (Grana) extended on the hill, beneath the sun at noon. That hill which when we approached we beheld green, red was its hue for one duration of time with the blood of the hero of the musical voice. With the father of the wild sow, they buried on the hill beautiful Grana, the daughter of Cuchullin, and his two white dogs along with Dermid. The hue of blood covers the field. The son of Duin is on the other side. I grieve that thou art laid by the side of the boar under the sloping banks of yonder hillocks, son of O'Duin; great is the misfortune that thou hast fallen by the jealousy of my wife. Her breast was fairer than the sun, her lips were redder than crimson blossoms,' etc. etc. *ad infinitum.*

This tradition held its own, not improbably by the right of truth, even to our own times. I quote a good authority when I record, that the spot where Dermid and Grana were buried (*Ault-na-torc*, the burn of the boar), marked by the usual gray cairn, is, or at least was very lately, held in reverence by the neighbouring inhabitants; and to injure or destroy the only remaining tree that shaded Dermid's resting-place was held to be so extremely unlucky that even cattle were prevented from approaching it. One of the branches was lopped off by a countryman several years ago, and some misfortunes that subsequently befell him and his family were attributed

to the rash act. I quote from the original MSS. of 1837, and old Ross, of Tongue, has whispered the same legends into mine own ears, long since then. But here's Rory.

'Well, what deer are there on the hill, Rory?'

''Deed ye ken that better than mysel', for I heard ye were after venaison, and no one has been on the hill since I brought the sheep down last week. 'Deed there were deer on Corrie Venchinch, and I heard your shot yestere'en, and heard it tell; and there were fine staigs about the muckle rock. Ye canna fail o' sport; but 'deed it looks gey moist.'

Gey moist, indeed! and the burn, high in spate, not only rattles harshly at our feet, but the swish of the wind brings other murmurs with it that tell of water falling over rocks too rarely covered to be rounded by its action.

'It's moist up there, Rory, no doubt, though the less we say about its gaiety the better.'

A wet walk and a weary we shall have among the old moss-hags before we gain the spurs of Ben Clebric; with no excitement to keep us going, nothing but work to be done to gain an end, which, like most of our ends, may turn out worthless when gained. Up along the burn we go, following the narrow sheep-track, deeply indented in the black bank, crossing the sharp, slaty rocks again and again, till it turns out of our course, and we have to take to the splashy moor, too wet to grow heather or to breed grouse, covered with tufts of coarse

tussock grass, where the blue hare bounces up and squatters through the plashes like some strange water-work, and where little brown moorland birds spring up every few yards, whistle a few cheery notes, and then settle down into their damp beds again. Then unto the burn again, now grown smaller, running black and quiet in its channel, deeply cut in the gravel with an edging of bright green turf, and rushes here and there, and walls of black peat eight or ten feet high, a little wider to the right and left—telling a story of old, old times, and the hard work the little burn has had to make its way in the world. Quite a little sheltered valley, warm and cosy in this stormy day, perfect in itself, with little streams, little meadows, and little black alps protecting it. It would be a perfect miniature, even to its close little sky of mist, were the effect not injured by the roots and stumps of ancient birch-trees sticking out from the bog like bones from a sea-washed churchyard.

'How is it, Donald, that the stumps of these birches show such evident marks of having been burnt down?'

''Deed, sir, I cannot say. They do say that the great witch of Clebric burnt the woods down about some quarrel with a hunter who did not give her venaison; and others do say that the Danes burnt them down to drive out the Pechts, in the old time; but 'deed I do not know.'

You may take which explanation you like, or

invent a new one for yourselves; but *burnt* down the trees about here have been, plainly enough. How a wood of growing trees could have been burnt to the stumps is hard to understand: were the woods old and dead, and hung about with what the Tyrolese call *baum-haar*, long, hanging, gray mosses? Had they done their work, and got as much out of the soil as they could, rendering it incapable of supporting them any longer, and so died as they stood, making it fit for new comers, like the Pechts and the Feen? I don't know; there are the burnt stumps, testifying, to this day, of their burning, with three or four feet of turf above them.

Old Sir Robert's list of birds and beasts evidently indicates a country far more wooded than Sutherland is now, as late as the middle of the seventeenth century. Probably the firs came to an end simultaneously, and soon buried themselves in the peat produced by their decay; the stumps, being full of turpentine, resisted the process, and remained as they are now. Peat grows fast, and the fathers of young men tell me that they remember groves of pines on the south side of Lairg bridge, where they now dig their winter fuel.

The old birch woods still linger here and there in all their pristine beauty, though diminished in size. On the lower Shin, about Scriberscross, and fringing many a sparkling loch and wild hill-side, may the sweet-scented gleaming-leaved birch be

found, growing on a soil knee-deep in vegetable mould, or perched on the top of a moss-grown boulder, that gives it an uncertain foothold for the time, and then betrays it to the first great blast that sweeps from the sea. It is curious that the great destructive agent of so northern a tree should be snow; thousands of birches are destroyed whenever snow falls early enough to find the leaf on the tree; and as far south as Sussex I have seen the tops of innumerable birches snapped off by its weight, even in winter time. Struck down by wind or snow, the birch lies for a time perfect in form and colour, but crumbling to dust internally when touched by the foot; and in the powdery *humus* the long rich moss finds a fit *nidus* for its spores, and in a short time all is covered with a green soft carpet, dying at the bottom, growing at the top, the dead part furnishing food for the new generation, and so the peat moss grows—getting gradually dry enough for heather, and maybe even for pasture.

The idea of the first canoe must have been taken from a birch in the state one so often sees it in the north. Long after the interior has crumbled to dust, the silver bark retains its form and colour, and the noble savage who stumbled over it had nothing to do but to stitch the two ends together with a sinew, dab on a bit of gum, and learn to sit steady in it. In Sutherland the birches were too small, and the rivers too wild, to induce even the Pechts to take to this form of boat-building; being a pastoral

people, an ox's hide stretched over a basket was probably their sea and lake-going machine.

The oak in which the lair-igig delighted to dig her bill has vanished altogether, except about Dunrobin; and I could never hear of or see any in the bogs, so that I expect that even in the old times they were strictly localised. Another old-world tree, the alder, is plentiful enough, and I think larger than I have ever seen it elsewhere; but it seldom leaves the river's edge, where the cattle love to shelter themselves under its opaque dark green leaves, and browse on the rich rank grass that springs beneath its shade.

Oh, happy trees! Hieronymus Cardanus, that learned Theban, says that you live longer than animals, because you never stir from your places; and much I wish that I might attain to length of days by remaining in this sheltered burn a little longer, but there is no help for it—scramble up, and out into the storm.

Just as we reach the top of the first low ridge, Donald drops like a stone in the heather, and I drop with him as if we had both been shot with one ball.

''Deed, sir, there are deer; but I'm thinking they're just the Loch au Fureloch hinds; tak out your glass and see if ye ken them.'

Ay, 'deed do I, Donald, as well as I know the pattern of the nails in your shoe-soles, and I have studied that often enough as I crawled after you. There are the sixteen of them, walking daintily

about, nibbling at the coarse grass, shaking the wet off their hides with a vehemence which surrounds them with a halo of spray, holding a good deal of communication with each other, and—there—as usual! quarrelling and fighting, rising perfectly upright on their hind-legs, ears well laid back, and striking at each other with their sharp fore-hoofs. What vixens!

They are an odd little sept, these Loch au Fureloch hinds: always to be seen about the same spot on the lower grounds; so used to the shepherd that they do not move off when they can see him clearly, and watch what he is about; and never by any chance is there a stag in their company, except possibly some effeminate hobbledehoy of a pricket, too weak-minded to take the risks of the hill-side.

It must, however, be understood that these hinds are Amazons, not Vestals, as is evident from the number of calves trotting about among them,—unless, indeed, they are the lady-superintendents of an educational institution for young stags. My own belief is that they quietly shirk all responsibility as regards the safety and comfort of their lords, and have formed themselves into a society of emancipated and strong-minded hinds,—a most detestable state of things, which, were it not for the sake of the calves, I would alter with a rifle-bullet. As it is, we show ourselves just enough to cause them to move off quietly, and avoid giving them the wind, as, if they suspect anything, and have no facts

whatever to go upon, they will form a theory of their own, and make as much mischief on the hill-side as they possibly can,—'like Christians,' as Donald would say.

Up across the moss we splash towards the great outlying buttress of Ben Clebric, a brown ridge some seven or eight miles long, streaked with meandering strips of bright green, marking where the mountain torrents, cutting deeply into the moss, drain the soil sufficiently to permit the alpine grasses to flourish. The little valleys in which these patches lie are the corries where the deer love to feed, and about which they are apt to lie after feeding, particularly early in the day, before they draw up to the more prominent points of the hill for their afternoon's siesta. Every corrie—and there are scores of them—has its name; and the forester and shepherd know them as well as a London cabman knows the streets.

All this hill-side has to be spied most carefully, as, although the wind is in the wrong airt for stags to be on it, there may be a hind or two, who, if disturbed, will go over the ridge and scare the deer on the other side. Before our work is fairly done the mist rolls down the face of the hill, wave after wave, till not more than a hundred feet of the base is left clear, and that becomes of a strange lurid reddish-purple from the shadow on the heather,—a mighty pleasant prospect for a deer-stalker!

However, it is barely ten o'clock, and no one

knows what may happen till the mystic hour of twelve, when it is the established creed of the hill that the great crisis of the weather takes place. Scrambling upwards along the bed of the burn, startling the grouse cock from so near our feet that he almost chokes himself with his own crow as he vanishes in the mist, we reach the bothy where one of shepherd Rory's deputies lives, for week after week, in a solitude as complete as ever hermit enjoyed. Indeed, what with the solitude and his enforced temperance, living, as he does, on oatmeal and water with an occasional trout, Donald Dhu would be on a par with any anchorite of them all, did he not destroy the virtue of the thing by being a useful man instead of an idle one, counting his sheep instead of his beads. A wild life they live on the hill, these shepherds; but, being for the most part men of reflection and observation, it is by no means without its pleasures. Wondrous combinations of cloud and sunshine, that would be denounced as ravings by a southern connoisseur if faithfully reproduced on canvas, reward his early rising. Not once or twice a year only is he on the higher peaks before sunrise, but day by day for weeks together he sees the marvels of the northern sun sweeping round the horizon, and till evening closes in he is face to face with Nature, studying every shift of wind and swirl of vapour, and gaining a practical knowledge of meteorology which would astonish an astronomer from a royal observatory.

Donald Dhu's only companion on the hills is his collie dog, as wise and reflective in his way as his master; understanding his every word and gesture, and executing his commands with a zeal, intelligence, and determination perfectly marvellous. He is not a demonstrative dog: he will hardly give you a wag of his tail for your most insinuating advances; his master loves him next the wife and bairns; but there is no patting and caressing or good-dogging, no trying to wheedle or flatter, or assumption of superiority on his part, or cringing and finger-licking on that of collie, but a real strong male friendship between them. 'The dog is a good hardworking dog, who knows his business as well as his master, and is perfectly aware of the fact; grave and reserved, perfectly conscious of his own importance, he would scorn to posture for a mouthful of oatmeal were he starving. If you stop and talk to Donald Dhu, collie folds himself up, puts his head between his paws, and watches the sheep intently, evidently saying to himself: 'Poor fellow, he must have his crack, I suppose; but somebody must attend to business.' A word, a sign, and he is jumping from one woolly-back to another, intent on singling out the one which has been indicated to him by a gesture so slight as to be almost imperceptible to a human bystander; and let woolly-back turn and twist and wedge himself into the huddling mass as he may, out he has to come, and be snipped, or clipped, or touched up in some unpleasant way or

another, in spite of his teeth. But the sight of sights is to watch two shepherds sorting out their respective sheep when their flocks have become mixed together; and when this takes place on a hill-side, where blue hares are numerous, collie-dog's shrieking struggle between duty and inclination is a study for a moralist!

All books are full of the marvels of collie-doggism; and from what I have myself seen, even Mr. Jesse cannot tell me a story that I will not try to believe.

Collie-dog's early training is a rude one, but I think that it is mutual, and that the shepherd picks up a good deal of dog during the process. He is too wise to waste his breath in reproving any little outbreak of juvenile impetuosity; but quietly fills his plaid-neuk full of chucky-stones, with which he pebbles the peccant collie, with a force and accuracy that sends him off on three legs, filling the air with penitent howls. Mark, O tourist, when six collie-dogs burst out upon you from the shepherd's door; 'mak' as if' you were going to pick up a stone, and see how they will extend from the centre, and take cover behind the turf-stack, popping their heads round for an instant to fire a bark at you, and then dodge back like riflemen.

Neither Donald Dhu nor the collies being at home, we take the liberty of inspecting his habitation. The bothy is some twelve or fourteen feet long, and about four feet high in front, strongly built of stone, and nestled well under the bank, which almost

touches the heather roof in the rear, making one speculate curiously as to how the summer thunderstorms treat his floor, and whether he goes out and sits on the roof for the sake of comparative dryness when the whole sheet of heather behind is running in a broad stream. There is a padlock on the door, but more for show than use, for the key is rusted tightly into it, and all power of locking has long since departed from the springs; still the thing looks well, and might, probably, prevent a particularly conscientious burglar from breaking in.

Bending low through the doorway, we see the secrets of Donald's domestic economy laid bare. A rude bed on one side, across which lay a pair of well-patched and well-soaked breeks; a table, consisting of a broad flat stone, miraculously balanced on divers bits of bogwood; a shelf, from which depends a worsted stocking with a needle sticking across a vast rent, Donald's last effort at mending himsel' given up in despair, with a stern determination to propose to the pretty lassie at Lairg next Sabbath; a tin plate, a fork stuck into the shelf to facilitate finding, a basin with a little dried porridge sticking about it, and a well-blacked crock, are all we discover in the semi-darkness until we stumble over something which proves to be a stump of bogwood with the roots whittled off to sufficient evenness to permit of your sitting upon it without being tilted into the fire, that is, if you understand it and are very careful. Window there is none;

the hole in the roof, through which some of the smoke makes its exit when the fire is lighted, does double duty; and as we become accustomed to the twilight which fringes the perpendicular ray passing down it, we become aware of a few cast antlers, well-gnawed by the hinds, a brown pan filled with water, in which lie soaking a couple of dozen split trout, red as salmon, twice as large as I can ever catch—confound that otter!—and in a particularly dark corner a couple of black bottles, which *ought* to contain whisky of the smallest still, but which on examination hold nothing but in the one case a dribblet of sour milk, and in the other, some tarry abomination used for doctoring the sheep. That little parcel wrapped up in a pocket-napkin is Donald's well-thumbed Bible; and many a tough bit of grace and free-will does Donald puzzle over when his work is done, lighted by those splinters of bogwood in the corner, which burn more brightly than wax—by-the-bye, the best-thumbed side of Donald's Bible is the Old Testament. If you have imagination enough to double the length of Donald's bothy without increasing its breadth or height, to turn the addition into a cow-house of the foulest description, to carefully avoid putting up any partition, as that would diminish the warmth both of yourself and the cow, and to make the whole affair ten times more filthy and uncomfortable than it is, placing a sea of liquid manure before the door, just high enough to permit every shower to wash a fair amount

of it into the hut—you will get a very tolerable idea of a superior description of that happy home of the western Highlander,—the black hut—from which he has been so ruthlessly torn. If you doubt it, go and see for yourself, on the West coast and more particularly on the islands. Suppose a man and his wife, and half-a-dozen children, with, in all probability, one, if not two, grandfathers and grandmothers, living in such a hovel, depending entirely on the miserable crops of oats or potatoes, without the remotest chance of a paid day's work from one year's end to the other, and you have the sort of existence Donald Dhu would have led in the good old times.

'I suppose he is not very much overpaid now, is he, Donald?'

''Deed, sir, he's no that ill off; he gets good wages, a certain number of sheep to himself, lives rent-free, finds himself in oatmeal for two or three shillings a week, and gets plenty of braxy.'

'What *is* braxy; dead sheep, is it not?'

Well, it *is* dead sheep; but only sheep that die from rapid inflammation at certain times of the year. It is questionable whether it is particularly wholesome, but at any rate the shepherds do pretty well on it. It requires preparation, however; salting and pressing, and other little manipulations, which, when carefully described by an enthusiast in the art, are quite enough to make one certain that it is what Dame Juliana Berners would call 'an ill meat for a

queasy stomach,' and to make one especially shy of pallid salt mutton in Highland districts.

Swish! what a drive of cold wind and rain as we put our heads out of the bothy door. Never mind; we will get to the top of the ridge, perch ourselves like a couple of scarts to the leeward of a big stone, and wait for the clearing.

Under this mass of gray gneiss let us sit down, and gossip confidentially in a low voice, for there is no knowing what may hear us. Few sounds do we hear but the whispering of the wind among the wet bents. Now and then the croak of the ravens, waiting about the stag we killed yesterday, floats down the wind, and the imperative 'cr-u-u-u-uck-go-back-go-back' of the old cock grouse hints that we are not entirely unnoticed in the mist; and there on a stone sits a golden plover, piping out the saddest and wildest of bird music; what has he done to make himself so unutterably miserable? There he sits in the mist, wilfully solitary for the time, giving utterance to a note which has an expression of the most intense broken heartedness, perfectly indescribable; I know of no inflection of the human voice so unutterably mournful. He must have lived with the Pechts, and be grieving over their downfall. Throw a stone at him, Donald; if I listen to him for five minutes more I shall begin to believe that Highland improvements are a delusion, and that it is never going to stop raining.

To make a small bull, I never heard a complete

silence in the open-air world yet. The two most silent situations I know are an Alp above the snow-line, and a gorse common baking in the summer sun; but even there we have the grinding of ice and the swish of fallen snow in the one case, and the crackling of the gorse-buds in the other, to tell us that Nature never sleeps. I wonder, by the bye, whether Jeemie is asleep? he ought to be up by this time; and putting the stag on the pony would warm us.

'Deed, sir, no; it's hard work bringing up the old powney this weather, and all the burns in spate; and he knows that we shall not move till it clears, for fear of doing mischief; and now it wants a quarter of eleven. Hoot! how it rains; it's very hard I can never gae oot for a day's pleasure without getting my claes spoiled, as the old wifie said when it rained at her husband's burying. Weel, weel, we must bide where we are till the mist rises, and then, if there are no fit staigs about the head of Brora, we must go over toward Clebric.'

'By the bye, Donald, Mr. Scrope, who was a great hand at deer-driving in Blair Athole Forest in old times, tells a story about a savage individual of the name of Chisholm, who lived for years in a cave on Ben Clebric; do you know anything about him?'

'Ay, 'deed, sir, I mind the name well enough; but he was not a wild man at all, but a decent body from Rogart, and he only stopped in the cave for a day or two, and glad enough he was to get oot o't.'

'How?'

''Deed, sir, there was a great fox-hunting at Lairg, and Chisholm, who lived at Rogart, brought over a dog to run against the Guns of Lairg; they were all Guns in those days. Weel, they found a fox up by Loch Craigie, and ran him down to Lairg; and a gran' run they had o't. Weel, there was no bridge over the Shin in those days, nor for many a day after; 'deed, I remember when the folks did not cross the water of Shin for months together. So the fox swam the lower end of the loch where the grilse lie whiles, and where we saw the moudiwarp swim across, and one of the Guns' dogs and Chisholm's after him, and they forgathered with him on the far side and pit him down, and then, as they werena weel acquainted, they girned at each other and fell a-fighting over him, and when Chisholm and the Guns had waded and swum across, there was a rare tussle between them. Now whether, in the hurry of pairting the dogs, one of the Guns gave him a blow by chance, or whether from vexation it was given on purpose, I cannot well say, but out came Chisholm's skean-dhu, and three or four of them were lying on the heather in as many blows. When Chisholm saw the red bluid bubbling over the plaids, he jaloused it was time to be off, and he ran up the side of the loch and slipped in, and swam to the little island at the head of the lower loch, and then made as if he were going to swim off to the other side, where the birches are

now as they were then; but when he took the water, he made a stroke or two, and then dived back and just kept his nose out of water like a hurt wild duck. The Guns all crossed the water again, thinking to catch him as he made for Rogart, and spread out across the way to Strathfleet, and thought they had him sure. Weel, when he raised his head out of the water and had marked them down well, he slipped down again and swam like an otter up to where the big boat-house is, and up along thae sandy bits by the loch-side where we killed sae mony sarpents last year, keeping well under the wood; and when he put his feet on the heather he never stinted or stayed till he got to Clebric, where there was a cave he knew well among the craigs by Cairn Vaduc. Well, the Guns they swat, and the Guns they swore, and were wud for his heart's bluid, but they could get no guess of him, and all the while he kept the hill, and saw them plowthering about in the moss-hags as if they had been looking for a wounded stag; when they came too near he just slipped into his hole like a brock, and waited till they were gone. Weel, they went on like this till most of the Guns were tired of looking, and thought that Chisholm had slipped back to Rogart by Stra-na-shalg; till one day two men on the brow yonder, which we cannot see, de'il tak' the mist! saw a man standing on the gray craigs above Loch Furon and jaloused it was Chisholm; so they stepped back and stalked him like a stag. They had no

need to mind the wind, for his nose was no' so sharp as an old hind's, and so they got close up to him before he was well aware,—so close that he saw it was too late to mak' out, and so he stood steady on the craig. By luck they neither of them knew Chisholm by sight, and so did not like to dirk him at once, and maybe they didna like the chance of a dig of a dirk in their ain wames; so when they got up to him one said, "It's a fine day!" "'Deed is it," said Chisholm, "a nice saft day." "Ye haena seen Chisholm?" said one of the Guns. "No, indeed I have not," said Chisholm; and I'm thinking it was nae lee, for there was nae wale o' looking-glasses in the cave. "We are looking after him over the muir, and cannot forgether with him." "What will ye gie me if I pit a wrist o' his into each of your hands?" "All the white silver in our pouches, and as much more as you will from Clan Gun, for we hae bluid-feud with him, and his blood we'll ha'e." "Weel, then, tak' you this wrist and tak' you this ane, for I'm Chisholm!" And when they gripped his wrists he kept his arms clenchit, and just made a jerk forward and sent the pair o' them over the craigs towards Loch Furon, but whether they reached it whole I dinna ken. But Chisholm went back to his cave and said to himself—

'"Weel, I hae keepit my promise; but deil burst me if I didna forget to tak' the siller!"

'Weel, it so happened that some other Guns who

were out on the moss saw the three together on the craigs, and saw the two men thrown over, and thought sure that Chisholm had a hand in the business; so they followed him so sharp and close, that they saw him enter the cave, and thought, "Now we have him as safe as a salmon in a cruive." Just as Chisholm was going into his cave, he turned round and saw the men coming in a straight line towards him, and thought he would break out, but there were over many of them, and so he stepped into the cave, and they followed; and he went further and further toward the end, and heard them aye groping after him, till he got to the bare rock, and couldna get further. Weel, he thought it was all over with him, but he stretched out his hands to feel whether there was any way to win further, and he felt the edge of a rock over his head, and he gripped it and drew himself up, and found a shelf where he could lay himself along, about seven feet up the side of the cave. Well, the Guns they came on, stumbling and banning and breaking their shins in the darkness, for it was as mirk as a wolf's mouth, and stooping down to feel their way, for they didna ken how high the roof was, and they were fearful of breaking their heads. Well, the first Gun ran his head against the end of the cave, and cried out, "Hoot, lads, I hae him!" for he thought that Chisholm had hit him in the head, and that he had him a' safe, but he hadna, and they groped, and they felt, and they glowered into the darkness till their eyes shone like wild cats',

but deil a thing could they feel, only when one caught the ither by the pow, and gied him a rug; 'tis a wonder they hadna dirked each other in the dark! and all the time Chisholm lay along his shelf, and grinned to himself at the clamjamfry they were keeping below him, and he within reach of their hands. Weel, what with ane thing, and what with another, a great fear came on them in the dark cave, and they thought Chisholm must be a warlock, and so they burst out and ran back to Lairg as fast as their feet could carry them. Weel, Chisholm waited till they were all gone, and gloaming was come, and then he slipped down to Lairg, where there was an old woman, his foster-sister's aunt's second cousin, who was married on a Gun, and he said, "Elsie, I'll gie you all the white siller in my pouch,"—and they thought more of the white siller then than they do of the red gold now—"if you will do what I wish." "Ay, 'deed will I," said the old carline, blinking her eyes at the siller, "'deed will I for ane so near akin." "Weel, then, you ken that the Guns are all red-wud at not catching me, and they are all drinking together. Now, when they are fou, slip you down ben the house, and tak' a shoe and a stocking off one, and a shoe and a stocking off another, and put them in a heap in the road just where the sharp stones are, and then come back to me." So the old body went, and she found that they who were not very fou had put off their clothes before they went to bed, so she wan them easily enough; and they

who were blin' fou,—and that was the maist of them—never fashed their thumbs about her rugging at their shanks, and so brought out the hose and the brogues, and turned them over with a fork, as if she were mixing a midden. Weel, when they were all well mixed, Chisholm went before the house where the Guns were lying, and cried with a loud voice, "Are ye seeking Chisholm? I hae gotten him here.' When they heard that, out they tummelt outright glad, the fou anes without their hose and shoon, and the very fou anes with a hose and a shoe on the t'ae fit, and nane on t'ither, and they all cried out, "Whar is he?" and he stood and said, "Here he is, ye may hae him for the hauding;" and when they gat near him, he started up the burn by the blacksmith's smiddy, and made play for Strathfleet like a hunted roe. Weel, the Guns went after him weel enough at first, but it was long before the good Duke —God bless him!—made the roads, and never a track was there from Lairg into Strathfleet, but the burn that falls into the loch by the post-office, and he with his good brogues sped up it fast enough, but they that had but one brogue, and they that had none, made but a bad race of it; 'deed, the anes that had ane made the worst, for the ane brogue made them bould with the ane fut, and they bounced the ither gey hard against the sclate stanes, whilst the ithers went hirpling on tenderly on their ten-taes. Weel, they soon saw that it was of no use for men with ane brogue, and men with nane, to tak' the hill against

a man with two, so they ran back to Lairg to look for their gear, and they saw the heap in the road, and set to work to fit themselves. "That's mine, Donald!" "Gie me my brogue, Rory!" "What, are ye to walk off wi' my hose, Rurich?" and so at last they went wild to think that Chisholm was going over the hill all the time, and they could not suit themselves without breaking the commandment, and taking their neighbour's goods, and the bluid got hot, and the skean-dhus lap out, and sixty-and-six Guns lay in the white moonlight with the red bluid bubbling out of them. Sair broken was the clan for many a day —and that's the story of the fox-hunt o' Lairg.'

'Well, Donald, I can well believe it; but that is a very different version of the story of Chisholm of Cairn Vaduc from the one I have generally heard. But the Clan Gun took a deal of breaking; they seem to have fluctuated in the oddest manner between Sutherland and Caithness: when times were tolerably quiet, they put themselves under the protection of the Earl of Caithness, and cultivated their oats and kail in peace; but the moment there was any chance of a row, they went over to the Earl of Sutherland, and fought for him through thick and thin. The consequence of this trimming policy was, that whenever there was a good understanding between the two Earls, which happened about once in a generation, and never lasted much over eight-and-forty hours, they combined their forces, and offered up as many of the luckless Guns as they

could catch on the altar of reconciliation. Perhaps the cause of their peculiar position may be found in their own tradition that they were Norwegians, and took the name of Gun, possibly connected with Gunther, from the son of the King of Denmark who settled in Caithness.'

'Weel, sir, it may be, but they were sometimes called Clan Cruner, from one Cruner who was their chief. But, indeed, the Earls did not always finish them so easily; for they caught them once on Ben Græm, and shot their arrows too soon, and the Guns took them at short range and beat them off, and then went away south, to Loch Broom, where they were attacked again, and sair harried.'

'Well, Donald, to cap your story, I will tell you another, which shows that the Guns were not always as sharp as their neighbours. They had been long at feud with the Kames, and at last a reconciliation was proposed. It was agreed that each party were to send twelve horse to the chapel of Saint Tayre, near Girnigo, to arrange the matter. The Guns sent their twelve horse, and when they reached the chapel, the twelve riders, like pious lads, went in to hear mass; whilst they were inside, the Kames arrived with their twelve horse, as agreed, but they had taken the liberty of putting two men on each horse, and they overpowered the Guns, and dirked every man of them. Old Sir Robert says that he saw the blood on the walls more than a hundred and fifty years afterwards. But hang the Guns! let us think of the

rifles; see how the mist is lifting, and how pleasantly the north-wester begins to breathe on our faces.'

Gently and gradually our tiny horizon increases in diameter, and light puffs of wind come up from a quarter opposite to that from which the rain has been pattering so unmercifully upon us, sharp as needles, cold as ice; the white fog begins to boil and seethe, and at last is caught up bodily and carried away in the arms of the strong fresh breeze. Stronger and stronger comes the wind, rolling the mist up into great balls, and driving them against the hill-side with a force that scatters them into nothingness. Swell after swell, and peak after peak, stand out bold and clear, the mist hanging round to leeward of them for a moment, cowering under the shelter, till the conqueror brushes off the last trace of the conquered, and the great central basin of Sutherland lies clear at our feet.

'And now for deer—what are you spying down there for, Donald? we must have given the wind to everything as we came up.'

''Deed, sir, I'm looking for Jeemie and the powney; he canna get the staig on his back by himsel', and I canna make out the creature.'

'What are the sheep galloping for, down there? —there! they wheel round in a mass and face towards the burn. Ay, there is the white powney, and Jeemie, and Clebric, the brute, rugging his arm off to get at the blue hares. They will not be up here this half-hour, so we may as well spread our-

selves and our plaids out to dry on the top of the big stone and wait till they *do* come.'

If you look at your map, you will find the word 'Sutherland' written over across a far larger tract than is encased within the hills that bound our horizon, but for all that a large proportion of Sutherland proper is visible from our station on the shoulder of Ben Clebric. In old times Strathnaver was really independent of Sutherland, though the Earl of that ilk was the feudal chief of the Lords of Reay, and had forest-rights in the Reay-country. Sutherland was the land south, not only of Caithness, but of Strathnaver. Besides Strathnaver, there were the districts of Eddrachillis and Assynt, quite distinct from Sutherland, inhabited by different races and governed by their own chiefs; the latter, indeed, belonged more to the 'Lord of the Isles' than to Scotland proper: the great county of Sutherland was only welded into its present form in very recent times. I cannot now, sitting up here on a big stone, with the wind blowing clean through me, giving me the sensation of being clothed in a fishing-net of more than legal mesh, attempt to unravel the tangled web of the ancient history of Caithness and Sutherland; which was first peopled, and why every little province was at eternal war with its neighbours. Even Sir Robert Gordon, who spent his whole life in rummaging out the traditions of the country, becomes puzzled and puzzling on the subject. He believes that Caithness should be read Catti-ness,

and yet abuses the Catti of that ilk on every occasion, and exalts the Sutherland Catti beyond all cess. Even the name of the Clan-Chattan is a stumbling-block to him; and he is by no means clear whether they are so called from the name of their original German sept, or from the fact of their chief having literally whipped his weight in wild cats on his first arrival in the country of his adoption. This great fight took place A.D. 91. Don't be afraid, Donald, I will hold it tight.

'The Catti and Usepii were expelled from Germany for killing of a Roman generall with his legions. At their first arrival at Corry Vale, in the river of Unes (a commanding haven in that country), their captaine went to the shore to recreate himself and spy the land, when he was suddentlie invaded by a company of monstrous big wild catts, that much endomaged and molested the country. The fight between them was cruell, and continued long; yet in the end (very grievouslie wounded in severall places of his bodie) he killed them all, with great danger of his lyff. From thence the Thanes and Erles of Cattey, or Sutherland, even unto this day, do carie on their crest or bage, abowe their armes, a catt sitting with one of his feett upward, readie to catch his prey. Some do think that from this adventure this country was first called Cattey, for catt in old Scottish (or Irish language) signifieth a catt. But I do rather incline to their opinion who think that as Murrayland was so called from the

Murrays, even so was this people which at this time did arryve ther, called catti.' A cat's a cat, Sir Robert, no doubt; and I suspect that, although you are too true a clansman to confess it openly, you sniffed a little taint of 'punning heraldry' in your 'crest or bage.' From the prevalence of the name of Morray, or Murray, in some parts of Sutherland proper, it is not improbable that all the inhabitants of the most north-eastern side of the Highlands are of the same original race. In an old charter even the Earl of Sutherland is called '*Moriff comes Sutherlandiæ*.'

Whether the present inhabitants be the descendants of Scandinavian settlers, or of Celtic tribes driven out of their own country by increasing waves of pure Scandinavianism, the former visited the country often enough, and left their names on many a sculptured stone, and on the more endurable monuments of valleys and rivers. Does not Helms-dale sound like a name in an Edda? And is not Lax-fiord, the bay of the salmon, the paradise of the salmon-fisher to this day?

If Sir Thomas Brown is correct in stating that a brass Jews'-harp, richly gilded, was found in an ancient Norwegian urn, Sutherland may be indebted to the Norwegians for its favourite, I had almost said national, instrument. The bagpipe is no more the national instrument of Scotland than the hurdy-gurdy. Down to the seventeenth century every parish in England had a noise of bagpipes, and every

miller could play upon them as certainly as every Highland smith now thinks he can. Sir Robert Gordon mentions the Earl of Sutherland's harper in the seventeenth century, and oddly enough records that he died from drinking whisky, 'a fainting liquor in travel,' but gives no hint of the pipes. The Jews' or jaws harp is but little appreciated by us southerns, except by the youthful population, who find it an excellent accompaniment to the whitey-brown paper and small-tooth-comb; but a few years ago it was very popular in Sutherland as a means of producing dance-music. It has rather gone out of fashion lately; but last summer I heard a succession of old Gaelic airs played upon it with an amount of tenderness of feeling, clearness of tone, and perfection of time which electrified me. No instrument could have rendered the rapid inflections and changes of the wild old airs more perfectly, and, listening to it, one was inclined to think that it must be older than the pipes, and closely connected with the old metallic stringed clairshoes, so perfectly was it adapted to the spirit of the music. When I leant back and closed my eyes, it required no very great stretch of the imagination to make believe that I was listening to some strange old-world fairy music, distant yet clear, ringing up from far below some green hillock. It is the oddest sound, soft but metallic, coming and going, as if borne on the fitful waves of the night wind, that ever I heard.

So long did the recollection of the Danes linger

in Sutherland, that when the country was being surveyed by the Government engineers in 1819, the people of the West took it into their heads that they were a detachment sent by the King of Denmark to survey the country, previous to his making an attack on Lord Reay (the then proprietor), in order to avenge an old feud existing between the chief of the Mackays and the crown of Denmark. The foundation for this delicious theory being the fact of the trigonometrical adepts wearing military-looking foraging-caps.

We have no right to be surprised at these old-world fancies having lingered so long in Sutherland, for it was the last part of Great Britain, if not of Western Europe, in which the feudal system had full sway. In the old times, not so very long ago, the tacksmen, who were generally *cadets de famille*,—half-pay officers,—paid their rent in great part by furnishing men to the family regiment, over which the chief had absolute command, and their sons and relations were promoted according to the number of men they furnished. Of course the chief made it pay in some way or another; his regiment was so much political capital, and the more men he could offer to the Government of the time, the more likely he was to get tolerable pickings out of the public purse. In those days, when the crops failed and the cattle starved, the people were kept alive by the chief, like hounds that must be fed though the frost prevented them hunting.

This system continued, more or less modified, until the Highland family regiments were incorporated into the Line and recruited for in the usual way,—a woful change for the men who had been accustomed to return home on half-pay, take a farm, and pay the rent and support themselves by making bond-slaves of the cotters, forcing them to return meal and eggs and hens, and an indefinite quantity of work, as rent for their miserable crops. I once saw a 'rent-roll,' if I may call it so, of a farm under the old system, as late as 1811; and it is certainly a most wonderful document. By no means the least curious part of it is the number of hens to be furnished to the tacksman; and that gave me the key to the old story of the Highland laird, who gave his guests 'ilka ane a hen boiled in broth,' that we have all heard of. Money there was little or none; a few hundred half-starved stots were sent south every year, and kelp was manufactured to some extent; and at one time a 'coal-heugh' was worked at Brora, and salt made; but the coal was a mere small oolitic basin, and soon became exhausted. These were the only sources of revenue of the whole country sixty or seventy years ago. The cattle never did well: they were too heavy-hoofed to cross the deep morasses to gain the best mountain pasturage, and had they succeeded in doing so, would have been impounded by the enraged forester to a dead certainty; there was no winter food for them, and the Sutherland people had as much idea of

growing roots or artificial grasses as the Tierra del Fuegians; the consequence of which naturally was, that in hard winters the cattle died by hundreds and thousands. The regular practice was to kill every second calf, and even with this restriction of stock, there died in the parish of Kildonan, during the spring of 1807, two hundred cows, five hundred head of cattle, and more than two hundred ponies, of sheer starvation. It is a positive fact that not sixty years ago the wretched people had occasionally to support life by *bleeding* the cattle, and mixing the blood with meal into a loathsome sort of black pudding.

When the military system was changed the drain of able-bodied men ceased, for no earthly power but the authority of the chief could induce the Highlander to enter the army for a lengthened period: his horror of foreign service was intense,—the shameful way in which the Highland regiments had to be trepanned into going abroad is a matter of history; and the whole system broke hopelessly down. The country became filled with able-bodied men who looked on manual labour with the most intense scorn, and left all the hard work to the women with an assumption of superiority worthy a Red Indian or a Prussian. In the beginning of the nineteenth century they deserved the reproach which had been cast upon their neighbours in the seventeenth by their own clansman:—

'The people of that country are so far naturally

given to idleness that they cannot apply themselves to labour, which they deem a disparagement and derogation unto their gentilitie.'

The way in which land was let in townships instead of to individuals, being afterwards subdivided among the small tenants, the community being answerable for the rent, was an admirable arrangement for these gentry, as any individual might loaf about as indolently as he liked, without the slightest necessity of his raising more than was sufficient for his own immediate consumption, his rent being paid for him by the more industrious part of the little community,—an admirable encouragement for industry, truly!

On this system the whole country became absolutely useless to the community at large, and a burden on the proprietor; exporting nothing, importing nothing, and starving regularly once in three years in good times, and every other year in bad ones. If a Sutherland man had advertised for a place in those times he would have expressed his desires somewhat in the following manner:—

'Wanted by a Highland Gentleman, used to habits of idleness, and who can do nothing, a place where there is nothing to do. Salary not so much an object as oatmeal.'

It was to remedy this state of things that Sir William Alexander endeavoured to induce his countrymen to emigrate in 1620. The men in those times were principally used up in the Polish

service; 'they haunt Pole with the extreme of drudgery,' he says himself; 'and complains bitterly of the misery caused in Scotland by an edict of the French king preventing Scotchmen from enlisting in his Guards. This sort of system continued longer on the estate of the Sutherland family than in those of the other landowners of the country; as, having other sources of revenue, it was able to spend large sums on the starving population. Lord Reay and others saw early that their only chance of doing any permanent good was to move the people from the hills, where the crops were almost certain to be mildewed, down to the good arable land by the sea-shore, and to devote the hills to sheep; and they did so.

I was rather amused the other day by reading a comparison between Lord Reay and the present Duke of Sutherland, containing a half-concealed laudation of the former for leaving his tenants as they were, and keeping up the family regiment, preferring men to sheep; the real fact being that he moved his people years before anything of the sort was done on the Sutherland estate, and still longer before the Reay country came into the possession of the Duke of Sutherland's father. This lagging behind in the race of improvement caused serious embarrassment when the new system was finally determined on. Hundreds of squatters from the neighbouring parts of Sutherland and Ross had eagerly resorted to a country which permitted

them to exist in all their beloved laziness and squalor; and every patch of ground that could possibly be cultivated was eagerly seized upon to grow oats and potatoes enough to live on if they did well; if not, the Morfear-chatt would not let them starve. Another cause of the steady demoralisation of the country was the enormous quantity of illicit distillation carried on,—almost the only means by which money could be obtained.

At length even the purse of the Sutherland family began to show symptoms of exhaustion, and it was very clear that not only must the proprietor be ruined, but that two-thirds of the population must starve, unless some change was made; and had it not been made, there is not the slightest doubt that Sutherland would long ere this have suffered the fate of Skibbereen, and from precisely the same causes. Then, though tardily, Sutherland followed the rest of Scotland, and the great Sutherland shifting took place, concerning which such wild and ridiculous statements have been made. One really hardly knows whether to laugh or swear, when one reads how this old matter has been raked up with new and original embellishments, and used as a means of annoyance to the present Duke, who had as much to do with it as the great Cham of Tartary, the whole affair having been carried out in his father's time, and indeed before there was a Duke of Sutherland in existence. The measure simply consisted in moving the people from the

hills and the wilder straths down to the productive borders of the sea, where they not only had good land, but fish at their doors, enough both for their own support, for sale, and even for manure. Each person who was removed had long warning given; every one had a plot of ground allotted to him before he removed, and received a sum of money sufficient to start him in his new position, and he was even paid for the miserable sticks which supported his turf roof, which the Highlanders were in the habit of carrying about with them whenever they shifted their bothies, and which, from the difficulty of procuring them, they regarded with a species of veneration. That the poor people, nursed in sloth and idleness, and profoundly ignorant and superstitious, looked with horror at the projected change, and used every art which semi-savage and illiterate cunning could invent, to prevent their removal, is most true; and wild was the lament and intense the horror at the prospect of being located on the 'wild, black Dornoch moors.' When you go to Sutherland, just take a look at these 'wild, black Dornoch moors' now; and if you can point me out a brighter specimen of cotter prosperity in the north, more luxuriant crops, more productive potatoes and yellow oats, be kind enough to let me know its whereabouts, for I should like to see it. So intense was this terror of the change, that it seemed the same to many of the people whether they went ten miles down the strath or to America;

and to America some—not many—went. And so strong is the feeling of these emigrants against their old landlord, that a very few years ago, when a relation of the Morfear-chatt visited Nova Scotia, they came sixty miles to see him, and were so frightfully excited that they shook hands with him with the most intense heartiness, and seemed ready to kiss him.

Not one of these people need have gone to America had he not wished it; every hand that would labour was wanted in the country, and many who went into neighbouring counties soon returned, and eagerly embraced the advantages offered them.

The delicious theory that these changes were undertaken in order that the deer might be undisturbed, is, I am grieved to say, incorrect; there was as much idea of preserving snapping turtles as deer when they were made, and many a corrie and wide hill-side was disforested to carry them out. Indeed, the old Reay forest and Stack are almost the only remains of the gigantic deer-forests which existed at the close of the last century.

But why move all the people at once? Why not let them linger on and die out on the old hill-sides they loved so well? Surely a few cotters could not have interfered much with the sheep-farmer. Simply because by so doing you would perpetuate the old mistake, attempting to grow corn crops on land which could only yield a return to the community at large by being kept as a winter

feeding. Without the small straths the sheep would fail, as the cattle used to fail; your whole hill-side would be absolutely unproductive, and the land-owner would have to keep the people. Moreover, let me whisper in your ear. The sheep used to *go*, —goodness knows where,—and it was impossible to make the shepherds responsible for the flocks under their care. I believe that there does not exist a more thoroughly honest man than the Sutherland Highlander; but his every tradition pointed to cattle-lifting as an honourable pursuit, and the difference between sheep and cattle is not so very great to a starving man; and so they went. Now I believe that sheep-stealing is an unknown crime in the country.

The consequence of the 'depopulation' of Sutherland, as it is called, is that there are more people in it at this present than there ever were at any previous period of its history; and of the turning of arable land into sheep-pastures, that there is now a far greater breadth of land under cultivation than there ever was before, and that not only in the form of large farms, but of cotters' croftings. And the improvement in the art is, I have no hesitation in saying, the most marked that has taken place in any part of Great Britain within the same period.

Previously to 1811 the rents of the estate of Sutherland came into the pocket of the landlord; from 1811 to 1833 all the rents were expended on improvements in the country, and in addition

£60,000 was transmitted from England for the same purpose, and with the following results:—

Previously to 1811 there was not a carriage-road in the country, and only one bridge at Brora, and a small one at Dornoch.

Between 1811 and 1845 above 430 miles of road were made, and many more have since been opened. There is not a turnpike-gate in the country.

Previously to 1811 there was scarcely a cart in Sutherland the property of the people, the carriage of the country being conducted on the backs of ponies.

In 1845 the tenants paying less than £10 a year rent had 890 carts; the larger farmers, 240.

Previous to 1811 the cultivation in the interior and on the west coast was carried on by means of the cas-crom, — a crooked stick shod with iron, with a small projecting bar to rest the foot upon.

In 1845 the smaller tenants owned 569 ploughs; the farmers, 139.

Previous to 1811 there was hardly a shop in Sutherland, except at Dornoch, one in Brora, and one near Helmsdale.

In 1831 there were 46 grocery shops, and, oddly enough, one of the first symptoms of the cotters making money was the demand for *blacking*, a thing unheard of in the good old times.

Previously to 1811 the town of Helmsdale did not exist; in 1840 it exported 37,594 barrels of herrings.

Shall I go on? No; you will fancy that I am talking of America instead of Scotland, though that would be unfair, for no part of America can show a greater advance than Sutherland has made within the last fifty years, and that at the expense of one private family. I do not happen to have any hard figures to throw at you of a later date than 1845, but there is no question whatever that the country has improved immensely in all respects since that time. I am sure that I hope it will continue to do so, as sincerely as I believe it will, for I never met a peasantry in any part of Europe who were more deserving of prosperity than the kind-hearted, warm-hearted, intelligent Sutherland Highlanders. Not only have we not lost soldiers, but we have gained sailors, by the great Sutherland changes, from the enormous increase of the fisheries, now of the highest importance. It is true that the people are much too well off to take the sergeant's shilling readily; but that there is plenty of military spirit in the country will be pretty evident to him who watches the Golspie Volunteers in their steady determination to master the difficult problem of knowing their 'east legs' from their 'wast legs.' No reason to cry out against Sutherland sheep-farming for destroying the source from which the defenders of the country may have to be drawn. There they are, soldiers and sailors, ready and willing when wanted, not only in greater numbers than ever they were, but every one of them intrinsically worth three

of the old hill men who had to be cheated and bribed into a service they hated.

If the brown moors of Sutherland bore you, go somewhere else, but do not anathematise them as barren and unproductive wastes. They bear sheep to the utmost of their power, and every year shows some improvement in the pasturage. Ask the West Riding folks whether they consider Sutherland a productive country or not? and how much wool they get off those moors? And ask,—but no, don't ask the sheep-farmers how many sheep they feed, for they will regard you with a grim and defiant countenance, and shut the portals of their mouths with a snap like a fox-trap; not that they have any Jewish superstition against numbering their woolly folk, but as they are only permitted to keep a certain number by their leases, to prevent overstocking the land, they regard the question as doubt thrown on their honesty.

I wonder the ingenious tourist has never complained that more than 32,000 acres of Sutherland are kept under water for the purpose of producing salmon and trout; but this is a subject I cannot be cross upon, for the glory of Sutherland is her lakes and her rivers, and old Sir Robert says most truly, that 'there is not one strype in all these forests that wants trout, and other sorts of fishes.' Though the salmon in some of the rivers may not reach the average size of their cousins of the south, their number, beauty, and powers of fighting compensate

well for the loss of a pound or two when brought to scale. Of course the gentle tourist need not expect to have salmon-fishing for the mere asking. A salmon-river is far too valuable a piece of property to be left open to the world. If it were, who is to pay for the preserving? And without water-bailiffs, who must be paid, how many salmon would there be left for anybody? Just the exact number to be found by the said anybody in the open Welsh rivers, a quantity very easily ascertained by any one who tries them. The rivers are let, some for sport, some for profit, many for both, in all cases employing a considerable number of men, and furnishing large quantities of valuable food. If you want salmon-fishing, put money in thy purse, and having that, you may indeed get fishing worth the paying for; that is to say, if you are content to wait till one of the present renters is gaffed by grim Gilly Death, for nothing but his interference, or a hopeless bankruptcy, would ever make the renter of a Sutherland river give it up to any one else. There are, however, two or three rivers where salmon-fishing may be had by the day; and among these is the beautiful lower Shin. This river has one great advantage,—you are sure to have a pleasant way of spending your Sunday afternoon, which, if you are neither 'Free' nor 'Estaiblished,' may chance to hang a little heavy on your hands in a Highland inn without books. If you can enjoy a quiet study of natural beauty, you have merely to

walk up to the salmon-leap at the Falls of the Shin, one of the prettiest bits of white foam, black swirl, gray rock, and feathery birch, that ever gladdened an artist's eye; and on Sunday afternoon, when the 'Slaps' are open, the bright silver bars, springing up at the falling sheet of liquid amber, give a life and spirit to the scene which no mere tumble of water can ever possess. You may sit there musing happily hour after hour, till the red sunbeams stream horizontally through the silver-stemmed birch, and the cold damp reek of the cauldron warns you home; and as you go, you may, if you are romantically given, ponder on the fact that Ossian began life as a herd-boy in Glen Shin.

In these enlightened days it is perhaps necessary to mention that salmon do not put their tails in their mouths preparatory to making a leap; they give a series of sharp sculling strokes with their broad helms, which sends them sheer out of the water four feet and more. If their sharp noses strike the sheet of falling water, they penetrate into it, and, continuing the original sculling motion, force themselves upwards in the most marvellous fashion; but the least turn to either side exposes a slight surface to the rush of water, and then down they go ignominiously into the black swirl again.

If you are very much in want of a fish, you can go and sit close to the edge of the fall, armed with a gaff, and strike the fish that alight on the rock before they wriggle back; but it is not a course I

can advise you to pursue, unless you are anxious to inspect the interior of Dornoch gaol. It is true that that establishment is clean and well kept, but the diet is coarse and the pursuits monotonous; so, on the whole, you had better go to Mr. Young, take out a ticket, and try a fly.

The Sutherland lakes are beyond all count. I remember being taken to a spot whence I was told I could see a hundred at once (which I did not, for the mist was up to my feet); and their products in the shape of trout are as various in shape, colour, and size as the lakes themselves. From the little black tarn, twice the size of a blanket, high up on the hill, to the fresh-water seas of Loch Shin and Loch Hope, they all are, or rather were, swarming with trout. Up in the tarns you may catch endless dozens of things, which a person of lively imagination might class as trout, but which look more like tadpoles, which have gone on growing as such, lacking the strength of mind or strength of constitution to develop themselves into frogs. The larger lakes used to furnish trout of a size, colour, and flavour not to be surpassed by Hampshire itself. For the last two or three years the trout in some of the lakes have been infested with tapeworm, which, I am told, was first observed about the time the grouse were attacked by a similar parasite. I do not suppose that they are identical, though the brutes have so many different forms that one hardly knows where to have them; they have both done mischief enough.

Of course, the increase of fishermen has had a vast influence on the sport; the very best loch in Sutherland has been entirely destroyed, as far as fishing is concerned, from its having had the misfortune of having a name, and being within reach of an inn. Those who go to Loch Beannach, on the strength of tradition, will find themselves wofully disappointed. In old times it was a famous loch for trout; they reeled out like salmon, and were the very Apollos of their race. The bottom of the loch is principally composed of clean primary gravel, and, from some cause or other, the *Phryganea* which were bred in it were twice the size of those which generally flutter over Highland waters. Another cause of the excellence of its fish I discovered while examining one of them for entomological purposes, and that is the existence of quantities of 'sticklebacks.' I cannot say that the prickly one does not exist in other lochs lying as high as Loch Beannach, but I never saw a trace of him; and it may be worth the while of some Lairg-visiting naturalist to examine whether this subalpine form of the *Sticklebagulus choak-perchius* of our southern streams may or may not deserve to be elevated into a new species, to be called *Sticklebagulus Beannachius.*

One cause of the diminution of sport in the Sutherland lochs belongs to bygone times, and is worth mentioning for the sake of the tradition. The old people tell me that in the days of black cattle, they (the cattle) were driven up to the hill in summer,

and the lassies used to live in sheilings and tend them,—an arrangement which produced a great deal of poetry and feeling, just as it does amongst the 'Senn-Huterinn' of the Tyrol to this day. The cattle being teased with midges took to the lochs, and stamped and plunged in the mud, turning out all kinds of *larvæ* and affording a fine *nidus* for the nidification of infinite beetles. Fine living there was for the trout; beetles in abundance, maggots for the taking, and drowned flies in infinity. When the wind was in the right airt and the planetary aspects were in other respects benign, the plough-woman dropped her cas-crom in the scratch that did duty for a furrow, the turf-cutter left her divots unturned, the piper left the last screech to be blown out of his bag by atmospheric pressure, and all rushed to Loch Beannach to catch trout. Unless the old people romance, which very probably they do, there used to be trouts enough taken in two or three hours to keep the takers in fish for weeks. To keep them, they merely split them and hung them on the cabers of their wigwams, and the creosote distilled from the peat soon rendered the fish as safe from decay as it did the eaters of them. I make this last comparison because certain learned pundits have been lately poking about for a cause for the increase of consumption among the northern Highlanders, and they aver that it is the loss of the peat-reek and its creosote, which now goes up the grand stone chimney. However, old authors say

that we English never knew the 'quack or pose,' those mediæval influenzas, till we started Lums, and we still manage to exist; so let us hope that John Sutherland may take to himself a pocket-napkin and do well yet.

But, minished and brought low as the trout are, the gentle tourist who likes to spend a warm gleamy day, with a rustling south-westerly wind, in a boat, with a big trout spinning over the stern for *Salmo ferox*, and the beloved of his heart and a sprinkling of children, well protected against midges, flogging the water right and left, may yet have the chance to bring home a tea-tray full of trout, though, I confess, not often. The trout in the lochs he is likely to frequent have had their noses scratched too often to rise freely; and I am sorry to say that certain Philistines have increased the mischief by permitting their gillies to use the otter where their own arts failed, and have returned triumphant with a basket of fish, at the expense of spoiling the bay for the rest of the season. Do not permit it, O tourist, for your own sake; if the gilly otters for you, he will for himself; you will not gain credit long, for in the vanity of his heart he will be certain to peach, and you will have to pay for your short-lived glory by having spoilt your own sport, and made a poacher of a decent laddie. There exist fishes in some lochs that I should like to know more about. So far north are we that char are caught with a fly in lochs but a few feet above the

level of the sea; and old Ross of Tongue, who is not given to romance, assures me that he has caught what he calls trout-char, weighing from half a pound to a pound and a half, on the fly in the lochs of Ben Hope. What are they?

In Assynt the lakes are in number infinite, and in variety endless. From noble Loch Assynt, with its islands and woods, down to the little rock-set basin not ten yards across, with its circular wreath of water-lilies, and its smooth, gray, ice-worn, gneiss banks dashed with strips of purple heather, they meet you at every turn. There you may launch your boat twenty times a day without going far from the road; and if you find the trout in one wee lochie too small or too shy, walk or drive over the bank and find another and another loch, till you come to one that suits you.

I do not care much for loch-fishing myself; but I am of so fishy and webby a nature that I take to the water at once, or I should have told you to look at the rocks instead of the lakes. Yet what should I have profited if I had? For are not the mountain wonders of Assynt and the West coast indescribable, and would you not have looked at them at once on arriving there, without being told to do so, that is, if you could see them? Unfortunately for the passing tourist, these western mountains are very coy of discovering their charms, and are much given to the shrouding them for weeks at a time in thick veils of Atlantic mist. But however long you have to wait

at Loch Inver, wait patiently, rise early and go to bed late, for any moment may disclose one of the most marvellously strange and beautiful bits of scenery in Europe. That peak of red sandstone, rising between 1500 and 1600 feet in one bold pinnacle, even more precipitous than the form from which it takes its name, standing out clear and distinct from the surrounding mountains, with a boldness and freedom of outline perfectly indescribable, is certainly worth any trouble, waiting, or expense to see. It is hard to say whether the 'Sugar-loaf' is grander on a bright day, which brings out its outline clear and sharp, and bathes it in a glorious red glow at sunset; or on a cloudy one, when the summit is shrouded in mist, which throws a deep purple gloom round its base, and removes the background into infinite distance, lurid and mysterious. Alas! I once spent a week at Loch Inver without once seeing it in either state.

If you are an artist in search of a subject, and happen to be at Loch Inver at the time the herring-boats are starting for the East coast, I strongly advise you to go to the little fiord a mile or two to the north, and study what you will see there. That little rocky basin of a bay, the few black huts, with tiny scraps of yellow oats struggling to ripen in the gray gneiss rock, the broad brown boats, sharp fore and aft, with their sturdy crews sorely suffering at the leave-taking, but trying to look stout and cheerful, and the women turning homewards with

moist eye and quivering lip, to turn and turn again as the bread-winners disappear round the point,—may give you a hint for a picture worth the painting. When the Highlanders lived far up in the inland straths they never dreamed of the riches of the sea; and you might as well have endeavoured to persuade a starving cock-robin that he had nothing to do but to dive into a salmon-pool to procure an abundance of food, as induce any one of them to take to the salt water. Now the case is altered; living by the sea they have become accustomed to it, and stretch away to the eastward for herrings manfully. Pity it is that they cannot be induced to take to the deep-sea fishing on their own coast, so well protected by the great breakwater of Harris and Lewis.

The only fishing I have seen on the West coast is that mentioned by an old pamphleteer of 1597, as obtaining in his own time in the opposite island: 'People of all sorts and ages sit on the rocks thereof (Harris) with hooke and lyne, taking innumerable quantity of all kinds of fishes.' And so they do now in Assynt, and quaint are the figures one sees perched on the projecting rocks fishing for their supper.

Most frequently it is an old woman with her knees drawn up to her chin, with her voluminous mutch flapping about in the wind, fishing for coal-fish with a short rod and half-a-dozen flies, made of a white duck's feather, which she does not deign to withdraw from the water till each hook has its

green and silver victim attached to it. I never saw them catch anything else; but if you, O tourist, will go and spin a butter-fish for lythe—(*Merlangus pollachius*)—you will there first discover what sport trolling can be. The people are to a certain extent right in keeping to the little *Merlangus carbonarius*, for they can be caught to any amount, and are easily dried for winter store. Deep-sea fishing is not an art to be learned in a day; but as soon as Glasgow wants more cod and ling she will certainly get them. If you care neither for painting nor fishing, you may get legend and history enough on the West coast to amuse you well. Of course you will hear how Macleod of Assynt betrayed Montrose; but do not believe them when they tell you that his only reward was a few bolls of meal; he got twenty thousand 'gude punds Scots' and the captainship of the garrison of Strathnaver for that little piece of business. He was, it is true, sent to Edinburgh as a prisoner at the Restoration, but he made light of it,—so light, indeed, that his levities called down the anathemas of Bishop Burnet, who is indignant that the great entertainments he gave in prison should have made him friends enough among the great to permit of his escape, untried and unpunished.

The fact is, that certainly down to the latter part of the seventeenth century, and, I suspect, very much later, there was no such thing as 'law' in the west and north of Sutherland. Every semi-

savage who had brutality enough to conceive ingenious plans of murder, and strength enough to carry them out, might do so with impunity as far as law was concerned, and he would always find men enough to back him. The history of that castle whose ruins you see at the head of Loch Assynt is but one continuous succession of parricides and fratricides. I have a dim recollection of one Macleod, who possessed it, having died quietly in his bed, after being turned out of it by his relations; and he is specially recorded as having been 'impotent of ane leg.' Either the impotency of his leg prevented his pressing forward in the fray, or his consciousness that his means of escape were imperfect caused him to beat an early retreat, but he is the only member of the family who was served with a writ of ejectment without having its efficacy secured by a dirk.

When you go to Durness you will see the tomb of an excellent specimen of the west country Highlander of the seventeenth century,—one Mac-Murshoo vic-ean-Mohr, who, determined that posterity should appreciate his character to its full value, composed the following epitaph on himself, which is still to be seen (I quote from memory):—

'Donald Mak-Murshov Hier lyis lo,
Vas ill to his Friend, var to his Fo;
True to his maister in veird and vo.'

I have much matter in my head against this Donald, but you may read the principal traditions

of him, taken from the Taylor MSS., in Mr. Scrope's book on Deerstalking. He died in 1623, and was as brutal a ruffian as ever disgraced humanity. He degraded murder from its position among the fine arts to the level of butchery, and murdered from pure thirst for blood; and yet was permitted to hold his own unchallenged, probably being useful to his 'Maister,' who was either the Lord Reay of the time, or the devil. After reading his own epitaph on himself, one has a right to believe anything of him, and so I give willing ear to the legend that he built a house without a door or window, which he entered through a hole in the roof. Certain curious persons who visited this strange den, and asked the reason of its peculiar style of architecture, received a pointed reply in the shape of an arrow; notwithstanding this pretty strong hint, others ventured on a similar visit, and one got killed. 'Sarve him right!' should certainly have been the verdict. This chapel at Durness is a most curious old-world place: so old, that the earth has grown high up against the walls from the addition of generations of Highlanders, and you go down steps into it. When I saw it a few years ago it was only partially dismantled; part of the roof and the pews were still standing, and knocking about on the floor was a particularly thick and ill-favoured skull, with a tremendous 'blash' across it, from which, however, the recipient had probably recovered, as there was a quantity of new bone thrown out

around the cut. It was just such a brain-pan as one would imagine Donald MacCorrachy to have possessed, and may, indeed, have held his most abominable brains. He had something to love him, however; for when his tomb was opened many years ago, a female skeleton was found beside the bones of the old freebooter.

Though the innumerable cairns in Sutherland hint pretty strongly at the old value set on human life, they must not all be taken as proofs of actual bloodshed. They were sometimes erected to commemorate the better part of valour, as in the case of Cairn Teaghie, or the Cairn of Flight, on Ben Gream, which perpetuates the memory of the bolting of the Caithness men from the Sutherland men, and the bloodless recovery of their cows by the latter. Many of these cairns may, I think, fairly be put down to the account of the 'Danes,' and where the groups are very numerous, were probably raised over the victims of their raids by the survivors. The skirmishes among the Highlanders themselves seldom resulted in the slaughter of any great number on either side, though a great deal of vaunting and heroical speechifying, after the manner of the Homeric heroes, took place; but ill words break no bones, and seldom require cairns. The Northmen had a custom of burying their slain heroes hurriedly, and then returning for their remains afterwards, trusting to the good feeling of the people to find them untouched; so the tourist who amuses himself

by pulling the cairns to pieces must not be surprised if he find nothing.

I know of three enormous cairns in Sutherland which have been arranged on a sort of 'pea-and-thimble' principle. Open the right one, and you are a made man; open either of the wrong, and you are a dead one. I decline to point out their exact situation, as I may some day be driven to take the fearful bet myself. 'Do you think I should hit the right one, Donald?'

''Deed, sir, I don't think it's right to meddle with a cairn; it's the same as a grave in a kirkyard, and there may be a bonnie lad lying under it, who wadna wish his bones to be moved till he was called for at the judgment. They tell wild old stories about the evil that fell on men who moved them; but I think they were no that very gude and likely to prosper before they tried it. But, 'deed, it's no wonder that the old folks were supersteetious, for there were awfu' things in the forests,—things like men, that lived with the deer, and sucked the hinds and ate grass, and went on all fours like the beasts. There was one seen, and there's no doubt aboot it, aboot a hundred years ago.

'The first time it was seen it came to a shepherd's house in Kildonan, and was naked almost, only a clout or two aboot it, and it scared the shepherd's wife and bairns out of their wits, as it stood girning and making as if it could not speak. The wife thought it was hunger that moved it, and gave it

a cog of milk; and it took it from her, and set it down on the ground, and lapped it like a dog. When the shepherd came home, and saw the awfu' beast on the floor, he went almost off his head for fear, and felt a motion in his heart to attack it, as if it had been a wolf, and the dogs snarled, and yelled, and bristled up their backs, as if they saw something uncanny; and their snarling so startled the thing that it sprang up and fled over the moor like a stag.

'Another time, a forester met it, or another one, on Morven, and talked to it. The creature told him that it fed on grass, like the deer, and that it had kept the forest since it had killed a herd-boy in Dunrobin Glen, and that it believed it would never go to heaven. The last one that was seen gave old John Pope, the forester, a sair fleg.[1] He and another had gone to sleep in a bit bothy on Ben Ormin, and were awakened by an awful yell outside, and a screeching voice saying, in Gaelic, "My bed! my bed!" and then the door opened, and something came in. John Pope was not to be daunted by man nor de'il, and so he grappled with it, and a sair tussle they had, for though John was the strongest man in Sutherland, the thing was as strong as the iron and as hard as Brora stone under his fingers. The ither forester took up a gun, but could not put out, for it was as mirk as pick, and he only knew where the two were by the noise they

[1] This took place in 1746.

made; at last he gruppit the thing, and he and John had strength enough to put it out at the door, when it raised a long, long, sad screeching wail, and again called out in Gaelic, "My bed! my bed!" and then all was silent. They never saw what it was like, either of them, but John Pope said it left a powerfu' smell o' brimstone.'

'Donald! Donald! keep out of the regions of Bogledom, and tell me how much longer I am to wait here. What with being wet, and what with being dried, I am getting as stiff as Jack's father.'

'I can weel believe it, sir; but how stiff was Jack's father?'

'Listen, and I will tell you:—

'Jacke (quoth his father), how shall I ease take?
If I stand, my legs ache, and if I kneele,
My knees ache, and if I goe, then my feet ache;
If I lie, my back acheth, and if I sit, I feel
My hips ache; and leane I never so weel,
My elbows ache. Sir (quoth Jack), pain to exile,
Since all these ease not, best ye hang awhile!'

''Deed did he! and an ill-raised laddie he must have been; though it would have been safe advice enough here, with no tree nearer than Lairg. But we must be off. There's Jeemie standing and thinking, and Clebric pulling and snuffing, just up the corrie. He's a sharp laddie, Jeemie, and understands what he is told; not like that big donnart we had last year, who came up to Corrie Venchnich, and plow-thered about all day, and then came back with-

out the deer, and he within twenty yards o't. Ay! he sees the ravens, and is going up. We'll be off and raise the stag, and then see what is on the hill.'

Twenty minutes' run brings us up to Jeemie and the white powney, the former staring admiringly, and the latter snuffing complacently at our stag, while three pair of ravens croak, and hop, and whet their bills on the stones a few yards off. I should very much like to see how ravens dispose of 'gralloch,' particularly when they are tolerably numerous, but that is a business as mysterious as the birds themselves; we left plenty yesterday, and now the heather is clean, and had we not sunk the poch-a-bui (I don't pretend to spell Gaelic, be it clearly understood) with its contained treasures in the burn, they would have cleared off that too. One pair, evidently young, dance wildly on a stone, under the impression that we are interfering unjustly with their future meals; but the old ones sit solemnly and croak gloomily and reprovingly, as if to say, 'Stupid young creatures! don't you know yet that *they* always get the best of everything?' Never mind what they say; let us look at the stag for a moment, and think whether the long curved antlers, springing so boldly out of the purple heather, look as large and have as many points as we fancied last night, when we packed him up. ''Deed it's a bonny staig! and look at his broo antlers, and his dags, and the spread of his cabers.' Up with him; Jeemie, though you never killed a stag in your life, you are as keen about

them and as much interested in every point as if you stalked every day for your dinner,—like every man, woman, and child in broad Sutherland.

It is no light business to get our big stag (for he is a big one, a real Sutherland hart) on the deer-saddle; and intricate is the combination of knots which keep him there. What a noble beast it is! and how the old pony turns his head round to snuff at him; he has carried them till he has positively become fond of the rich aromatic smell of the deer,—that Esau-smell, recognised long ago. How well the pair look as they go over the sky-line; and how fondly we watch them till the broad antlers have disappeared!

Now, friend Donald, for another and a bigger!

Why try to describe a 'stalk'? Unless the ground is known, the description would be as dull and flat as that of a run with foxhounds to a man who knew not the country; more so, indeed, for even in the reading of a great run some faint echo of the pattering thunder of the hoofs over the turf reaches the heart of the reader, but in the stalk all is silent and patient skill. When one thinks of it, this same stalking is a very wonderful thing. There, two miles off, are lying deer, a score or more, on ground chosen with the hereditary skill and experience of ages; with powers of sight and scent of the most marvellous keenness; all bare around them; apparently not a tuft of rushes high enough to conceal a ramrod within yards of them, pickets of keen-eyed

and keener-scented hinds thrown out in every direction, sentinels who never slumber or sleep, but keep every nerve on the stretch to preserve their great lord from harm. How can we hope to slay him in the very centre of his court?

'They're as wise as Christians—'deed, they're wiser! but we'll do it,' says Donald, as he softly closes his prospect; and he does it: how, I should like to tell you in this particular case, which was a miracle of stalking, but I cannot. Dream out a stalk for yourself; suppose the wind gained, and every difficulty overcome, and remember the throbbing of your heart when you raised your head gently,—gently,—over the heather. What a thicket of antlers! Wait patiently till they rise. What is that clashing, as if a company of Life Guardsmen had simultaneously begun backsword play? The young stags fighting. Venture another peep. Horror! is that a young six-pointer staring steadily at us? Believe it not, noble youth! We are but two gray stones. Still the antlers of the master-hart are steady above the heather; one after another the younger stags feed down towards the burn; the hinds go with them, turning back to invite their great lord to follow. See those two or three determined tossings of the mighty antlers; he is going to rise—he is up! Steady, for a moment, for a broadside—now, while he is curving his back, and stretching himself out like a lion. Now!—crack!—slap!—Up into the bauk! There are the hinds and young stags huddled together;

where is he? Trotting slowly and painfully round the swell. Again—crack!—slap!—what a stumble! He is our own; try as he may, he can never win up the brae. See how the hinds sniff and start aside as they scent the blood, and how the young stags turn and turn again to ask his guidance. In vain! one staggering effort to cross the burn, and then down with a crashing stumble,—never to rise again!

'Another and a bigger, indeed, Donald. Ten points, and as fat as an ox!'

'Ay, sir! he's none of our deer; he's up from the woods.'

'See if he has a forked tail, Donald. Perhaps he is an Arkle deer.'

'Hoot-toot, sir! you don't believe in such old wives' stories, I know!'

''Deed, I don't know, Donald. I laughed at the fancy till I found an explanation of it worth the recording. The tail of the Arkle deer was not exactly forked, but from its root depended a tuft of coarse hair; and in warm weather, or when the stag was heated in the chase, this tuft became matted together, and produced the semblance of a forked tail, thick and broad at the root, and divided into two parts at its termination, the hair forming one division and the real tail the other.'

'I can weel believe it, sir; but we must hurry with the gralloch, or it will be dark before we put up the stag.'

Dark indeed, with sheets of rain and driving mist. Let us race across the wilderness at full trot.

'A dark night, a wearied wight, and a welsome way. God be the guide!' as Huntly said, when he was escaping from Morpeth.

A glimpse of Rory's bright turf fire, with the collies lying round it each in his appointed place —and then Lairgwards ho!

'Good-night, Rory! Good-night, everybody!'

II

ON CERTAIN DELUSIONS OF THE NORTH BRITONS

EDITED FROM A MS. OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, WITH NOTES, BY G. H. C.

[The following MS. (which, as far as I know, has never yet been published) has neither author's name nor date. I fear that it is hopeless to attempt to find a clue to the former. As for the latter, from internal evidence I am inclined to imagine that it was written about 1876, when the North Britons began again to erect statues to Prince Albert, fifteen years after his death.—ED.]

[Reprinted from *Temple Bar*, October 1876.]

THE first delusion I will mention is that all North Britons are Scotsmen or Scots, when in truth the only Scots be those of the most northern parts, who indeed are Irish, and speak the Irish language, as I myself have heard them do. The Southrons, properly called Saxons by the Northern Irish, differ not from the English, excepting in a want of right Scandinavian blood, an infusion or transfusion of which has done much good to all the inhabitants of the southern parts of our island, being a blood apt to give ideas to each man's individual brain, so that he is enabled to stand alone by himself without

leaning on politician, priest, or parson, as is too much the manner of the North Briton. Of the origin of the modern North Briton, or, as he loveth to call himself, Scotchman, we have not far to seek. It is little more than a man's life ago that one of vast power and godlike invention invented him all by himself, mixing up imperfect Irish with still more imperfect Saxon imaginings — for of history he knew but little, and cared less, outraging her after the manner of a very Bashi-Bazuk; as in the case of Amy Robsart, who would never have been considered or lied about at all had it not been for her pretty name, she being a crazy woman given to quarrel with her tailor and suspected of drink. He it was who invented this new nationality, which would properly be called Scott-land, or the land of Walter Scott, its inventor, were there gratitude in North Britain.

Be this as it may, from this non-historical mixture of his have arisen such fumes, mists, and mystification, that the whole brain of the North Briton, once a clear and bright one, has become so clouded and besmirched that he no longer knows himself,— his place, his food, his dress, nay, not even the instrument on which he discourseth his music, by their right names or origins. Moreover, the more northern Scots, or Irishry, have from him got a method of despising their best friends the Southern Saxons, which is not only unseemly but ungrateful. Nay, so far has this ingratitude gone that I am credibly

informed that, though those northern parts of Britain contain innumerable statues to him they call 'Albert the Good,'—who indeed was good, but did them but little—there exists not one to the honour of the late Duke of Cumberland, whom they even despitefully call 'Billy the Butcher,' to whom they owe much of their prosperity, happiness, and escapement from savagery, he having caught them in a corner and knocked the nonsense out of them once and for ever, in that way they being happier than the Irish of Hibernia.

But it is not of the old Scots and Saxons of North Britain that we have now to speak; they knew what they wanted, and had a very happy knack of getting it when occasion offered, without particularity. It is of the new, or composite, Scotch or Scottsman, and his delusions, that we will discourse. And, indeed, these delusions are becoming so strong and so spread abroad by the writers of vain romances that, unless they be put down, civilisation may be arrested and we be returned to the state of our first parents or worse. That the North Briton may imagine that Haggis (being French) is national and peculiar is of small account; we can smell it from afar, and if we like it not (some likening it to a boiled bagpipe) avoid it, which is the last thing I myself should do, deeming it delectable. That he should dream that Andrea Ferrara's broadswords were his 'claymores' and were made in Scotland concerns me not, thanks to Peel and his Police; that the bagpipes were originally invented

in Scotland, and represent the national music, I care not muchly for—they are rare, and will become rarer as civilisation advances, as discoursers of harmony, though, as authors affirm, they may still be used medicinally in some diseases; but that a man of gentle blood should permit himself to walk into the presence of ladies of delicacy and decency with his upper lower limbs barely covered by an absurdity, which has no more to do with his position or nationality than a nose-ring or a scalp-lock, does, I must confess, anger me deeply. And so for the second North British delusion, the 'Kilt.'[1]

When the Northern Scoto-Irish were first discovered they seem to have had but little clothing of any kind. Pinkerton informs us that Fordun, in the sixteenth century, only mentions the Highland people as *amictu deformis*, a term conveying the idea of a vague savage dress of skins, possibly their own. In *The Book of Dress*, printed in Paris in 1562, the Highland woman is dressed in sheep and deer skins; but this matters not much, for your Frenchman ever imagined more than he saw, and I am credibly informed that some of the daintiest dames of our own day wear the skins of the chamois or mountain goat next their own instead of clean linen, to give suppleness and grace to their movements, and to cause their outer garment to sit more trimly and closely.

[1] There are good reasons for believing that this word is connected with the old Saxon *kittel* or *kiltel*, a petticoat.—ED.

In 1652 the northern people generally went about with plaids[1] about their middle, both men and women; they ploughed in their 'clocks,' probably the outer portion of the belted double plaid, which in bad weather used to be thrown over the head, as ancient women do in our own time, returning from church or chapel in foul weather. In 1679 Highlanders 'wear slashed doublets (whence gat they them, by purchase, or conveyance?), commonly without breeches, only a plaid tied around their waists and thrown over one shoulder (which could hardly be done by any Highlander, gentle or simple, wearing a kilt), with short stockings to the gaitering place, their knees and part of their thighs being naked; but others have breeches and stockens all of a piece of plaid, wove close to their thighs.'

Here we have a petticoat of some sort, but certainly no kilt, and the hose, trews or breeks. Taylor, the Water-Poet, tells us that in his time (James and Charles) shooting or hunting began in Scotland in August, much as in our own time, and it was the fashion for gentlemen when hunting to adopt the dress of the common folk.[2] 'As for their attire, any man of what degree whatsoever that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it,

[1] Lesly, in 1596, is the first who mentions the modern Highland dress (not the kilt). Plaids are *not* tartans.—ED.

[2] In March 1576 there were great complaints that 'in Meggotland, Eskdale Muir, and other parts near the Border, where our sovereign lady's progenitors were wont to have their chief pastime of hunting,' the deer were now slain with guns, not only by Scotsmen,

for if they do, they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs. But if men be kind to them and be in their habit, they are conquered by kindness, and the sport will be plentiful.' Is not this, my reader, a true touch of the humour of the proud but kindly and warm-hearted Highlander, who, Taylor telleth us, in his time for the most part spoke nothing but—Irish? Now let us see what garb this was which so endeared their guests to them.

'Their habit is shoes, with but one sole apiece,[1] and stockens which they call "short hose,"[2] made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call Tartan. As for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff their hose is of (which I deem a sort of long, non-buttoning frock-coat), their garters being haybands, or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with flat blue caps on their heads,[3] a handkerchief with two knots about their neck.' Yea, marry, but no

but by Englishmen whom Scotsmen smuggled across the Borders, 'and this often at forbidden times.' How soon Elizabeth's threat that she would make Scotland a hunting-ground began to be fulfilled, which shows her sagacity!—ED.

[1] Probably deerskin brogues.—ED.

[2] It would be interesting to know whether these early people had the art of 'turning the heel,' and making what we should now call a stocking; or whether, like the Bavarian highlander, the stocking was only a leg-piece without a foot.—ED.

[3] Often with a steel lining.—ED.

kilt! Here have we the dress of the baser sort, which was adopted by the gentles at times for their own amusement, seeing that they could not get it pleasantly without. In 1723 the Highland gentlemen were mightily civil and kindly at a fair at Crieff, as indeed we have ever found them everywhere. They were dressed in their slashed waistcoats and trouserings (which were breeches and stockings of one piece of striped stuff), a plaid for a cloak, and a blue bonnet. These gentlemen in slashed doublets and trouserings were attended by numerous retainers all in belted plaids, girt like a woman's petticoat down to the knee, their thighs and half the leg all bare.[1] They had each their broadsword, and spake all Irish. No kilt here, and most certainly not on a gentleman. In 1715 the remoter Highlanders were only clothed in a long coat,[2] buttoned down to mid-leg. This information was given to Buchanan by the minister of Malmearns (the father of Professor Fergusson), who said that those Highlanders who joined the Pretender from the most remote parts were not dressed in party-coloured tartans, and had neither plaid nor philabeg. This is curious testimony, but hard to accept, as it argues that the Highlanders from the remoter parts were more civilised than others, having mastered the mystery of buttons. In the ancient ballad of *Abraham Brown* we

[1] *I.e.* they had tucked up the ends of the long belted plaid into the girdle.

[2] Hibernian *Cota mohr*?—ED.

have a trace of this habit, even then passing away, as do all things but delusions :—

'Auld Abraham Brown is deid an' gone,
We ne'er sal see him more—
He *used* to wear an auld plaid coat,
All buttunt up pefore.'

Strange to see how things ancient live in ballads!

And now I approach a portion of my task which filleth me with fear; and did I not know that our good and gracious Queen (though some scurrilous knaves blench not to say that she over-favoureth the North Briton) would not suffer me to be hampered or oppressed for words spoken in all honesty, I would fain avoid it. Safer, perhaps, it will be for me to make a true Scot (albeit a Norman, as be most of the 'chieftains of the North) speak at first; and so let us hear what Sir John Sinclair sayeth in 1796 :—

'It is well known that the philabeg [1] was invented by "an Englishman" in Lochaber, about sixty years ago, who naturally thought his workmen would be more active in that light petticoat than in the belted plaid, and that it was more decent to wear it than to have no clothing at all, which was the case of some of those employed by him in cutting down the woods at Lochaber.' Not only was the inventor of this philabeg or kilt an Englishman, but his very English name hath been handed down to me. 'One

[1] Kilt.—ED.

Thomas Rawlinson, an iron smelter,[1] and an Englishman, was the person who about or prior to A.D. 1728 introduced the philabeg or short kilt worn in the Highlands.' This fact is established in a letter from Evan Baillie of Aberachar in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1785, and in the *Culloden Papers*. The earliest dress of the Highlander consisted of a large woollen wrapper, extending from the shoulder to about the knees, in one piece; when Rawlinson's men, finding this garment inconvenient, separated the lower part from the upper, so that they might when heated throw off the upper and leave the lower, which thus became the philabeg, or short kilt. Another account says that, many of his men having nothing on but the plaid or maud, he persuaded them to wind it round their waists, and stick a skewer therein to keep it fast; and this, in my belief, is the true origin of the kilt. Strange that to an Englishman the Scots should not only owe the garment they deem national, but to him also they should owe the knowledge of the art of working at all!

The belted plaid of which we have been hearing was a sensible garment enough. In a print at Belvoir Castle are depicted two Highlanders who were out with the Pretender in the '45. They wear a *double* plaid petticoat, descending nearly to the ankle, the outer part of which they were in the habit

[1] Possibly the cutting down of the Lochaber woods was for smelting purposes.—ED.

of turning over their heads in foul weather, after the manner of ancient females reckless of their ankles, or of younger ones who fear not criticism. When in action they tucked these same petticoats into the sustaining belt the best way they could.

Pennant, who was a careful observer, and much to be depended on in matters not too grave, saw garments (if indeed they may be called garments, seeing how little wit or decency goeth to the framing of them) of this fashion worn by the Northern Irish in the year 1790. 'Their Brechan or Plaid consists of twelve or thirteen yards of a narrow stuff wrapped round the middle, and reaches to their knees. It is often fastened round the middle with a belt, and is then called "Brechan feil," but in cold weather (mark this, my masters!) is long enough to wrap round the body from head to feet.' I would fain see the Highland soldiers of our gracious Queen performing this manœuvre on a foul field-day in Hyde Park with their kilts!—and this is often their only covering, not only within doors, but on the open hills during the whole night. 'It is frequently fastened to the shoulders with a pin, often of silver, and before with a brotche, like the Fibula of the Romans'; which like enough it often was, for whence could such poor knaves get such rare goldsmiths' work, but from the stores the Vikinger had harried from the southern parts?

Pennant also saw the gentleman walking about in his 'truis,' breeches and stockings made of one piece. He also knew that the 'feilbeg,' or little

plaid reaching to the knees, was a modern substitute for the old belted plaid, being found to be less cumbersome, particularly in action, when the Highlanders 'used to tuck the Breachan into their girdles'; if, indeed, they fought not stark naked, as was often the case.

But why should I multiply testimonies against this ever-waxing folly, though waning garment? It pleaseth the vain and foolish, who ever will be in the majority, and he who thinketh he hath a trim leg (as do indeed most) believeth that it graceth him in the sight of the maidens, though from its eburnean whiteness it do gleam and twinkle like the waving of bunches of tallow candles, and the knees be soft and white as though but little praying were done on them. The ancient Irish, both of North Britain and Hibernia, were not so, but manly, Nature compensating them for their want of skill in tailoring by covering their legs with growths, tufts, nay, very fells of hair, for the most part of a red colour, from whence they got the name of 'redshanks,' 'red-haughs,' and such like fancies, many of which may hardly be mentioned here.

And so enough and too much of this foolish kilt, which was invented by an Englishman no long time ago, and which, had it been as old as King Brute himself, was never the dress of a Highlander of gentle blood; nay, I do verily think that George the Fourth of pious memory was the first approach to a gentleman who wore the kilt in public, not for lack

of better garments, but from a desire to please the baser sort; as I have heard some say that when they went to the North for their recreation, as the manner is, they bought them tartan waistcoats of gorgeous colours to conciliate the natives, but I fear me more from a vain longing to imitate the peacock his pride, than from any thought of the poor Irishry. Never yet have I seen the picture of a Highland gentleman, or man of gentle blood of the olden time, depicted in either kilt or belted plaid, though for the most part these pictures be so drawn (possibly for cheapening of the limner) that one may hardly see whether the original weareth anything below the waist or no. When I do so, he always weareth the comely and ancient trews, trousers, braccæ, or breeks, which become mightily a lithe and limber leg, such as the Irish of Scotland are wont to have, being in that respect, as in many others, superior to their Hibernian fellows, who are wont to be mightily big in the calf and large in the foot,—more useful in a chairman than graceful in a gentleman. Though, indeed, the Irish of Ireland do wittily excuse the largeness of their women's feet, saying in their tongue (which they call 'broughe,' or brogue), 'Shure it gives Biddy a foine hould on the flure!' (Surely it giveth Bridget a strong hold on the floor),—which is in that country, I am told by travellers, much the same as the rest of the surface of the earth, only dirtier.

And so to end the matter, the ancient Scots or

Irish wore the petticoat, when they had nothing better to wear, like all savage nations, and the wearing of which by the French peasants of the baser sort did get them the name of *sans culottes*, or men so low and brutal that they had not the invention of breeches. And it were as wise for the Duke of Vallombrosa to walk on the boulevards of Paris without his pantaloons, imagining he was in the garb of his ancestors, as for a Scottish gentleman to go into society in either the kilt or belted plaid. Nay, even wiser would it be for an ancient Irishman, like my Lord Dunraven (who loveth his ancestry and hath done much for their history), to go to court in a saffron shirt and a thick shock of hair, and nothing else,[1] than for a Campbell (Italian, Di Campobello), a Drummond (Hungarian), a Sinclair (Norman, Saint Clair), or a Gower (English), to wear the invention of an Englishman, deeming it the garb of his ancestors and of his ancient nation.

It were curious to note[2] how the 'stocken,' so often mentioned by our author, shows an awakening in the brains of these Northern Irish, though not sufficiently extended to cause him to stitch his petticoat between his legs, and so form the first

[1] 'The ancient "glibbe"
Montrose wore the truis.'—GRANT.

[2] 'It is curious to mark,' to use our author's phrase, the difference between the putting on of the female and the male petticoat. The former, I am told, is always first placed over the head and so downwards, while the Highlander got into his from the feet, and drew it upwards, as if he had some foreshadowing of its future transformation into breeches.—ED.

idoon or imagery of trousers. The earlier and more perfect savage, not having had, or having lost, the only aboriginal pocket, the pouch of the strange beast opossum, sticketh his knife and other cherished articles behind his ear, or in a slit cut in that organ ; a remembrance of which custom we may trace in the clerks of London in our own day, who artfully utilise the cartilage of their ears for the holding of pens, which caused one wittily to say—

'Before all things fear
Pen behind ear.'

As to say, one who would take note and write down whatever ear heard, to the scath of the speaker, for as the grammar sayeth :—

'Litera scripta manet.'

As indeed they do, whereof cometh much damages and breaches and woe to the unwary, *eheu !* But we were better to return to our hose. With the stocking came the first purse. To this day travellers of the baser sort, seeking eleemosynary lodging, are wont to insert their money in their hose, feigning to have none ; and the ancient Irish stuck his skean, knife, or jockteleg, into his stocking, having nowhere else to put it, unless he had bound it round his arm in the Nubian manner. After the fashion of aboriginals, however, he carried out the idea to extremes, without thought of usefulness or regard to tradition, and now he walketh about with not only a knife in his stocking (not to draw in deadly peril,

as his ancestors did, and as the Spanish women of certain parts do now, wearing a *navaja* bravely in their garters, as many have seen and some felt), but also a fork,[1] as if such a thing was known, even in South Britain, before the time of honest Tom Coryat, who brought one with him from Italy, and used it at court, to the great mirth and marvel of the courtiers of good King James the First, no fork having been seen in England before that one. Strange that they who (when they had nothing to eat) derided us South Saxons (who had) as 'Pock-puddings,' should carry with them, even into the houses of the great, such things as are commonly provided for guests; as fearing to miss their meat for lack of tackle!

But as soon as one devil is laid, so riseth up another. As Roger Bacon his clerk, breaking the broomstick, did find that he had two fiends instead of one to contend with, so is it with these 'Delusions.' No sooner have I exposed the folly of the form of the kilt, than I have to demonstrate the absurdity of its colour; and so for the delusion of the Tartan.

North Britons for the most part believe that each Clan or division of them has had, from time immemorial, certain sets, patterns, or varieties of colouring on their clothes, to distinguish one from the other; nay, they delude themselves that these strange, and not unseldom beautiful, variegations, as

[1] In 1716 Sir Hugh Campbell of Cawdor had only 'ane silver fork.'—ED.

we now see them, were in the earliest times the products of their simple looms and innocent dye-stuffs. Much is doubtless done in India by the simplest loom, and fair work wrought by the cunning of the hand-worker; but that the tints of the tartans, as we now see them, were produced by the three simple dye-stuffs known to the ancient Highlanders seemeth unto us utterly impossible.

These three dyes were, black, from the roots of the water-lily, red, which they extracted from a moss or lichen found on rocks by the seaside, which some call 'cudbear,' and yellow, which they obtained from the roots or stalks of the heather. As we have already heard, the Irish from the remoter districts (where antiquity would have most lingered) were not dressed in party-coloured tartan. Buchanan tells us that their plaids were brown. Lesly also says that in 1576 the tartan was exclusively confined to the use of persons of rank.

These tartan colours and patterns are indeed of no antiquity whatever, having been brought from the Low Countries first in the fifteenth century, probably deriving their name from the ships in which they were conveyed, a tartan being a small and handy vessel, with one lateen (or latin) sail, and a bowsprit for a forward jib or staysail.

The first mention of tartan occurs in the 'accompts' of James the Third, 1474, and seems to have passed from England; for the 'rouge tartain' in the statutes of the Order of the Bath in

the time of Edward the Fourth, is surely red tartan cloth with red stripes of various shades.

A worthy cadet of the ancient house of Sutherland wrote in the seventeenth century a most delectable book which he intituled, *A Genealogical Historie of the Earls of Sutherland*, a book replete with true and trusty history of the northern parts and their inhabitants, and indeed almost the only one on these subjects of any great value, as far as my knowledge goeth. In this book he tells us that in ancient times the colouring of the garments of his people was sad and sober, but that quantities of bright and gaudy goods being imported from abroad, they were eagerly bought up by the simple people, who rejoiced exceedingly in their newfangled bravery. But after a time they found them inconvenient for their daily work and pastimes, which consisted principally of the laying of ambushes for the cutting of each other's throats, or worse, and the hunting of the red-deer; both which things requiring secrecy and inconspicuosity, these bright and gaudy colours bewrayed them to their enemies and their game. Wisely then they relinquished them and returned to their old garments, which were of 'a sad Hadder colour'; I presume heather colour, which soft and pleasant blending of hues was produced by the three simple dyes already mentioned. This colour is still popular in the wiser districts of that most delectable land, delectable in that no land yieldeth so much and so noble recreation to the hunter and

fisher; no, not in all this round world, as I myself, who have tried many, can truly and heartily say. Pity that so fair a land, and so true and trusty a folk, should be stained with delusions unworthy the fantasies of a maid that eateth chalk!

Of the delusions of the North Britons concerning their food we have nowadays but little need to speak, they having as fair meat and good cooks as any in the world. Indeed I think their women have naturally a happy knack and dexterity in cookery, which they may have derived from their great and long connection with the French nation, who were perforce constrained to cloak their foul meat with fair sauce. From this, also, it arises that many dishes which the Scotch believe to be national and peculiar are French and foreign, as the Haggis, which word is a corruption of the French *hachis*, or hash, probably from the meat being minced small with a *hachette*, or chopper.[1] This, in the North, is boiled in the stomach of a sheep; but in the ancient receipts for it, both in the French and English tongues, the mawe or stomach of a fallow-buck is ordered to be used, stuffed with his umbles and fair spices, and no mention made of mutton. In Master Lacy's *Wyl Buck his testament, Imprinted at London by Willyam Copeland*, we have a most exquisite

[1] The food of the Highlanders was not thought much of by their Southern compatriots, if we may believe the old song:—

'There's naught in the Hielands but syboes an' leeks,
An' lang-leggit gallants gaun wanting the breeks.'—ED.

receipt for the making of 'Venaison Haggis,' and there the curious in these matters may see it and try it by experience; and methinks it would prove a mighty savoury dish. Other traces of the French influence have the Scotch in dishes which they fancy Scottish, as certain cates, called by them 'petticoat-tails,' which I am informed by a right noble lady of the Clan Campbell meaneth '*Les petites gatelles*,' or 'little cakes.' Also they are wont to speak of an 'aschet' or *assiette* of meat; but most curious, although they use the French *gigot* when speaking of a leg of mutton, they retain the old Saxon 'flesher' for a butcher, which latter word we South Saxons took from the Norman-French. Whence it arises that a man in the northern parts called Fletcher deriveth that name from one of his ancestors having been a butcher, whereas the Fletchers of the South derive theirs from one of their ancestors having been of the mystery of *fléchiers*, or arrow-makers, a craft which, when there was no other artillery, must have been a respected one, and of greater state than the butcher; and so let these Fletchers of both sides of the Border look to it for precedence.

It were base to call the fancies of the Scotch in the matter of drink, delusions, for their drinks be now all noble, and they themselves most true and trusty knights of the seven-hooped pot, as beseemeth the countrymen of the only man who could ever translate the works of Master François Rabelais.

Still the drink of the Scotchman differeth much from that of the ancient Scot, who in olden times was wont to content himself, when he wanted a chirruping cup, with a chopine[1] of twopenny, a thin beer in nowise to be compared with those stout and sturdy ales which do so warm the cockles of the hearts of all who visit North Britain nowadays. Whisky, or usquebaugh, being a liquor distilled or passed over in an alembic, must needs be modern, the art of distillation being itself modern and discovered by the Moors of Spain, to whom we owe much, both spirituous and spiritual, much more, indeed, than to those lazy rogues of monks who, in our own days, be so much overthought of.

It is said by some that the earlier whisky was distilled from thyme, mint, anise, and other fragrant herbs, but as Boethius (*De Moribus Scot.*) says that it was taken in moderation, there must be some mistake somewhere, for this suiteth not to the modern whisky. I read that in the olden time they brewed a 'heather-ale,' by mixing two-thirds of the tops of young heather with one of malt, which remindeth one of that excellent drink brewed by Captain Cook, in the new-found island of New Zealand, for his sailors,—the 'tee-tree' resembling much the heather. Some say that the secret of the heather-ale was lost when the Picts were conquered by the Scots; and there is a tale of one man permitting his son to be slain, that he alone remaining

[1] *Chopin*, or *choppe*, French.—ED.

with the secret might be slain too, and so the mystery lost for ever; but I do not think the Scot was ever the man to lose the receipt for good liquor, and, indeed, what I have written above shows that he did not, though but known to few.

Still whisky was known a long time ago, and had got into Aberdeenshire in 1616, where it produced its usual symptoms, now better known. A magistrate of that day tells us that he had two men brought before him for abusing themselves by an extraordinary drinking of *aqua vitæ;* and somewhere about the same time the Earl of Sutherland and his menie were surprised in Glen Loth by a storm, which imperilled many, but lost none save the harper, who, having store of usquebaugh, did perish in the snow.[1]

Sir Robert Gordon putteth a side-note to this, which shows how little the peculiar properties of distilled waters were known in his time: 'Usquebaugh is a fainting liquor in travel.' Strange that the first recorded victim to whisky should have been a harper! But as the old Scotch song says—

'Just as the piper drinks
So drank the harper;
Drank wi' nods, an' winks, an' blinks,
Spite of saint or carper.'

In the matter of the delusion that the Bagpipes

[1] General Wade, when he was making those roads which would have so astonished us had we seen them before they existed, treated his men after extra work with *husque.*—ED.

are the national instrument of North Britain, and peculiarly appertain to that land, we shall not have much trouble. Every traveller knoweth that he findeth them everywhere in the old world, and every reader that they were in use in South Britain as late, at least, as 'the time' of Captain Cook, who tells us that on encountering certain 'salvages,' he caused bagpipes and fifers to play and the drums to beat. The first two they did not regard, but the latter caused some little attention. A strange savage indeed, and a bold, who was not moved in some manner by the first skirling of the pipes! In the days of good Queen Bess and the 'later James,' the pipes were common in England; and the pipers of Lincolnshire were considered very eminent in their art, the millers being particularly addicted to them,[1] either from their having spare time for practice whilst their corn was a-grinding, or from the clatter and clapper of the mill somewhat abating the noisomeness of the noise. In those days it was the custom for English squires and wealthy yeomen to hire two of these bagpipers about Christmas, or Yule-time, to play for the dancing of their hinds and serving-folk.

The pipes may be seen strangely played once only in the year in the island of Malta, these being cunningly made out of a whole pig's skin, all his legs but two being sealed up, and pipes put into the others, whereby, by squeezings and puffings, they

[1] See Chaucer's *Miller of Trumpington*, also Shakespeare, *passim*, and Robert Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.—ED.

produce sounds of a scrannel and midriff-rending nature; the meaning of which they understand not themselves, nor the gesticulations, puffings, and prancings which the player maketh, and which remind one mightily of the vainglories of a Highland piper in full blast. This is an early and, I think, very ancient form of bagpipe; but a still earlier one may be sometimes seen in the city of Rome, where one man shrieketh on a clarinet whilst the other droneth and rowteth out of a bag.

I would fain believe that our pipes arose from one of these rogues being spirited away, and so the other forced to play both parts himself; and may the foul fiend soon return for him also! In Greece and in Spain, in the mountains of furthest Ind, and among the Celts of Brittany, do we find the bagpipe. Nay, even in Germania is it known, where they call it for shortness, after their manner, *Constantinopolitanische Dudelsackpfeife*, feigning to have derived it from the Turk, who, indeed, is far too sober and sedate to tolerate such skirling. When the bagpipes reached the Northern Irish I know not; it is certainly not ancient among them, their earliest instrument being the 'clairshaw,' or metal-stringed harp. Men, indeed, who are learned in these things have assured me that there exist to this day tunes which cannot in any way be rendered by the pipes, but only by the Jews' or jaws harp, which Pennant, indeed, believes to be very ancient in the North,

though too subtle an instrument, methinketh, for their invention.

The earliest notice of the bagpipes in the far North[1] I have yet met with is on an ancient chimney-piece at Cawdor Castle (O sweet haven of refuge for the weary!), dated 1510, where is depicted a cat in one corner playing on them; but as there is another cat in the other corner playing on the violin, and two mermaids below playing on harps, to say nothing of two apes performing on clarinets, we can hardly claim this as a proof of their exceptional nationality. Moreover, as on the same stone are depicted two foxes smoking tobacco-pipes, and two gentlemen, in the garb of Charles the Second, his time, coursing the hare, I doubt me the sculpture is newer than the date. In 1590 I find recorded the existence in the north country of 'organs and regals, hautboy and harp, lutes, viols, and virginals, with "gitterns maist jucunduous," trumpets and timbrels, leisters and sumphions, with clarche, pipe and clarion,' a most delectable noise of music—but never a bagpipe!

The last modern Scottish delusion—at least the last we intend to handle at the present—is that the Andrea Ferrara broadsword is the ancient clay-mohr, or big two-handed sword,[2] and that it was in

[1] They were in the North in 1627; and in 1640 Lord Ancram writes to Lord Lothian, 'that every company of Covenanters had a piper,' and that he 'thought they were as good as drummers.'—ED.

[2] Macpherson's (he of the 'Rant') sword was, and probably may still be, at Lord Fife's, at Duff House. It was a double-handed one.—ED.

any way connected with Scottish manufacture, armament, or nationality in the old time.[1] Andrea Ferrara, though by his name we might write him down an Italian, was a famous sword cutler of Zaragoza, in Spain, *circa* 1500, who, as far as I know, was the only one who in those times stamped his name on his blades, thus showing his own high confidence in his own handiwork, the other masters being content with trade-marks, the most famous of which in England was the 'Fox,' from whence, in the older English authors, the sword is often called a 'Fox,' as Pistol sayeth, 'or else thou diest at point of Fox.' So high was the reputation of Andrea Ferrara, that among many other things in the dowry of Catharine of Arragon were swords of his make. '*Particularmente* (sayeth Ponzi) *espadas de grande estimacion, entónces, con la marca de la Oso, el perillo, y con el nombre de Andreas Ferrara, célebre artifice, de Zaragoza.*' This is simple evidence, and surely no man would be vain enough to suppose that so great a master would leave the sweet civilisation of Zaragoza to hammer swords in half-barbarous North Britain. There were certainly swords forged in the North by base varlets, and not only swords, but trade-marks; and I have seen many blades

[1] One of the most wonderful absurdities connected with this Scottish Andrea Ferrara legend may be seen at Savernake Park, in Wiltshire, where is a broadsword with his name on it, but also—

'This is the sword that once was borne
By Robert Bruce at Bannockburn';

that is to say in 1314, some two hundred years before the Italian was born.

bearing the honoured name of Andrea Ferrara, which were baser than the basest Provant rapier ; nay, some even bearing the similitude of the old English Fox-mark by the side of this name, a conjunction of signs which could never have occurred without knavery.[1]

But how gat these Andrea Ferrara blades into North Britain?[2] I believe somewhat in this wise. In the earlier days of Queen Elizabeth the ordinary weapon of an Englishman, gentle or simple, was a broadsword and target; towards the end of her reign that honest weapon, which gave much delight in the settling of quarrels with but little danger (like our ancient boxing, now scorned by each knavish lawyer magistrate, to the production of much murder and homicide), was replaced, first by the rapier and dagger, the latter for warding the blow, and afterwards by the deadly thrusting rapier, to the great scath and sorrow of many a gallant gentleman, and many a weeping widow and orphan. The introducer of this Spanish and Papistical tool was as base as it itself was bloody, being none other than Roland Yorke (ill friend to poor George Gascoigne), who, with that other desperate traitor Sir William Stanley (foul blot on fair name), betrayed and

[1] Mr. Nasmyth, of the steam hammer and the moon, tells me that this Fox-mark was an ancient brand for Swedish iron of remarkable excellency.—ED.

[2] The old weapon of the Highlander was the stabbing dirk, from a foot to a foot and a half long. There is much reason to suppose that the sword, with the claymohr and the broadsword, was of late introduction.—ED.

delivered for money unto the Spaniards the town of Deventer and the sconce of Zutphen, in the Low Countries, in 1587.

The man armed with broadsword and target had small chance of his life against these long thrusting rapiers, and gradually even honest men were compelled to adopt them for their own safety, but reluctantly, as worthy Sam Rowlands says in 1604:—

> 'Of sword and dagger I have little skill;
> Rapier I never wore, and never will.'

And it were curious to mark how Sir John Falstaff's armament changes as he declines in grace; he being at first in some decency of repute and company, with his two or three followers and his sword and target; later on, deboshed and debased in the knavish company of nymmers[1] and filchers, with his rapier and dagger; and, last of all, with but himself and skirted page, who beareth his thrusting rapier. 'God's rest to thee, good Sir John! Thou wert a good man ill guided, as many of us be! and thou hast caused more happiness than scaith, which is more than most men can say!'[2]

So, the honest broadsword being driven out of the southern parts of Britain, it had to go somewhere, and it went to the North, with a deal of old iron, followed closely, however, by the rapier; for, in 1611, Craig tells us, speaking of his countrymen:—

[1] Is 'nymm' a name derived from the German *nehmen*, to take or convey?—ED.

[2] Mr. Calvert believes Falstaff to have been a coward, which is utter nonsense.

'The sword at thy back was a great black blade,
With a great basket hilt of iron made;
But now a long rapier doth hang by thy side,
And huffingly doth this bonny Scot ride.'

In fine, as the bagpipe was driven northwards out of England by the refined and delicate strains of Johannes Cooprario[1] and Alfonso Ferrabosco, those sweet Italian masters, so was the honest but rude broadsword of Andrea Ferrara driven in the same direction by the more deadly and delicate Spanish weapon. And now, both having gone as far north as they can, both must cease, having no farther to go, and no southern country willing to receive either of them again. Indeed, one hath already gone, after doing as great deeds of daring in the hands of gallant men as ever were done by weapon. And let us not forget that in Northern Scottish hands it won the last fight which will probably ever be won by foot swordsmen against soldiers armed with musket and firelock.

And so, with hearty hoping that North Britons will not take huffe nor snuffe at these kindly criticisms from one who loveth them and their land, but will bear with me as a kindly chirurgeon, who hurteth them only for their good, I will say farewell, fearing, however, that these delusions be, as Philocrates his mottoe sayeth,

'SCOTCHED AND NOT KILT.'

[1] Johannes Cooprario, however, was none other than simple John Cooper, so early had the humbug of Italianising names begun; his being, I fancy, about the earliest.—ED.

III

MUSINGS ON MANNING'S 'OLD NEW ZEALAND'[1]

[Reprinted from *Temple Bar*, December 1877.]

AS the individual grows so grows the race, and as the individual dies so dies the race; but, though both must certainly die more or less undeveloped (human perfection not being yet quite attained), both die at very different stages of development—some individuals going so soon that they can hardly be said to have attained the true status of individuality,[2] and some races vanishing before they have developed out of the native form. One wonders whether these individuals or races who depart so early that their proper epitaph would be the old question—

'If so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what "in the name of creation" I was begun for?'

are extinguished altogether, 'correlated' into everything else, like that popular plaything 'Force,' or

[1] *Old New Zealand, being Incidents of Native Customs and Character in the Old Times.* By a Pakeha Maori. London, 1863.

[2] Civilisation is the individualisation of the individual.

'continued in our next' like a magazine story. I wonder,—and, like Heinrich Heine's friend who asked the stars much the same questions, I suppose that I must be content to continue to wonder :—

> 'The sea waves murmur their endless murmur,
> The winds ever blow, and the clouds ever fly,
> The stars are glittering careless and cold,
> And a fool stands waiting their answer.'

Still I am not such a fool as to ask the stars questions, they being, as far as I am concerned, mere blinking materialisms, of whose very existence, at this moment, I have no proof, when I can get some sort of an answer which may send one up one small rung of the ladder of learning by going to books of travel, or, still better, going travelling myself. If we cannot get the entire answer, and of course we never shall, we may at least collect facts which will enable a wiser than oneself to build a neat little niche in the temple of truth, to serve as a resting-place to those who come after us, before they in their turn climb a story higher. One thing, I think, one learns by wandering about this curious little cricket-ball of ours even more clearly than by reading about it, and that is the axiom I started with, that individuals and races reach a certain state of development, physical, intellectual, and political,[1] and then get arrested in their progress, certainly and surely, sooner or later; and when they have got to a certain point, neither doctor nor priest can

[1] A dead nation is as incapable of recuperation as a dead man.

get them one small atom farther, and the effort to screw them one note higher is sure to snap the string, possibly with a parting twang more or less melodious, but so certainly as to prevent its ever discoursing any more music.

It is in the study of these arrested developments, this embryology, this eggdom, of the human race, that we are to find the bricks for other men to build with, if we distrust our own powers of architecture. And we must study hard and sharp if we are going to make a decent stack for the burner, for the races which have already gone down among the Dodos are terribly numerous, many leaving a hint of their past existence behind them;—an infinite many, none. Think of the memory of a past race, merely surviving in an ancient parrot, who talked a language no one understood,—a strange satire on Human Permanency.

Still, though many connecting links are missing, oxidised or correlated, here, as in other places, there are impressions enough left on the mud and ooze of time to show that there was once a continuous chain, though possibly, like other chains, the links were separate; and following it, we may go a good way down, if we cannot get to the very ground-anchor of Eternal Truth. But we must go warily to work, not the mere prospecting of the surface-skimming tourist, but the real good quartz-mining work of that true miner, the true traveller or toiler. The superficial and 'fossiking' tourist wants but small preparation, and fewer tools; he can wash out his little

specks of 'pay-dirt' with a mere pannikin or frying-pan, and sell them to Bentley or Murray for what he can get, and the gold is often good, though somewhat pale and thin in the colour; but the traveller, the quartz-reefer, who is going to hunt the pure gold home, and follow it vein by vein through rock and rock, till he finds its very *Ursprung*, must carry with him many a skilfully-prepared tool.

I wonder whether that very true traveller Mr. Burton would agree with me in this fancy; or, if I could believe in my Slade, Livingstone? But I should be shy of asking too many questions of the disembodied, for fear of bringing up certain souls of most Catholic Spaniards and Portuguese, who, I am sure, would agree with me only too well, they having carried out the idea of developing their original drop of savage blood to such an extent as to—Pah! Let us turn away from the foul brutality and baseness of a religion carefully going mad with a purpose!

But because the boiler 'busts' when the engineer, thinking that the engine was created for his sole use and emolument, sits on the safety-valve, we must not too much undervalue the dear little drop of savage blood, right good Scandinavian or Celtic, which gives us English some inklings of what we ought to be, as differing from what we are; the stupid Saxon blood does that, and if we want to understand the beginning of things, we must use it as a communicating medium with the undeveloped.

To get at the mind of a dog, one must know, not only how to talk dog, but how to think dog, just as the mother of the highest present development has to think baby, and for that matter to look baby, in order to talk baby, as Swift had to purse and puke up his flabby mouth to talk the drivel of his 'little language.' She has, in fact, to throw herself back, by a voluntary effort of—what shall we say? Love?

As it is with the mother and the baby, and the man and his dog, so it should be with that highly-developed man the true traveller, in respect to that partially developed humanity, if indeed the term be permitted, the *native*. I like the term 'native,' as representing the 'sallet days' of the Bimana, before the baby has grown up to comparative maturity by the toughening processes of shiftings and changings, and 'survivals of the fittest,' but is still in true babyhood, on the especial spot of the bosom of old mother Tellus from which he drew his first nourishment. 'A poor thing,' says mother Tellus, 'but mine own'; and she does the best she can for him, and teaches him to live on leaves and snakes and crispy lizards, anything which does not much require cooking, till horrid big boys come from other places, where they have been to public schools and learned things, and jeer at him, and kill his snakes and bottle his lizards, and scare his simple game away, and, if he revenges himself on their sheep, in the desperation of starvation, treat him with arsenicated flour. And then missionaries

come, if he is likely to pay, and convert him—knocking out what small glimmerings of natural religion he might have had, with so sharp a blow as to leave a for-ever-unfillable vacuity; and then the philanthropists come, still if he is likely to pay, and prevent the slave-owner sending him to school, and improve his dress to such an extent that he catches his death of cold, and so he goes; and whether he pays or no—he goes, and it is a question whether the quick, sharp process of the Australian is not the kindliest of all. But still, high or low, red or brown, brown or black, he has to go, to vanish away for ever. Yea, for ever! for there can no more be a fresh supply of the autochthones of the human race than there can be a new supply of Van Eycks or Raphaels. As the old pictures have been burned out, cleaned out, and repainted out, so have been the 'natives'; and no more 'originals' can ever come into the market. I have a great mind to take up my parable, and say that the early races are destroyed much in the same way as the early pictures, by burning some, but more by cleaning, and particularly by repainting.

Our turn will come before the world has done with her changes, and another race will arise to push us from our stools. Higher animals than we are, possessing from that cause higher souls than we have, will clean us out, or repaint us out. If they be but a little higher than we be, I doubt but they will burn us out, and be justified.

Few missionaries have ever understood the fact that they had to do with the egg-state of the human mind,—a state in which, though they might make very decent omelettes, the production of beefsteaks was impossible. And it is owing to this error of theirs that they have presented us with so little available 'baby-thought' in those wondrous catalogues of subscribers which they call 'Reports,' which indeed they may be, but more of the names of the paying convertors than of the number of the paid converted. If the affair was not strictly religious, it would be called hard names, more particularly by those who begrudge the wasted opportunities of the well-salaried missionary, whose contributions to real science might have been beyond counting. Their idea, when they had a straight or true one, seems to me to have been that the 'native' they had to handle was not a human being, not only immature, but destined to remain so, as long at least as he remained here; but a grown-up creature, fully developed in iniquity, and replete with the highest form of devil-doctrine, requiring only to be emptied like a jug, and refilled with new and recondite teaching of whatever peculiar form of 'faith' the operator happens to have handy, in order to become at once the spiritual equal of races who had undergone countless ages of hereditary development. They might as well have begun at the beginning, and tried to train a pariah dog to point partridges, instead of using the pointer of a hundred sires, whose very puppy instincts were

higher than a lifelong teaching could ever give to the lower cur. They will not, in fact, recognise that man is an animal, and under the laws which govern the development of other animals.

Far better would it have been had the missionaries perceived that what they took for superstitions, and iniquities, and devil-dancings, were infantile and necessary imperfections required by the immature one, like the crowings and kickings of the blessed babe. Indeed, I doubt whether the excitements of what is called 'religion' can be safely indulged in by the earlier or even the later races, without some sort of vocal and saltatory accompaniment, congestion of the lungs and brain being imminent. Hence possibly the frequent change of posture during prolonged services among ourselves, and the loud explosive 'Hums!' among the old Puritans, and, I believe, certain religionists in our own time—particularly in America, where dancing 'piously' still obtains, more commonly than among the Roman Catholics of Spain, who, however, preserve traces of it. Long-continued 'religious exercises' without movement are dangerous; producing ecstaticism in the more civilised man, and that state of blue blood in the brain of the native which delivers him over a prey to the sham mysteries of the Mumbo-Jumbo man.

Hold your breath long enough and you can see, or believe anything;[1] as the Maori and Esquimaux Tohungas well knew, and others nearer home.

[1] There is nothing you cannot hear if you listen long enough.

Still, very good missionaries and very good travellers may be without the power of communicating with the native mind. It is not given to all women to talk baby, or to all men to think dog, or, as far as that goes, and even more so, horse, with impunity; and there is no doubt that too great an attention to the undeveloped individual by the developed one is mighty apt to turn the woman into a mere cow, and the same excess of study of the undeveloped race to bring the man to an unwholesome state of dogginess, or horsiness, or even to—well, never mind. Queen Elizabeth knew, and tried to prevent the mischief; but it was beyond even her power, and the consequence is that one finds a long string of English names tacked on to Home Rule petitions, and sees honest Saxons walking about without their breeches in the 'north countrie.' The lower, the kindlier, affectionate, loving, cooing, *going*, undeveloped race but too often drags down these truth-loving, outspoken, Tohunga-hating conquerors to their own baser level. Like Charles Kingsley's old buccaneer, the strong man becomes a swinger in hammocks, a sucker of oranges, a smoker of pipes, and a harem-master of an indefinite number of brown, soft-eyed, mouse-like girls, who tend him, and fan him, and humbug him to any extent, bringing him down to a depth. Charles Kingsley knew not the pottering, shambling, sneaking, sallow-faced, evil-eyed 'beach-coomber,' tied to a female animal (who despises in her heart of hearts the ruin she has made,

but clings to him from some strange animal sentiment of affection, half custom, half old pride), and surrounded by a glowering ring of her savage white-toothed brethren, who, he well knows, are ever questioning their simple minds whether it would pay them better to feed him or to spear him. Odd, that the higher the original status, the baser the beach-coomber. The Portuguese makes a really decent one; but if you want to get the perfect renegade, and to hear your common country thoroughly well maligned and cursed, let me recommend you to the expatriated Scot,—the rule will do as well for the latitude of New York as of New Zealand.

In fact, the case of those who associate too much with inferior intelligences is somewhat like that of the Mad Doctors, who, by long straining and striving to unravel the tangled phantasies of their patients, do not unseldom so twist and twirl their own brains that they become more or less mad themselves. They begin as I have said the true traveller should do, letting part of their reason become irrational in order to understand the half-reasoning of their patients (as some having said a thing in drink, forget it till they bedrunken themselves again), in order to find out what course to follow, and gradually and imperceptibly allow more and more of the rational portion, which they had kept for observing purposes, to be absorbed, till it becomes a question even to themselves on which side of the cell-door they ought

to be. And much the same might be said of that most quack-loving and credulous folk 'the lawyers.' In this connection might it be asked, whether much might not be learnt as to the early, undeveloped, immature states of the human mind, by those unable to take, or about to undergo a distant course of travel, by a season of study at the Idiots' Asylum at Earlswood, or similar institution, where the youthful missionary might 'compare souls,' and the newly-appointed Colonial Governor, or British Naval Commander, particularly if strictly Evangelical, not without advantage mark how the crafty, knavish brutality of the lower Negro or Solomon Islander should be treated, and calculate their chances of raising him to a much higher level than he now holds? After that, they might have a turn or two at Colney Hatch, to enable them to get their brains *en rapport* with those of the educated higher brown races, particularly the mild Hindu, in his chimney-pot-hat-and-patent-leather-boot state of development; ending very possibly by a longer opportunity than they cared about of studying the whole question at Hanwell itself, if they determined thoroughly to master the highest forms of modern civilised thought.

Many, many years ago, long before the colonist was invented, Manning, a gentleman of, I believe, good north-Irish blood, as good as any and better, found himself in New Zealand. I say 'found himself' advisedly, for when he started I verily believe

that he had no idea of where he was going, or for that matter cared. Giving up all further eccentric travelling, he took to the mountain system, and walked up and down the hillock of Maori intelligence so thoroughly that he was enabled to give us a book or two, which I think are perfectly unrivalled in their delineation of the inner thought-life of the immature one. Taking with him that rare power of 'seeing' which would be so very useful to the frequenters of Sladistic sittings, and moreover that still rarer power 'appreciation,' the power of putting part of your mind *en rapport* with the mind you wish to study—'sympathy' is a good old word—he was thoroughly able to understand those most Hibernian of Antipodeans, the Maories. I suspect that wild Irish drop, too strong in itself to be useful neat, but making, with a little cold Scotch blood, 'gran' toddy,' helped him very much.

Manning found himself, as I have said, in New Zealand, and not only there, but in a position which brought him more intimately in contact with the Maories than any other could have done. He started as, what in those days was called, a 'Pakeha Maori'; a vague term, which may be translated 'a white Maori,' but which I suspect more often meant 'a Maori's white-man,'—a man who was to a certain extent the property of the Maori chief who patronised him, and permitted him to trade with his tribe, and who was, moreover, a species of consul, or communicating agent with the outside world. A very

different sort of person from our friend the beach-coomber, a runagate rogue without property, position, or influence; but one more in the position of the Indian post-trader of the Far West, a man who had to combine mercantile pursuits with wise policies, and delicate handlings of many questions, foreign and domestic. Not that the Pakeha Maori ever had any taint of the unutterable rascaldom of that scoundrelly representative of that most scoundrelly 'Indian Ring' which Americans so tamely permit to disgrace their country. He was 'backed' by no one, and had never to cheat in order to bribe his Government; and, in fact, had he attempted to treat his clients as the traders treat theirs, the sharp-witted and swift-handed Maories would have made but short work with him.

The life was to a certain extent risky, but not more so than would be pleasant to a young man with reasonable nerve, and muscles strong enough to permit him to take a share in any little difficulty which might be going on, without any great fear as to the result. With all his oddities there was a great deal that was attractive in the unconverted Maori, and the days passed pleasantly enough; the white man and the brown giving in to each other's little peculiarities as *bon camarados* should. The white man took the shapely daughters of the brown man to wife, and became the happy father of those bright, flashing, witty, kindly, half-caste young ladies who used to be the glory and delight of Auckland

ball-rooms not so very long ago. Girls like Heine's Northern Love, with eyes

'Like to black suns,'

and who used to scorn the cockney Pakeha, and in their breezier moments long for the wild rush and rave and ever-shifting incidents of their mother's earlier life; the mother often enough having gone back to her fern root and Raupa from sheer boredom. Would you wish to find out whether the bright brunette with the yellow ribbon, who sings so sweetly to you with a soft husky bubbling voice, like nothing you ever heard before but an English thrush after rain, be a lady of Lima or a half-caste Maori girl, decoy her down to the oyster rocks at low tide; and if she does not pull off her dainty kid gloves, and deftly knock off the lid of the mollusc with a stone, leaving the delicate morsel all ready for you, she has not a drop of Maori blood in her veins. Should there be no oysters, tempt her to the yellow sands still moist with the retreating tide; and if she does not at once begin to scrape for 'Pepis' with her tiny fingers, she is Lima to the backbone. The Maori girl could no more resist these two temptations than the transformed cat could the suddenly-liberated mice.

The Maori, as Cook and Manning found him, and as Lord Pembroke has reintroduced him to us, was no autochthon, no native or original suckling. He had been improved by at least one long sea-

voyage, and the salt still hung about him, and gave him an amount of rough energy, which (with, I suspect, a slight crossing of older blood) enabled him to colonise for a time; salt enough, at any rate, to prevent his ever wanting any more, he, like the Gaucho, never using that condiment,—a simple fact which shows the utter nonsense of the historical 'Dutch torture.' Whence he came is, and I suppose ever will be, a disputed point. Somewhere up in the north-east, probably, where the great continent sinks lower and lower into the blue sea, driving off its inhabitants little by little, as the coral reef grows round its descending peaks.

His manners and customs, his Tapu and his Tangi, and his hundred and one little civilisations, smack of that latitude. He was civilised gentleman enough to give his craft a pretty name, *The Arrawa*, and in it he brought himself, a trifle of wives, his dog, and a certain mysterious rat with curious peculiarities, which two last he kept most carefully for his own private delectation, and so took possession of what we now call New Zealand some,—what shall we say, six or seven hundred years ago? Whether he found any human beings there before him is uncertain. If he did not, the first thing which struck him must have been the mighty Moa bird, eight feet high, stalking and picking among the giant ferns, like the grandfather of all Cochin-Chinas.

A strange bundle of contraries he was when

we knew him first; honourable and cannibal, brave and knavish, hospitable and murderous; anything and everything but, I honestly believe, treacherous or hypocritical, and all our teachings have never taught him those base vices.

When Cook first found him he had, I fancy, reached nearly as high on the ladder of civilisation as was good for him, possibly a little higher, for from the date of Cook's first visit to that of the regular colonisation of the island by Great Britain, he had most seriously dwindled in numbers, a pretty sure sign that he had done all that he was created to do. He had done all he could to prepare the ground for us, and was going before we interfered with him. He is going still, and will go till he has gone; and we are no more to blame than the guava shrub, which takes the place of that infinity of lovely plants which used to be the delight of the traveller in the sweet South Seas. The Maori is going, and the time is not far distant when his only representative will be his dried head in some Philistine museum; where for a short time yet it may be pointed out to Sabbath-school children (with an eye to the infantile coppers) as the remains of a savage animal who used to eat missionaries, and eventually be cast out into the dust-bin, without a thought of the great warrior-soul which once inhabited it.

No early race of any intelligence (one always bars 'niggers' in discussion, as one does Niagara and Mount Everest) was ever so petted and cared

for as the Maori, and none apparently ever took so readily to the ways of Christianity and civilisation; but they went, according to the behests of that terrible law: 'Remove thyself, that a higher than thou may take thy place, as soon as thou hast sufficiently warmed it for him.' A law so stern and inexorable, that the very means used to prevent its execution only assists it, and the efforts of the incoming race to preserve some relics of the outgoing one only hasten its destruction. Often as not it is the civilisation that kills, as the 'bra' stone cottage,' with its ill-cemented, draughty walls, and bonnie iron grates, swept away the northern Highlander, when mistaken kindness bade him leave his cozy, warm, black turf hut, with its mighty central smoking peat fire, filling the air with rich preservative distillisations, for their shivering chillinesses, to cough away his life in hopeless consumption.

No! whatever the Spaniard and others have done, we English are not to be blamed for the disappearance of the native races before us.[1] We have never used them off the face of the earth to dig our gold in its bowels, or burned them off like withered grass because they would not conform to our particular religious whimsies. We have merely, with the best intentions, improved them off,—that is, in situations which permit us to take their places with comfort and advantage to ourselves,—places

[1] Ha! hum! How about the black fellow of Australia and the poisoned damper?

which, I have no doubt, will increase in number as the world goes on and the native produces that change in the air, earth, and water necessary for our finer wantings.

It is unfair to bring us to the bar under the accusation of wilfully, or even carelessly, destroying the earlier races; we simply cannot help their going, and the coloured race, which lives in a climate fitted for the white race, must as certainly shrivel up and fade away as the dwarf sensitive-plant of Ceylon does before the footstep of the early morning traveller. Far too much stress has been laid on the evil consequences of the importation of fire-water and disease among the brown race by the white immigrant. As far as the first is concerned, the cry began long ago among the Jesuit missions in Canada, who were roundly accused by their own compatriots of reserving it for their own advantage, being desirous of cutting off the brandy trade from all but their own people,—their stores, like those of some of our Protestant missionaries, representing a valuable source of revenue to the 'Society.' And it is a most curious thing to mark how the 'religious' of all religions will do things for the good of the 'Society' which they would rather die than do for themselves.

As far as I ever could learn, the Maori never was much infected with that strange insanity for intoxication, which makes it a positive happiness to some Red Indian tribes to sit in a ring round an inebriate brother, and watch his gugglings and his gleamings,

his winkings and his blinkings, with unutterable envy, deeming him in the seventeenth heavendom of bliss, and trying to imagine what that bliss must be. Possibly, and more than possibly, this arises from the Red Indian having a higher amount of (Asiatic?) imaginative power than the Maori. His 'glass of spirits' impinges on the higher points of his cerebrum, and elevates him for the time, not only in the vulgar sense of the word, but really and intellectually. The Maori never seems to have had any intoxicating substance, fluid or solid, before we knew him, to represent our wine, spirits, tea, coffee, tobacco, tincture of lavender—to say nothing of balsam of aniseed (*and* laudanum) or camphor julep beloved by teetotallers. (If we ever have the Maine Liquor Laws over here, I advise my speculative readers to lay in a stock of those gentle drugs while they are yet cheap.) Or if he had, he had forgotten to put it in the *Arrawa* before he started, as one always forgets the salt or the corkscrew at a picnic. If he had anything of the sort in his first home, it would probably have been that excellent thing in its way, *kava*, now banished to make room for worse things.

Possibly the absence of something of this sort led to,—but we will revert to this subject when we talk, as little as possible, about cannibalism.

As for depopulation by imported disease, much the same may be said. True it is that epidemics have been introduced into new countries which have

for a time diminished the population, as lately in Fiji, but unless the race was already 'on the go' from some other reasons, real depopulation never takes place from that cause. I am not aware of any disease having ever been introduced by a white man into a new country, half so destructive as those which ravaged Europe down to the time when medical science passed (one hopes, permanently) out of the hands of the woman and the priest. In one particular case, often moaned over, there are numerous reasons for believing that we imported and not exported the malady, to the great increase of its virulence, and that in fact the gentle Indian is to blame, and not us, in the first instance; and those who wish to pursue the subject are referred to *James the First his Counterblaste to Tobacco*, where they will find not only references of interest, but many delectable hints as to other things. It is something more than drink or disease which makes the brown race retreat before us, as the elk and the antelope of the Tula plains of California do before the innocent and harmless ox. *Pardieu!* for that matter, if they two are the great destroyers of race, how is it that we ourselves manage to colonise the temperate globe? Thanks to decency and the doctor, however, we are certainly better in both regards than we used to be. And curious to see what a prodigious outcry there is made nowadays by priest and philanthropist in favour of temperance, just at the moment that the simple layman has discovered out of his own wit

that it pays better to be sober; and still more curious to see how the simple layman howls against the discoveries of the doctor, who has had great share in making him the cleanly animal he is, and freed him in that and many other ways from a mass of loathsome diseases, to the no small detriment of the said doctor's pocket.

If ever a brown race could possibly have maintained itself in contact with a white one, in a country and climate fitted for either or both, one would have fancied the Maori that one. He had an elevation of domestic habits, a hundred years ago, when Cook first found him, which placed him in sanitary matters infinitely higher than any of the cities of continental Europe at that time, and, even then, one or two of North Britain; and I am by no means sure that he is not so now in some things. He was also a good agriculturist in his way, having, I suspect, brought with him his *kumera*,[1] a sweet potato or batata, the potato of Elizabeth's time,—which was not the 'murphy' of the Irish, a *solanum*, but a convolvulus eaten as a restorative; and he raised, or made his women raise, a large quantity of vegetable food. He was a decent naturalist, after the old Linnæan fashion, and had given a name to every plant and bird he found in his new habitation, his task being made easier than that of Adam (whose nomenclature after all has not been of much use to us), from the

[1] The 'potato' which Falstaff wishes for was cooked in syrup as a dessert, as the sweet potato is now in Spain.

fact of there being no quadrupeds in his island but those he brought with him,—they being still younger than Australia, who had already developed her birds into animals, though simple ones, through the birdy *Ornithorhynchus* and *Echidna*.

The seas around him teemed with nutritious and easily-caught fish, and he himself was a most admirable fisherman, though his best hook was made out of a cunning slice of the shin-bone of an elderly friend or enemy, as the case may be; and if he grew tired of mere fish without sauce, as every one must grow sooner or later (the feeding of the working poor on any fish but red herring or salt cod being a mere dream of the philanthropist), he had an infinity of mighty cartilaginous sharks in every bay to fall back on, which, split and dried in the sun and wind,[1] gave him a food to walk and fight on of infinitely greater potency than the decomposing animal matter dealt out to our soldiers and sailors by Christian contractors; or the sham salted pemmican[2] (pemmican, Heaven bless the mark!—names answer for

[1] To show what great effects may be produced by peace, let me mention that it was calculated by a sure hand that the putting down of native wars in New Zealand permitted some 40,000 sharks to remain annually in their native element. Whether the higher fishes and the higher men that lived on them profited much is not so clear. The poor dear Maori did not, at any rate.

[2] With real buffalo pemmican, as used by the Hudson's Bay people, our sledge parties might have gone on, as far as scurvy was concerned, *ad infinitum*. Also, why not employ the Hudson's Bay people, who have been employed all their lives in sledging, instead of sailors, whose upper works are good enough, but whose walking and dragging powers are naught?

things nowadays in England) dealt out to our arctic explorers for the express production of scurvy. Birds he had in plenty, ducks and unsurpassable pigeons; and yet he has not been able to hold his own. Did the vice of cannibalism give a hint of the existence of some ineradicable source of mischief in him? No; for other races, cannibals but the other day, hold their own and more than their own. In spite of *kumera* and fish and sharks and birds, and in the case of the chiefs, dogs and rats, the Maori was down to our own time a most determined *Menschenfresser*. Possibly from the want of some tonic, stimulant, sedative, or arrester of decomposition, he had the most determined longing for flesh; and so he ate his foes if handy, but never turned up his nose at his friends if well killed and in decent condition.

It is curious to mark how the most temperate races of the world are apt to burst out in the most unexpected and atrocious manner, to the utter confusion of all 'Good Templardom.' I do not by any means advocate intoxication, but I must say that I am sorely puzzled by the fact that absolute sobriety,[1] absolute abstinence from any form of sedative or stimulant, in a nation invariably produces infinitely more harm than good in the long run; and, as I have hinted, the 'abstaining,' non-smoking, non-drinking

[1] Are there symptoms of this truth in the extreme intemperance of our own abstainers, and in the ferocity of our Friends, at least as far as utterance goes?

Maori burst out into horrors worse than Bulgarian. Strange that cruelty and ferocity should walk hand in hand with total abstinence in every form of asceticism, Christian or Mohammedan, Judaic or American! But so it has been and will be. The Maori, the most total 'abstainer' I know, was the most ferocious and brutal cannibal of whom we have any accurate history. This cannibalism is a curious question, one which has never been thoroughly answered, and probably never will be, there being so many answers, that we, who have given up, or possibly never had, the custom, do not know how to choose the right one. Manning, with that fine tact which prevents a guest commenting too openly on his host's eating peas with a knife (which all our grandmothers did unrebuked, having round-ended knives for the purpose, their three-pronged fork being utterly impracticable, unless they ate their peas as the ghoul did her rice), passes over this subject very lightly, but it was so prominent a feature in old Maori life that we must take a glance at it, unpleasant as it may be.

Some say that revenge is at the bottom of all cannibalism,—like Beatrice, 'I could eat his heart in the market-place!' Others, that the idea is that eating your conquered enemy gives you the powers he possessed, but as you were the best man, I cannot see that there is much in that; others that you insulted him by annihilating him, as we blow Indians from guns, some fancy connected with the resurrec-

tion of the body, probably. One popular reason is that the want of animal food was the original cause, and good men have introduced pigs in the cannibal islands to save the native; but this breaks down on examination, for the custom was rife when the pig and dog were plentiful. My own belief is that the real cannibal sees flesh and eats it without any particular sentiment of any kind, except that of satisfying his craving, more particularly after the excitement and exhaustion of battle.[1]

Some have hinted that over-population may have given rise to this queer custom, but I think on doubtful grounds; when a South Sea island got over-populated or was too much bullied by its missionary, the surplus used to take to their canoes and emigrate. Still, before we make up our minds on this question, it will be as well to wait and see what happens in Africa, now that the redundant population is no longer tapped for the purpose of procuring the means of civilising new countries. These interferences between native population and the laws under which they have existed for so many thousands of years will lead to some queer results before all is over. Just as our grouse die down every

[1] Of course the Maories had not that tropical yearning for meat, caused by the damp and depressing equatorial climate, of which Livingstone complains, and which Burton tells us is known as *Isangù* or *wamba*. In the Fiji, I am by no means sure that this craving has not been removed by the gentle 'caulker' of brandy. All cannibals have been water-drinkers if they could get nothing better; and when they got anything better they ceased to be cannibals.

six or seven years from excess of numbers on limited spaces from over-preservation, we may fairly expect that war, epidemics, or cannibalism will counteract all efforts to make two men stand on the ground able to support one. When shall we remember that men are animals? Philanthropic fancies are not unfrequently horribly cruel in their results, as in the case of the enfranchised negro of the Southern States, who will have to be cleared out as thoroughly as he has been in the Northern, if civilisation is to be maintained. Would that we could replace him by our roughs, male and female, swept from our streets, as we did in Dan De Foe's days, to our mutual comfort! Oh, for the reinstitution of 'covenanted white servants,' to which the Americans owe so much of their early advancement!

The custom, oddly enough, does not seem to depend, beyond a certain point, on intellectual development. Some of the lowest races know it not, and some of the very highest of the lower, like the Kanaka, have barely left it off. And their leaving it off seems to be as odd as their taking to it. They were simply shamed out of it by the disgust shown by their white friends, and to this day I doubt whether any converted cannibals regard the habit as in any way criminal. It is bad form, that is all. In time they may be trained to consider it a real sin, particularly now that our paid magistrates have discovered the fact that, because four times seven make twenty-eight, it is dishonest to sell food

on the twenty-ninth day. But at present, as I say, it is regarded as a vulgar custom, ousted by the march of civilisation, like picking your teeth with your fork, which probably owes its extinction quite as much to the introduction of the four-pronged forks, which were bad toothpicks, to the exclusion of the two-pronged ones which were good ones, as to any actual advance in moral ideas. By the way, oddly enough, talking of forks, the only ones known in Fiji, in the old times, were of wood, not unlike a salad fork, and were carefully reserved for the purpose of forking up the boiled——well, never mind, it was not mutton.

I have never got a more reasonable answer to the question of the 'reason why' of cannibalism than that given by the Tierra-del-Fuegian to Darwin, who had asked him why, with so many fat dogs about, they ate their old women:—

'Dog catch otter, old woman no!'

The stories one used to hear of their strange involved ways of putting things were infinite, and have beguiled us through many a long evening to early morn. Would that we could tell the dullest of them as well as that grand old Manning used to! How he, light and active, used to flash and gleam, muscle and brain both in perfection, at an age which will see both of mine at least 'correlated'!—bubbling over at one moment with native wit and acquired learning (and sound learning too!), and the next

allowing his brain to fill itself with blue blood, and sink into the weird old musings of the Tohunga, muttering dull vengeful war songs; and then again letting in the red blood with a deep gasp,—starting up with the grace and activity of eighteen, to show how the old fencing of the spear was played, man to man, breast to breast; and how, when the sharp, harsh grating of the parrying spears was broken by the great cry, *Kai au te motaiki!*—the cry of the conqueror at the first blood drawn—and the last rally of the vanquished had failed, the swiftest-footed warriors raced through the flying foe, never stopping for a moment, to give the deadly stab in the ham, which checked the speed of the lost one just enough to permit their comrades to gain upon them, and give the deadly upward tap of the sharp-edged *meri ponamu* on the thin temple-bone! Ah! that was a thing to hear and see, a thing never to be forgotten by a man so long as there is a drop of red blood in his heart or brain. *Aye di mi!* those were pleasant times, and pleasant glimpsings of the Maori mind and meanings of the Maori actions. Pity that one did not take more advantage of them; but in those days we fancied that our brains were strong enough to produce an unlimited number of plates on the dry process, to be developed at home,—a grave mistake for a traveller; the rudest sketch has more local colour than that form of photography, or, for that matter, any other.

I am loth to part with my Maori, more so, I

suspect, than he is to part with me. I think him most curious and worth studying from every side; he, I am afraid, has got the idea into his head that there is nothing very remarkable about me, but that I am a very commonplace individual, who has merely got the better of him by having better tools, remarking very truly that my people are given to use these tools in such an idiotic manner as to nearly destroy their value, and give rise to the suspicion that we did not invent them ourselves. Indeed, he says so clearly, and those who wish to study his wise utterances are referred to Manning's translation of Heki's War. But let him say what he likes, we Pakehas did manage to discover things ages ago which he has never been able to get into his brain at all,—he never, in fact, having had any great amount of inventive talent. He never got beyond, if he ever reached, the higher Neolithic period. When we found him he was in the kitchen-midden state, feasting on cockles or pepis, Venus's ears, and such like, which he often carried thirty miles or more up country, in order to enjoy a great gorge on the quiet.

Fighting-man as he was, he never developed brains enough to discover the mystery of the bow as a propelling power, nor did he rise to the throwing-stick of the Australian blackfellow, or that strange and wonderfully clever 'hitch' made out of the fur of the flying-fox, and so deftly used by the New Caledonians (one of them is round the head-dress of

the 'Man from New Caledonia,' in Cook's Voyages, a thing which has puzzled many). In fact, he was never a good spear-thrower—(how awfully the people who posted Homer up in the subject must have lied!)—using his stick more bayonet-fashion, ever loving close quarters.

'Thor's short-hafted hammer is half a yard long,
And Freya's own sword but an ell.
Never fear, grapple close, seize thy foe by the throat,
And a dagger shall serve thee as well.'

He saw at once the advantage of the musket, and civilised himself and showed himself at Exeter Hall in order to procure the means of getting them from the saints; but he only once tried to make gunpowder, and then the manufacturer, who was a coloured missionary, blew himself nearer heaven than he was ever likely to get in any other way. He certainly did in the last war cut off the tops of wax matches, and stick them on the nipple of his gun, when caps were scarce; but I have every reason to believe that he learnt the art from some knavish beach-coomber. In fact, in that form of invention he was nowhere; *but*—and the Maori is, or was, full of buts—this queer Antipodean bundle of contrarieties, who could not get beyond the very simplest and savage forms of the art of attacking, developed the art of defence in a manner worthy of Todleben himself, or the man he stole from, James Fergusson. At once, on being faced by shot and shell (the last of which he bitterly complained of as unfairly keep-

ing him awake at night when the day's fighting was done, and he wanted to prepare for the fighting of the morrow—kicking up a row and killing nobody), he altered his simple fortifications so as to permit the former to pass through without exercising the slightest breaching power,[1] and built himself such a perfect set of bomb-proofs, that the 68-pounders sent their splinters in every direction except his own. As for his rifle-pits, they were marvels; and altogether he was a marvellous soldier. Pity that we could not have utilised him, and prolonged his existence, by keeping him as a useful Pagan warrior, as we have done with the Indian Mohammedans, instead of destroying him by turning him into a Christian farmer.

As it is, our poor Maori has been a failure and 'died young,' in spite of the enthusiasm he raised in the hearts of the missionaries and philanthropists, who fancied that at last they had got hold of a metal really 'convertible.' The old wine proved, as it always will, too strong for the new human bottle; and after fancying that the Maori was capable of being taught everything, from the art of cheating at tossing coppers, to holding the plough and building the schooner, those who know are obliged to confess that the whole business has been an expensive and disastrous failure, and that if the Maori has not gone

[1] I believe that the British (commonly called Roman) fortifications must have been exactly like the Maori Pahs, ditch and ridge, surmounted by wattled palisading, the life also much the same, provision-grounds at the foot of the hill, and food and water borne in every night—and the story of the colouring by woad, was not that tattooing?

altogether, those who remain seem only to do so from a spiteful desire of proving that the law of the 'survival of the fittest' is not without its exceptions. I suppose, as I have said, that he was full-grown when we found him, and incapable of further training. It took some little time for the good men, who did their best (half of which doing might have raised a million of Englishmen permanently from the mud), to find out that the gentle Maori was only playing, in a monkey-like manner, at what he saw the Pakeha do, supposing that all sorts of wonderful things would ensue, more particularly from the religious part of the business;[1] and finding from experience that ploughing himself was harder work, with less result, than making his women dig for him, and that his 'religion,' for which he paid enormously in hard dollars, made him no more successful in war than the old cheap services of a Tohunga, he gave them both up, turned the plough over into the nearest ditch, piled his hymn-book and prayer-book and Bible (so carefully printed for him by the missionaries in a language invented by them) into a heap in the middle of his chapel, defiled them, stuck a skull on the top, told the missionary that if he did not clear out his would join it, and wrapping his wet blanket round him, gave up all hope, except for a short moment, when the dream of the Joshuistic Hau-Hauism flashed across his brain, and so went to his Niflheim.

[1] Races, like individuals, are apt to become pious when moribund.

What manner of Niflheim this was, let us try to gather from a translation of a Maori poem, by Manning, now I believe first published, utterly without his consent, in Europe at least.

The seer is on the sacred hill, above the ocean strand,
He gazes on the spirits' path, that leads to the spirits' land,
To the far north with many a bend, along the rugged shore,
That sad road leads, o'er rocks and weeds, whence none can e'er come more.
The weak, the strong, all pass along, the coward and the brave:
From that dead track none can turn back, none can escape the grave.

The seer speaks (the Tohunga).

Tangaroa! Tangaroa! whither have fled your waves
Who 'gainst the land eternal war wage from the ocean caves?
Why abashed, with lowly head, sleep they on their ocean bed?
Thy sons, thy braves!

And say, O Tangaroa, why
Flows thy fountain silently?
Why has the cataract ceased to moan,
Bounding his last bound,
From mountain cliff to salt-sea stone,
Silent, without sound,
And the west wind passes by
Stealthily without sigh?

Tangaroa (the sea god, the impersonation of the ocean, the Maori Neptune) answers:

The winds are hushed, the wild waves hide their heads,
And the fount flows silently,
And the breeze forgets to sigh,
And the torrent to moan, o'er rock or stone—
For the dead pass by!

Now upon that dismal track,
Sadly lingering, gazing back,
Slowly comes a shadowy train,
Souls of warriors brave in vain:
For what may mortal valour do,
Deserted by the war god Tu?
None but Tu himself might slay them,
None but the war god's self dismay them.
Thou by sacrifice and prayer
To hostile ranks allured were,
When the mad priest called on you
By the name of wrathful Tu!

Tu, the war god who most approaches Maori in his nature.

'Tu! who climbs the hill fort steep
When the weary warriors sleep,
And awakes them but to die,
With the charging onset's cry!
Tu, who, when the fight is done,
Roasts the flesh with heated stone:
Earth-shaker, spirit-taker!
Climber of mountains, climber of waves:
Battle-fighter, vendor of slaves!
Roving, wayward, raging Tu!
Builder of the war-canoe.
Speaker in the thunder, lightning-belted Tu!
For ever and for ever shall the warriors worship you!
Wealth and power, and high command,
All are in thy forceful hand.

'Give to us victims torn,
Torn upon our battle-blades;
Victims to fall forlorn,
Headlong to the shades;
Falling, headlong falling,
Down towards the night;
For victims we are calling,
Tu of the standing fight!

'Though your followers may lie
In their blood on battle-plain,
They alone will never die,
For in song they live again;
And their names, remembered long,
Twine in many a warlike tale;
And the *Tangi's* plaintive song [1]
Makes for them the parting wail.'

'Twas thus the mad seer prayed with offering fell;
But what that offering was, I may not tell.

The seer has left the hill! heard you that awful cry?
The shades he saw were the braves of his tribe, to the
Reinga [2] passing by.'

Berserker to the backbone!

[1] The wailing song of sorrow—like the Keen of Ireland, but infinitely more tender and touching.

[2] *Te Reinga*, the Maori Hades, to which the souls of men depart after death. It is a cave at the North Cape, overshadowed by an enormous *Pohetukauau* tree. It is a sort of pious pilgrimage for ancient men to walk in that direction, hoping to meet with erring souls who have lost their way.

IV

MY LOG

ON H.M.S. *ST. GEORGE*

2nd November 1862.—One o'clock; steamed from Spithead. Foggy weather and light airs. The sea outside the island dead calm and of the most beautiful, level, opaque green, through which the big ship slid without a particle of motion except the onward one; making a long furrow which was as permanent and unbroken as if she had been passing through some oily viscid fluid.

Tuesday.—A mariner kindly gave me a hint which may be useful. When I navigate the southern latitudes, I am to look sharp after my patent log, as the sharks are very apt to take it off; and why not? —a beautiful spinning-bait.

Wednesday.—Perfectly beautiful and bright, but a tremendous sea running; ship rolling heavily; impossible to sit, stand, or lie down. Dinner a most difficult operation, one foot twisted round the leg of the table, and one hand holding on; one's soup only to be attained by long crafty dodging and watching; good fun in its way, but a little too much of it for a

hungry man. Miraculous to say, I am unafflicted, except by extreme hunger, and begin to think that I am proof against all that Neptune can do unto me. The ship's corporal was affected either by the motion or by new scenes, and divers midshipmen became of a pale green and longed for their mammas; likewise Dragon, the dog, was solemnly sick on the quarter-deck in the very fairway of the captain's walk; and yet that dog was not seized up and given ten dozen, so great was the love they bore him; the ship's company turned their awe-struck faces the other way, and would not see! This rolling is a thing to study—indeed it must be studied. The great art is so to manage that you always walk up hill, but this is extremely difficult; and generally you see the captain (who is not, by-the-bye, our commander) and his officers perform half their walk across the poop with a lofty high-stepping action which, if it does not put one in mind of the treadmill, is very grand, and half at a hasty, scuttling run till they are brought up all standing against the hammock-nettings, which is very mean; but, Lord! to see how at one moment you look upon a mountain of deal planks close to your nose, and the next straight down into the green sea!

It is grand sitting round the side of the stern gallery, looking up at the two hundred feet of mast and sail towering above one, lurching over as the great roller passes under the ship till the yards nearly dip into the water, and then rising with a

heave and a creak and a groan, to swing away to windward and again to sweep swiftly across the sky overhead. The water, too, is lovely; from its immense depth—here nearly sixteen thousand feet, deeper than Mont Blanc is high,—it is of the most beautiful dark beryl blue, and the down-driven bubbles in the ship's wake shift and change and wreathe like white silvery snakes. I stayed on deck till half-past twelve, and then was sorry to turn in. It was very fine to look down on the water when the ship gave one of her great lurches, and see the enormous rush she made, though one was obliged to hold on pretty tight in order to prevent one's going the dolphin down in the blue caverns,

> And deep Donidaniel caves
> Under the roots of the ocean.

My berth is partitioned off from the captain's fore-cabin by a screen of chintz running on rings above and below. It is divided into two apartments, a snug cosy little dressing-room which is permanent, and a bedroom which I share in company with two mighty 32-pounders. My cot is slung just clear of the deck, and when I became expert I could, by tilting myself over, peer through the glazed porthole into the rushing sea, which was pleasant. This fore-cabin, through the captain's kindness, is used as a school-room for the young gentlemen, and great used to be my terror when tubbing in the morning (oh for that bright, cold, fresh sea-water!), for fear that I should fetch way, burst through my walls of

chintz, and appear in an ungraceful attitude and indecorous condition before the reverend chaplain and all the sucking Nelsons. I found that the only way to avoid this catastrophe was to hook on to the handle of the drawers with one hand and use one's sponge with the other. I want to know what necessity there is for the mariner (whose tramp up and down within six inches of my nose is bad enough) to order his arms directly over me and then to dance the double shuffle; likewise in the morning when I am getting a little sleep, after having been frightened out of my wits every half-hour by that dreadful ship's bell, why I am to have a hundredweight of holy-stones emptied from a vast height on the same place? I mind less the eruption of the chaplain and all his young gentlemen into the cabin in the middle of the night, 'to rub up some blessed old star,' as the young gentlemen say, because it interests me to try and imagine what on earth they are about, and to hear their little innocent confidences and opinions of each other and things in general.

Thursday.—We are well round the corner, and in the Atlantic somewhere off Rochefort on the French coast. There must have been a gale from the eastward lately, for though we are far away from land, a number of shore birds have come on board, poor little things! quite beaten. As they are all soft-billed birds I am afraid that they must die. I could only make out a redstart who tried pertinaciously to settle on the patent log line. Before we

sailed we had a lovely little golden-crested wren on board for some time, and it was pretty and quaint to see the tiny thing peering and prying about the iron-tips of the mighty broadside guns. A sparrow-hawk also came on board, and oddly enough flew away in a direction opposite to the land. Jack is just like a great child, and goes skylarking and heaving his hat at the birds, and consequently over-board, to the diminution of his wages, till the Just Influence comes down on him like thunder and scatters him to the four winds of heaven. He is always in trouble is Jack, and likewise Bill the marine. Every morning there is a small row of the United Services, standing just abaft of the mainmast in charge of two marines with drawn bayonets. At twelve o'clock, I think, the hour when something wonderful happens to the ship, I see Jack the prisoner say to Bill his keeper, "Off you go" in a low voice, and away they all troop to some mysterious place in the bowels of the ship. Like-wise, every day after dinner, a long row of unfor-tunates are drawn up on each side of the quarter-deck, wombling and shambling and sniggering, each with a tin, or more often a small white basin (with which he generally scratches his stern incessantly), soon after which the smell of rum pervades the ship, and I am told that the black-listers have had their grog, with a great deal more water in it than they like. We have a glass of sherry and a biscuit as soon as the sun is over the main-yards, which

manœuvre he somehow performs every day about twelve o'clock, and then there is an hour's smoking on the main-deck. This is mighty pleasant. But perhaps the cosiest part of the day is the smoking time after the wardroom dinner, when we sit on and about the two aftermost big guns on the main-deck, and listen to the band. It is quaint enough, the deck feebly lighted by the dips on the musicians' desks, and a lanthorn above us which is always distilling scalding tallow down somebody's back. The white beams above, with mysterious black arrows upon them for conveying fire, looking like enormous black beetles, and the handles of the cutlasses stored overhead, and the brass sights of the big black guns below glancing in the light, and in the background, which is forward, peering through the darkness a mass of wild strange faces, all wrapped in the most intense admiration of the music and drinking in every note. Mates, midshipmen, and all manner of officers, are waltzing and gallopading with each other hard all, occasionally as the ship gives an extra roll disappearing headlong into the darkness from which come sounds of lamentation, woe, and laughter. Nine o'clock—out lights between decks, stop smoking, and a book or a game of patience with the captain, or a game of whist in the wardroom, a long walk up and down the poop with the officer of the watch, and so to bed. A mighty pleasant life!

Friday.—Another lovely day, soft and warm as

summer. Off Cape Finisterre at noon. At this same cape is, I am told, wondrous trout and salmon fishing, and all manner of sport to be had for nothing, and living for less. There is a beautiful blue sea flecked with white foam, a sparkling breeze on the port quarter, and a bright sun; a perfect sailing day. I have only seen two or three gulls, but quantities of shore birds; two shore larks were captured and put into cages, where I much fear me they will die. The quantities of shore birds lost at sea must be immense, judging from those we have seen. We saw a fish-hawk—black back, white breast, and a wonderfully long tail; he seemed beating about for fish, though how he was to eat them when he caught them rather puzzled me. I suppose he holds them in his claws and eats them as he goes. If he goes on shore with each fish he must have plenty of work, for we are out of sight of land.

Saturday.—This was a day to develop all the delights of the stern-walk, the most delicious lounge that ever was invented by mortal man. It is supposed by a legal fiction to be separated from the ship proper, and may be smoked in to any extent at any time by that greatest of human beings, the captain's guest. Oh, the delight of sitting "round the corner" with a cigar, refreshing one's very soul with the blue seas, into which at one moment one's feet seem ready to dip, whilst the next one is carried thirty or forty feet above it, on the back of the giant ship—glorious! a rocking chair fit for Odin Alfader!

Another beautiful effect of rolling we get on the main-deck after dark. Look across to the ports on the opposite side. At the moment they look up to the sky they are as black as the guns that peer out of them, and then, plunging downwards into the wake of moonlight, they become filled with a sheet of molten silver flecked with black, and there starts out a long silver line along the black back of the gun. It is strange to watch the regular alternations of brilliancy and dulness, of opaque darkness and opaque light, as the ship swings with the regularity of a pendulum.

Sunday.—More lovely and warm, if possible, than ever. Between three and four we sighted land and ran rapidly down to it. A long line of cliffs about two hundred feet high, apparently limestone with very regular horizontal strata, the land rising from them inland, looking barren and baked, of a yellowish brown, but of a tender pleasant colour on the whole. Numerous villages and little towns and scattered farm-houses, all and each of the most brilliant white; a mighty building, once a convent, now nothing; Mafra looming gigantic in the desolation. Then south, a fine granite sierra thrusts up through the limestone, its summit wreathed in tumbled masses of violet and purple cloud, which gradually rise and show the long serrated ridge of Mont Serrat, on one pinnacle of which is perched the Peña, once a convent, now a royal hunting-box. With the glass one makes out a wilderness of granite rocks with a little

scanty cultivation about the flanks, probably where the limestone rests on the erupted rocks. On the whole a very grand and striking guardian of the mouth of the Tagus.

I delight in the shoals of porpoises. They rush past the ship, ten abreast, through the green sea with a clear gliding motion which is very beautiful. The whole shoal seem to delight in snapping their prey at the same moment, and I can see their sharp teeth as each opens his deadly jaws. Standing above them, I can distinctly see the blow-hole open when the head is protruded from the water, and closed as it descends with a pleasant puffing sigh. I meet old friends here in the shape of gannets or solan geese, with their strong bills and thick bull-necks. What a range they have from John o' Groat's House to Lisbon! They ought to be capital ichthyologists.

After lying off all night we worked into the river and came to anchor off Lisbon about four o'clock. All the way up the scenery is intensely eastern. The pine-trees put one in mind of palms, and the hedges are of gigantic aloe. All the crops are in and the ground is ploughed, so that there is hardly any colouring except the natural one of the soil, which varies through endless tints of yellow, brown, and purple.

On the south side of the entrance there is a sandy tract on which the royal family of Portugal caught that terrible attack of fever which ravaged it, killing

the king and ruining the constitutions of his brothers. I have an idea that in the Peninsular War we lost a large number of men who were encamped here, and I think that Trail used to lecture on it at Edinburgh. The theory is that there is a large mass of decaying vegetable matter, deposited by the river, covered by drifting sand through which the malaria percolates.

On the battle-water of Cape St. Vincent, 16th Nov. 1862.—Though not critically speaking handsome, there is certainly something very bright and pleasant about Lisbon, particularly in the lovely weather we have been lately having. The town is partly built on a projection into the river, and stretches its wings for three or four miles along the shore. The white houses bask and blink in the bright November sun, and though there are no public buildings of any particular prominence or beauty, the height and regularity of the houses prevent anything like meanness. In front of the town the river expands into a broad lake, through which the yellow water of the golden Tagus and the clear blue sea-water pursue their respective courses without intermingling. The southern horizon on the other side of this is well closed in by the striking rock-fortress of Palmetta, and a range of hills which are now of the most delicate and tender blue.

The clear, well-paved streets of Lisbon make a very pleasant lounge. Three of the principal ones, —Gold Street, Cloth Street, and Silver Street, so called from the industries carried on in them—run

north and south, and open at their southern extremities on to the expanse of the Tagus, their ends forming frames for very pretty pictures. Their other ends lead into a very handsome plaza, that of the Inquisition, beautifully paved in a wavy pattern with black and white stone,—a pavement which utterly jumblifies and bothers Jack in his potations, he thinking it necessary to make as if he was walking up and down hill. Here stands the really handsome Portuguese theatre, built of white and reddish marble. A little past this are the public gardens, small and insignificant enough, indeed a little tea-gardeny, but a pleasant promenade and striking now in this winter weather (with England, as I hear, covered with snow), from the trees retaining their leaves, some their flowers, and others, particularly some pretty acacias, with pendent clusters of scarlet berries, and beautiful weeping willows in perfect leaf.

There were many trees and flowers here quite unknown to me, and they remained so, partly from the stupidity of the Portuguese gardener, and partly because we neither of us understood a word the other said. At the end is a fountain filled with gold fish, whereat I mystified a midshipman of tender years, telling him that they would come to me when I whistled, which truly those fish did; but so did they also the day before when I did not whistle for them, which I take to be the truth with regard to all fish,—sung, whistled, or called for, they come when they see any one approach, and that is all. Gold fish can,

however, discriminate persons. When at Tottenham Park I used to amuse myself by taking gold fish out of a pond with a casting-net in order to put them in the fountains. When I went by myself I could do nothing; but when the old gardener who had fed them for years came and stood by me, they flocked from all quarters, and I had great hauls.

Another of the great streets opens into the market for poultry, game, and vegetables, which is made gay and bright from the piles of brilliant red tomatoes and rich salmon-coloured water-melons. Bananas are sold here, and are said to be very good by those who are fond of a mixture of brown Windsor soap and hair-oil. There are also piles of arbutus berries, resembling a raspberry, but more hairy, and with a beautiful purple tint over the red. I tasted them and found them astringent, sub-acid, and wholly nasty. I am told that midshipmen who have partaken freely of them have been taken suddenly sick in the open market, and believed that they had broken a vessel. I am by no means sure that it is intended to be eaten, nor could I discover its use from the old woman who sold it, on account of mutual imperfection. Piles of beautiful apples were also lavishly strewed about, said to be woolly, which I don't care about, as, now I am no longer whipped for stealing them, I don't think them worth the trouble of eating. Gigantic capsicums there are too, very nice when stuffed with forced meat and stewed; Brazil nuts, of course (the only way to crack them

is in a door); melon seeds, which represent our periwinkle, being more for idleness than hunger; and divers beans and nuts of unknown origin. These beans are accused of producing a horrible disease common about Lisbon, a species of elephantiasis which attacks the head and face with unsightly bubuckles and whelks, and proves incurable. Those who are interested in the matter will find a set of wards at the Hospital of S. José particularly set apart for such cases. One thing I saw at this market which looked odd,—a row of nigger women sitting basking in the sun, many with nigger babies apparently made of India-rubber.

The only game I saw were red-legged partridges, teal, and widgeon. I suspect your Portuguese does not often take the trouble of going after snipe, and indeed the country is too bare to support much game.

From the ground rising abruptly in front and on each side of the three principal streets, they, and those that cross them, present very pretty pictures. Sometimes a shattered church, a relic of the great earthquake, shows its bare arches against the blue sky; sometimes terrace after terrace of pretty tinted houses, with here and there a bit of green showing over the garden walls.

Certainly the back streets of Lisbon do smell excessively, but generally the town is wonderfully clean. I hear that the internal arrangements of the houses, and even of the royal palace itself, are

ages behind the times. The shops are little better than boxes, with most of their goods in cases on each side of the door, showing that the old Eastern fancy for bazaars still holds good. You find rows of shops all selling the same article at exactly the same price.

There is a very good opera-house in Lisbon, certainly among the first of the second-rates. It is unusually strong this year, as the King's marriage has made a good deal of gaiety. It is decorated in very good taste, but as usual overladen with chandeliers, a fault they are going to amend by lighting the house through the ceiling. The pit and stalls are exceedingly comfortable, being nice cane-bottomed seats with arms and plenty of room. Between the acts the audience retire to a species of open *foyer* and smoke cigarettes. We had one night the *Traviata* indifferently performed; on another, *Martha*, with Lotti for *prima donna*, most deliciously given. Indeed, I hardly remember enjoying an opera more; the music sparkling with cheerfulness at one moment, and tinged with just enough pathos to please the next. The whole so lively, and the exquisite *Last Rose of Summer* so well sung, as to be ample treat enough for one evening.

There were a great number of Mulattoes even in the boxes, and I saw a hump-backed negro, a pure 'brack Gebblum,' grinning and chattering as fine as may be, evidently in rather smart society. There are an infinity of niggers up and down the

streets, and negro servants both male and female are very common. The Portuguese seem always to have had a hankering after dusky beauty, and at Goa, I am told, the cross-breeds are in the majority.

The beauty of the Lisbon women must appeal more, I fancy, to native than to foreign eyes. They are sallow to swarthiness, swarthy almost, if not quite, to blackness; and all so undergrown. The best point about them is their eyes, which are generally dark, soft, and kindly. One sees what they themselves consider beauty, real Moorish faces, very dark, with small delicate features and intensely black hair and eyes; but the faces are not pleasant; they look sickly, dyspeptic. Among the men, the lower orders, particularly in the country, are fine big burly fellows enough, and look well fed and very good-tempered. The women, as usual on the Continent, seem to jump at once from fifteen to fifty; and in my life I never saw such crones, such withered hags with such beards, as at Lisbon. Many of the common women wear the long blue cloak and hood exactly like the Irish women, so like, as nearly to induce an Irish friend of mine "to try them wid de Erse." I saw some very pretty little Moorish faces peeping out of windows on the road to Cintra, which seemed to belong to young people of about twelve or thirteen. The big blue cloak, decent in itself, covers all manner of sins in the way of rags and dirt. The coloured hand-

kerchief tied round the head, serving at once as a bonnet and veil, is also identical. The way the hand protrudes from the cloak and manages the handkerchief, so as to cover, half cover, or uncover the face, is very coquettish and pretty to behold.

Improvement—that foe to the picturesque—has almost driven the wondrous old carriages of Lisbon off the face of the streets. The old vehicle is a species of cab on very high wheels, slung on two high beams of wood projecting from the framework which bears the wheels, and all gorgeously ornamented. Another form is evidently a sedan chair, with wheels put to the aft-shafts, and a mule between the fore ones. The funeral business is still carried on in them. The coffin is stuck transversely behind the splashboard; the priests, black-muzzled and sulky, follow in similar conveyances, without the coffin, each being drawn by handsome mules ridden by men in black hessians and cocked hats.

One of the great lions of Lisbon is Cintra, where is the house in which the Convention was *not* signed. I had been told so much of its incomparable beauty that when I got there I was foolish enough to be disappointed, and did not take as much interest in it as it was worth. It consists of a wondrous eruption of granite, now weathered into fantastic boulders broken and diversified in every way; and to those who could remain there for some days would I fancy grow in beauty every hour. The

old convent of La Peña, which stands on one of the peaks, is terribly tinkered up to make a hunting-lodge, and is nearly spoiled. The cloisters are, however, still beautiful; the pillars are of breccia, the walls covered with tiles; and all that is original shows the stamp of the best form of Moorish art. In the chapel is an altar-piece exquisitely carved out of white marble, but utterly spoiled by groups of common, coarsely-painted holy figures in front, and never enough to be execrated,—a Madonna in a white satin gown, probably a crinoline, and certainly a quantity of mock jewels of the coarsest Palais Royal tinsel! What detestable taste the modern Roman Catholic priests have! The rocks, too, outside are spoiled by a stupid ill-cut statue perched on one, and a crucifix on another, high enough to dwarf the rocks, without being high enough to make a decent pedestal of them. The pleasantest thing is a real old Moorish castle, carefully preserved, from which one has a wonderfully extensive view, but without any particular feature except that of universal brownness. Mafra looms enormous and gray in the distance. The north side about the town is very pretty indeed, and must in summer be a most delicious quarter to live in. It is a great place for villas and picnics. There is an Englishwoman who keeps a tavern in the town, who is supposed to know every officer in Her Majesty's Navy above the age of fifteen. Her legends are delicious and endless, and her dinners

are excellent and cheap. I have a feeling that if I were to go to Cintra again I should like it, particularly if I went in the spring; but even then the view can be nothing worth except for its extent, and the excellent idea it gives one of what these mysterious lines of Torres Vedras were. From what I can make out they seem to have consisted of a vast semicircle, one end resting on the sea, and the other somewhere else, the Tagus perhaps, with deep and steep ravines forming natural ditches, and numbers of montecules or little hills admirably adapted for permitting big guns to have a good look over the country.

Turned out in the dark at half-past four to go a snipe-shooting. Decks covered with water; men swishing and swashing and brooming about by the light of dips and lanthorns; midshipman of the watch paddling about without shoes or stockings, and his trousers tucked up to his knees.

Wandering and stumbling about disconsolately in the dark, I stumbled on the first lieutenant, who proposed hot cocoa out of the ship's coppers and ship's bread, most gratefully accepted. What admirable tackle for those who rise up early in the morning and have work before them; and such a lot of it,—no nonsensical cups, but a mighty jug! At six o'clock appeared Jack Fish, boatman of the Portuguese nation, much patronised by the midshipmen because he stuck another Portuguese, as the easiest way of deciding who was to carry a member

of the gun-room mess on board his ship. I infer from what I have heard that if Jack Fish was the boatman who stuck the other boatman, he must be at least a hundred years old, for the story cannot be traced to its original letter, so long has it been told. At last we got off in one of the gaudily-painted Lisbon boats, running before the wind across the lake to the south-east. The morning was well worth the turning out for, the sunrise just beginning to tint the sky before us, while behind glimmered the gas-lamps of Lisbon, looking blinking and disreputable in the pure fresh morning light. Running up an estuary, we landed near a closed country house of some size, and entering the fir woods we followed up the estuary for about a mile till we came to a village. This was in the last stage of dilapidation, but picturesque in the highest degree, a perfect study for an artist fond of broken lines.

The end of the straggling street seemed blocked up by a hedge of mighty aloes, most of them in bloom, with flower-stems of twenty or more feet high, and gigantic reeds twelve or fifteen feet high with stems as thick as gun-barrels. There were two or three men lounging about, dressed in bright blue garments, scarlet sashes, and bright green night-caps with red edges, who greeted us kindly through their noses after the fashion of their country. Two or three ox-carts, with the wheels made of a solid slice of tree,—a thousand years behind Pompeii,—croaking and screaming along; and then a turn to the right to

a little bridge crossing a stream which ran through the centre of the rice grounds.

The floor of the valley (about a quarter of a mile broad) was divided into small squares, with causeways of hard dried clay about a foot high around them. The crops had been gathered and nothing left but the long stubble, here and there covered with plashes of water. The soil of the sides of the valley was of bright light-coloured sand, covered with pretty heaths and shrubby plants and well-grown timber; pines of the most beautiful green, with bright brownish red stems, the foliage in a large clump at the summit; dry-looking black olives, and numerous cork-trees stripped of their cork for five or six feet up, exposing the dark red under-bark. The stems of these cork-trees and of the pines came out warm and rich among the dark wood when the sunlight fell upon them. The upper end of the valley was closed by a wild rugged range of mountains perfectly bare and barren, a real sierra. We plunged valiantly into the stubble, but found after two or three steps that further progress was utterly impossible. We sank above the knee in the toughest and most tenacious clay I ever put my foot into, and we were obliged to turn our faces landward and struggle back to the causeways along which we walked for the future. The squares were for the most part so small that we could command them with the gun, and the snipes so wild that they flushed easily. We were, however, obliged to wade

out to pick up any game, which seemed to take a perverse pleasure in falling into the stiffest and wettest bits it could select. Our wild boy, with his light carcase and broad feet, got on better at this than we did. Once I had really hard work to get out, going in nearly up to my middle. I was obliged to throw myself on my hands and knees, and then put my gun before me and rest upon it, for my arms went in as high as my elbows in a mighty disagreeable fashion. I can easily understand a man being lost here if he pumps himself out and falls on his face. I am certain that my legs gained at least three inches in length, from the tremendous drag I had to put on in order to pull them out.

After we left the village we only came across one house, a large farm with immense out-buildings, situated on a bluff overlooking the swamp. It was utterly without the frank openness of an English farmhouse, with blank, high, white walls, with a few jealous windows pierced high up, as if to command an enemy.

We shot several snipe in a garden of mighty pumpkins just under it, and as we did so the labourers issued forth for their afternoon's work. The men were dressed in white shirts and wide white drawers, red sashes, and enormously broad-brimmed hats; the women swathed in strange white garments, and their heads and part of their faces bound up in white wrapper. Along the road, which

was a little raised and about three feet broad, came ambling on a cock-tailed nag a smart-looking fellow with blue trousers, embroidered jacket, and scarlet sash, his wondrous saddle half concealing his pony, and with enormous wooden stirrups; by his side ran lightly and easily an attendant in light blue garments, who kept up with him with ease, and laughed and chattered as he ran. To us approached an enormous individual with a gun six feet long at least, whom we supposed to be a gamekeeper; he discoursed long to us through his nose, but finding no results therefrom he went his way up to the mountains and we saw him no more.

It was wondrous pleasant, lying down to luncheon on the hot baking sand, with the air filled with the rich aromatic scent of the forest, and bright butterflies and gigantic grasshoppers fluttering and bouncing about us, to think of London the foggy, with its dirty, sloshy, melting snow, and cold, searching, rheumatising winds. I am by no means sure, however, that one ought not to be frozen hard once a year; incessant sun mollifieth the particles and degenerates the pineal gland, wherein is the seat of the organs of activity according to the authors.

There are things, however, to which the sun gives additional force, as witness these grasshoppers, wondrous beasts with heads like horses, who jump four yards good at a leap, and smite one's midriff as a stone from a sling. See also the frogs, who are, though a feeble, a numerous folk, and cover the

marsh; I lost many a snipe from looking down at them. There was one smart young fellow with a stripe of the most vivid apple green down his back, who delighted me much. Why do they all, when they see me, put their hands over their heads, and after making believe to dive, sit down and look at me as much as to say 'You can't do that'? There are worse noises in the world than the cosy crooning conversation by day of well-bred frogs; they don't croak, they are only a little hoarse from sitting in the damp, like the member of the village choir when he had to sing a bass part,—a thought husky, as it were. At night it is another thing, and I question whether the frogs who croak at night are not another set,—a rowdy Haymarkety, in-office-all-day-and-out-for-a-lark sort of persons; but by day, and here, the frogs are aristocratic frogs and have manners corresponding. Bless me! if that delicate yellow thing with the spots was a dowager Portuguese princess, she could not look at me with more icy impertinence, or hold her chin higher in the air to show her yellow throat puffed up with windy importance. It seemed quite wrong to be snipe-shooting in the midst of all this life and sunshine, so unlike the cold steel-gray sky and rustling, lifeless, half-frozen sedges in which one kills friend Scape at home. Nevertheless we have killed them; put them out on the sand, pretty brutes,—how exquisitely marked are those feathers on the back, that tender creamy brown! If you want feathers

of as pretty a colour you must go to the bittern, and if you get them, make them into flies for your spring Welsh salmon-fishing, in case there ever be salmon in Wales. Don't count them; they are shamefully few owing to their own wildness and our study of natural history; yet enough for a ward-room supper, not counting these sleepy little quail, and all we are going to shoot this afternoon. You may say what you like, Doctor, you who know the Bog of Allen by heart; but the only time I have ever heard snipes drum was in the autumn coming home late from deer-stalking, just between the lights. The noise seems to come down to you from above; and from what I could see in the gloaming, I believe those who say that it is produced by the rapid vibration of the quill feathers as they force their way downwards, somehow or another, as everything in nature is done.

High up the valley long rows of men in white were digging up the light soil with enormous hoes, putting one wonderfully in mind of the slaves in Brazil as one used to see them in the picture-books. A hoeful of earth was dropped gravely into a small basket, which was conveyed to another part of the field by a small boy with great deliberation, where it was emptied out and smoothed; then the workman rested on his hoe, and the small boy sat on his basket, and they both gazed at creation generally till they mustered up energy enough to begin again.

We sauntered back again the way we came, and found a stiff breeze blowing which carried us back to the old ship about ten.

There were endless brown buzzards floating about us, and some shrill whistling, fork-tailed kites, but we tried in vain to bag them with snipe-shot.

We left Lisbon on Monday after a visit from the King and Queen attended with intense cannonading. We made a splendid run to Gibraltar, passing Cape Espichel, and then losing the land till we sighted Cape St. Vincent. Just round the point is Sagres, from which the great Portuguese voyagers sailed for discoveries in the fifteenth century; and farther round is Lagos, where Don Sebastian, who is supposed by many in Portugal to be coming back some day when wanted, collected the army which was utterly destroyed at the battle of Alcacerquibei in Africa,—called in the old books Alcazar. With whom served that proud-stomached Thomas Stukeley who called the queen his cousin, and of whom many plays and anecdotes were written at the time. This fleet sailed definitely from Lisbon in 1578.

Nothing can exceed the dreariness and desolation of this country as seen from the sea; the only permanent points are the hills of Foya de Monchique and Picota, which were in sight for some hours. I did not know that the Straits of Gibraltar were not straits with land close at hand on each side of them. I expected a wide expanse of sea with faint blue land north and south, somewhat like

unto the Straits of Dover. And behold the entrance to the French lake is more like a broad river than a narrow sea, and the noble hills on each side are so near as to permit of the closest examination. The African side, contrary to what one might expect, is not only the finest in contour, but positively the greenest and most richly coloured. It put me exceedingly in mind of the west of Scotland, barring the Apes Hill, which said hill is composed of mighty buttresses of light-coloured stone, unlike anything I ever saw before. The country seems covered with scrub, and looks a sporting one. We just got a glimpse of Tangiers, and saw the British Consul's flag flying away at a great rate, apparently about half as big as the town. Far away in the interior rise mighty blue mountains, and the whole has a deliciously wild and mysterious look, such as Africa ought to have, though I expected it browner. The Spanish side is utterly barren, barring a few scattered olive-trees. The curved ridges of naked limestone stand out of the barrenness like the ribs of a camel in the desert sand.

Tarifa makes a bright and sparkling white and yellow bit in the foreground, and has much quaint Moorish wall and turret about it. The women here still wear the yâshmâk, and an Englishman defended it against a Frenchman, for which see your Murray, if you have not mislaid it as I have. On the south side one gets a glimpse of Ceuta, a miserable hole, which the Spaniards are very anxious to swop with

us for Gibraltar, and out of which they dare not poke their noses for fear of being potted by the Moors.

At last the Glinour rock opens out, a lion couchant and regardant, his head resting on his paws watching the Mediterranean, with his tail turned contemptuously towards Spain; it really is so without the slightest effort of imagination. The Rock of Gibraltar is light greenish gray with very sparse vegetation; the town of Gibraltar is yellow and stretches along the western base of the hill.

The first thing I wished for on landing was the Neutral Ground, a place I always have had an intense longing to see ever since I read old Drinkwater's *Siege*, and that was some time ago. I was horribly afraid that I should find it improved and transmogrified, with barracks and drying grounds and little Bethesdas all over it. But it was not; it was just what I expected, flat and sandy, with aloes enough to give it character, and soldiers drilling and marching and firing at marks. But what I did not expect to see was the way the Rock rose out of it. I have seen a few fine cliffs in my time, but I really think I never saw the like of the north end of the Rock of Gibraltar. Down from above in one sheer unbroken wall fourteen hundred feet, not into the sea, a mere rock for waves to break against, but down into the land for men to surge against (from that side) in vain. A cliff on land,—I do not mean a mountain cliff with broken and rugged ground at its base, but a cliff going sheer into a flat plain, is

always a very striking thing. In this respect I have never seen anything at all to compare with the Rock of Gibraltar. The Rothenfelzs near Vereutznach are the only comparable things that come into my head at this moment; and they, in spite of their brilliant colour at sunset, are infinitely inferior. They, and Swiss and Tyrolese cliffs, dwindle off into small meannesses at their sides, in a way which destroys their effect; the eye cannot take them in all at once. Gibraltar stands out from the plain one perfect crystal with a personality about it,—not a mere rock which has been made use of by men, but a thing made purposely to answer a great purpose.

I am surprised that I have never heard more of the scenery about Gibraltar. It is not grand, but it is decidedly fine and wild on all sides. The sierras towards the cork-wood are black and jagged, and the coast-line away to the east is bold and of a warm glowing copper colour. From most points the bay seems entirely landlocked, the southern barrier being formed by the Apes Hill. It is a pity that it is not really landlocked, for its value as a coal-bunker is seriously diminished when a south-wester sweeps in. I saw a ship go ashore one afternoon in a heavy gale, and a big frigate obliged to get her steam up and away; also the captain came off in a gunboat, and steamed round us and went back again, being unable to board from the short nasty sea.

The *Sumpter*, a crazy-looking craft, is anchored near us, and a Yankee gunboat at Algeçsira watching

her, as is also a great lumbering merchant barque outside that calls herself a man-of-war. If the population of Gibraltar can get her off they will; and even the fishermen at Catalan Bay are quite Southern in their proclivities.

The walks about the Rock are very delicious, and cut with a good eye for a prospect. It is a great run all round, and up, and down; the Rock is not as bare of vegetation as it looks from a distance, and all sorts of pretty and quaint plants crop up wherever there is a handful of soil. The ridge at the top is a real knife-back very often, with a sheer precipice down to the sea on one side, and another, only a little less sloping, down to the town on the other. You might roll a stone from the top almost into the chimneys of Gibraltar; but if you did, you would be immediately shot by a sentry, then hanged, drawn, and quartered, and made into mess-beef by the Jews. What is the use of firing at such a thing as the Rock of Gibraltar?' You might as well bombard Mont Blanc. Even the old Moorish castle still stands, though with innumerable scars received in the various attacks. The guns are everywhere, on every little terrace of rock, masked among bright scarlet aloes and fancy shrubs, in long galleries, and in regular-built batteries—I shall not say how many there are for fear of giving evidence to the enemy, and, moreover, I have forgotten. The town is highly nasty and smells so; it is really disgraceful to the military. A garrison town should, in the fitness of

things, be the cleanest of towns instead of being the dirtiest, as it generally is, always saving and excepting Valetta. Jews, Turks, and infidels swarm in the streets ; the Moors, with hens and eggs from Barbary, are by far the most Christian and gentlemanly-looking.

I have gone round to Catalan Bay, and have hired a boat for fishing purposes ; it is a small boat of oval shape, very strongly built, almost solid with timber, and carries an enormous triangular sail. We begin by trying for *bonito*, the tackle consisting of a stout line terminating in two or three yards of fine brass wire beautifully mounted with strong swivels, and our bait a whole mackerel. As we thrash along with the boat gunwale under (being boarded a quarter of the way across the deck on each side for this reason), our backs against one side, and our feet wet with the rush of water against the other, our bait spins about thirty yards after us, bouncing and leaping clear of the water from the pace we go. There is a bright flash in the sunshine, a mighty tug, and we play and haul in a lively fish some five or six pounds, which puts one in mind of a mackerel, but is far more beautiful. His back is a wavy shaded blue, with a few darker oblique bars, and his stomach pure mother-of-pearl. When we get him we stick a knife into the back of his head, and as he dies such shifting and changing of beautiful colours sweep over him, such metallic glories of steel-blue and opal quiver and flicker across back and belly! A love

of a fish,—look at his racing head with its strong regular teeth, and how his body fines away almost to nothing to his arched tail; no wonder he pulls and fights and leaps so deftly out of the water. Another, and many more, till the breeze comes down so strongly as to make it too wet to work longer, so 'bout ship and run under the lee of the old Rock to try for other game. . . . .

It is dead calm here; just a pleasant long glassy swell that lifts our boat gently up and lets her slide gently down its side. How the base of the Rock is gnawed into caverns and fantastic holes; and fretted gracefully with the calcareous deposits of ages, and roofed by millions of pendent stalactites, lighted up strangely by the strong sunlight reflected up from the clear blue water flickering and flickering over roof and side. We lay and enjoyed the surge and swell and soft murmuring boom of the blue wave as it glides up into the caverns and kisses their rocky lips, and delivers its blow at the sturdy old Rock, not in anger,—a sort of friendly dig in the ribs from old Ocean to mother Earth,—and then the cool jingle, musical and tinkling, of the out-suck, as the wave retires again, and the pleasant dripping of the bright crystal for a minute or two till a fresh wave surges in. Out of this cave sweep flocks of pigeons swift and smiting of wing, lighter coloured than our blue rocks, and across their dark mouths flash and scream brilliant kingfishers, lighting up the darkness with glorious flashes of green light, like precious stones.

Quiet gulls sit tamely outside, Quakerlike and sleek, in their white waistcoats and drab coats, with yellow bills marked with red, like a jaundiced friend with a red nose, sly and rapacious for all their demureness, unlike the Quaker in that perhaps,—perhaps not.

The water seems solidly blue beneath us except when we swing over some patch of white rock or sand, and then it suddenly becomes translucent and transparent, and lets us see the beautiful little rock-fish playing in and out of the rock crannies, and round and about the waving sea-weeds. The fishing for these fish is as the fishing for roach; a light rod of a single cane, a long gut line and small hooks, and the omnipotent shrimp for a bait. As bottom-fishing it is excellent; indeed, with the exception of fishing for perch, when there are any and they bite, the only sort of bottom-fishing to be endured by the generous soul. One never knows what is going to happen next, either in the matter of shape or colour. The most brilliant, perhaps, is a small chap with two bright red and one bright apple-green stripes laid longitudinally on to each side, as bright as if freshly done with a brush and then varnished. Many put one much in mind of the domestic roach and dace at home. Some are like roach and dace mangled out flat, with a round black spot above the tail. These are good eating, as is also a beautiful silvery fish with golden bars along his side. Plenty of red bream there are who fight well and make great fun. The big Spanish bream lie farther out and require

the hand-line. They are a noble fish, but not so much handsomer than our own sea bream. By-and-bye come a shoal of silvery gray mullet, sparkling and flipping and splashing, making the water look like molten silver rapidly stirred; more play than feed, they seem to be practising how to jump over the line. At Naples they put down a long line quietly, and connect the two ends; then they float another net flat on sticks round the first, and on kicking up a bobbing inside, my lively friends leap out of one and into the other, whence they are picked by a man who rows round in a boat.

My Catalan deplores the absence of his mullet tackle; he says he uses bread-crumb (what I fancy the cockneys call paste), and that they bite freely. I have tried every sort of dodge with them in the Arun, which swarms with them, but I could never get them to take. They would give grand sport if they did, for I have often seen them six or seven pounds weight. In spite of the proverb, Arundel mullet are very poor eating indeed, and so are almost all the gray mullet I have tasted. I have, however, eaten excellent ones at Naples, which I suspect come from that paradise of fishes, Messina. I wish some one would write a comprehensive book about the Mediterranean fishes. Why does no one do for them what Gould and others do for the birds? As far as Europe is concerned, they are far more beautiful, and there must be unnumbered points of interest about them still unguessed at. Here is one fellow which

amuses me much; he is like a very round, well-shaped roach with a blunt nose; pull it, and out comes a most beautiful telescope of transparent silvery cartilage, which must be the very thing for fetching a shrimp out of a crack. Why are they of such different shapes? are some of them intended to go into the narrow holes and some into the round ones? It really looks like it.

I should like to say something about the coast-line of Spain and the beautiful snow range of the Sierra Nevada, far away in the interior; it is very fine and richly coloured. Parenthetically, I beg to remark that I am writing under the most extreme difficulties; it is blowing nearly a full gale of wind, and the ship is bucketing about in this nasty short sea in a way that makes it almost impossible to keep the pen on the paper, much less to spell correctly. For now, on this 26th day of November, I am on the Mediterranean Sea, bowling along before a stiff nor'-wester blowing, Bill, which bright is the 'eavens above our 'eads and blue is the waters beneath our keel; and when the waves come racing up astern, and the sun shines through their deep blue tops, there is such a glimmering and a gleaming of a bright green tint, caused I suppose by the yellow light of the sun, that,—I really don't know what, having to leave off and hold the ink with one hand and the table with the other, for seven consecutive rolls and likewise the same number of pitches. All I know is that when old Admiral Lyons,—him as

they made a Lord of and is gone to glory, a terrible old chap for buznacking about where he had no call so to do—used to go in to his dinner, the boatswain used to observe, in a low tone of voice, 'For what *you* are going to receive, the Lord make *us* truly thankful! We have got rid of you for the next twenty minutes, you blessed buznacking old buffer.' At least those weren't exactly the words he used, but they was the effect of them, as one might say.

28th November 1862—*off Algiers.*—A summer sky, a summer sea and a summer sun, a perfect collar of SS' to the south, a black broken outline of hills, with a glorious snow range traversing above it; Mount Juyera looking like perpetual snow, but from its height as marked on the charts, some six or seven thousand feet, it must be merely a winter blanket. The day inexpressibly calm and quiet, so much so as to render it necessary to do something to prevent our going to sleep. Let us to great gun practice,—bright red flame, thick spouts of white and yellowish smoke, the blue sea suddenly spouting up tall columns of spray; big shells bursting just where they are told, with a bright intense flame and a round, hard cloud of woolly smoke, ploughing and tearing the sea far and near with the splinters that fall, first in sheets, then by dozens, and lastly, by single dropping masses long after you thought all was over, and far, far away from where the shell burst; the big 68-lb shot and shell clearly visible, like black pills as they curve through

the air with a scream and a howl. Below deck groups of splendid fellows tossing about the 95-cwt. guns like toys, excited, eager, but not noisy; everything done rightly at the right moment; a roar, a flash, a gust of choking smoke, and far away the snow-white column of spray, with the dense cloud of the burst shell crowning it, drifting away slowly to leeward. There is not so much smoke between decks as I expected; and even after a broadside the air is clear enough, inside and out, to permit another to be effectual as soon as it is ready. Down into the magazines, where wonderful things might have been seen could you but have seen them; but it was 'A little gloaming light, much like a shade.' It was comforting even to have that; there were no lights in the magazine, they being placed behind thick glass windows in the light-room; uncomfortable in that the magazine is only splinter, not shell proof. I wonder if one was to come in just now, and the whole business was to go off at once, whether one would have time to feel oneself breaking up into small bits? I was struck by hearing an old rhyme coming up from below in the intervals of roaring that I had not heard since I was a boy. I traced it to the gunner. It was slowly spoken with great care as to time.

'Fire on the port-side!—*bang!*
Fire on the bow!—*bang!*
Fire on the gundeck!—*bang!*
Fire down below!—*bang!*'

What a pity we have nobody to shoot at! The small pieces we should knock him into would be a caution.

Practice with ships' revolvers is uncertain, from the whole weight of the heavy pistol resting on the finger which pulls the trigger. The way Jack screws and contorts his mug while taking aim is a sight to see. 'Bill Jones, if you point that revolver again to a man's head, I'll report you.' 'I wasn't pointing it to nobody's 'ead, sir; I was a-hoolding it like this,' presenting the pistol to the back of the man's head before him, full cocked and his finger on the trigger.

This afternoon we buried a man sewed up in his hammock, the Union Jack over all. The body was brought up on a grating from below, the bearers looking pale and nervous, the clergyman in full canonicals meeting it at the hatchway and walking before it to the starboard gangway reading the burial service. Forward was a crowd of eager, interested, curious faces; the marines drawn up with reversed arms; officers in groups on the poop. All hats off, a dead silence, even the ship hardly making a sound; a gentle cheeping of blocks and gurgling of water, more like a hush than a noise; not a reef-point tapping; all quiet, except the ship's bell, an angry, thrilling bell, jarring on the silence once a minute. Bright, glorious sun, and lowering white sails far above us. The voice of the chaplain sounding strangely distinct in the silence; a nod

to the men at the grating,—'We commit this our brother to the deep'—a slight rattle, a lighter splash, and down went a man who tried to cure the effects of his wife's infidelity by ship's rum.

It is a wondrous sight to see Jack forming square to resist cavalry on the quarter-deck in heavy weather; the whole square slides across the deck as one man, to the immense delight of its constituent party.

Algiers, 29th November 1863.—Although Jack Frenchman has transmogrified the lower part of Algiers into a French town, the upper part is still utterly and totally Algerine. The town generally looks as if it had been poured over the edge of the hill, and had thinned and expanded a little at the bottom. The effect of the new part is utterly spoiled by a long row of gaping arches which are being built for the Government by Peto, and are intended to hold enormous quantities of the produce of the country, when there is any. The place is clean and smart and pretty, as most French towns are, but there seems but little real traffic or business going on. I cared not for the new, but busied myself entirely in the old, occasionally descending to get a whiff of fresh air, for the smells were really appalling. The town is crowned by the Casba or citadel, the palace and fortress of the Dey; a place well worth seeing, but not containing anything very peculiar to describe, barring a very pretty fountain with twisted columns, surmounted by a

large egg-shaped block of polished granite. The streets are as narrow as streets can be, very often barely three feet wide, with the houses overhanging and often meeting. One gets most lovely views of the sea and the bay generally looking down these said lanes. It is all quaint, untouched, and as thoroughly Eastern as anything I have seen. One hardly sees a European in the upper part of the town, and the tall, sad-faced Moors stalk about as noiselessly as ghosts. They are fine fellows to look at, face and figure. The Jewesses are the points of colour, being gorgeously, not to say gaudily, dressed and covered with gold coins. The shape of their garments puts one in mind of that of English and French women sixty years ago,—a very short waist, under the armpits, with a great expanse of arms and bosom. The Moorish women slip about in white trousers and a sort of coat reaching to the knees, with a thin white veil held across the face just below the eyes, which are limpid and languid. They are rather fond of dropping this veil for a moment before a European, if there be no Moor looking on; but I saw little to justify them in such a proceeding. There seems nothing to do but to wander in and out and round about the narrow lanes, and I suppose that one would get tired of that eventually, though at first, and to one who has never seen the East, it is very full of interest. I could hear of no good shooting except at enormous distances; lions are getting very

scarce everywhere, and only to be got at by turning out a squadron of Spahis, and having a regular *funcion.* The zoological garden is but poor, but I saw a beast, which was distinctly a cheetah or hunting leopard, labelled as a leopard from the interior. In the Casba at Algiers I saw an old iron gun doing duty as a post by the wayside; on it was a rose and E. R. 15.

I do not think, from what I heard and saw, that Algiers can be a very first-rate place for a consumptive patient. It is flaringly, blazingly bright, and there is great want of pleasant and shady walks. The only garden is generally crowded by very queer people indeed. Messena and Catania, the first wet and the second dry alternately, are well worth trying, and the scenery of both is perfectly lovely. Somehow Algiers has no smack of the sea; and that tideless stewpan of a harbour can be little less unwholesome than that of Naples.

On a piece of newly macadamised road are playing a troop of dirty, but gaudily-dressed little French boys; to them from a side path a long line of camels and wild Arabs, at whom the little boys commence 'lancing' stones after their cowardly fashion, spitefully and insolently. The Arabs, though hit, take it in good part and chivy the boys with their long sticks, the boys continuing to shy so long as they are in reach. Nobody thinks of interfering. Little French boys are the most spoiled, conceited, precocious little wretches in the

world, with the one possible exception of American boys. Such a thing as check or correction is unknown, and we all know the consequence. One comfort is that they only increase at the rate of two per cent per annum in all the empire of France.

To me presently comes Mohammed in the Grande Place: 'Sare, would you like to see Arab Dervish play the devil?' Most certainly, I shall be delighted. We will meet at eight.

We were led up through the narrow streets, the houses closing nearly over our heads, until we reached one not far from the Casba. We were civilly invited to enter by a decently-dressed Moor, and passing along a few feet of dark passage we found ourselves in the theatre of the pseudo-religious drama. This was a central covered courtyard of a well-to-do Algerine house, some fourteen or fifteen feet square, I fancy, surrounded by a corridor of well-turned Moorish arches, three on each side, supported by twisted columns tipped by the debased Corinthian capitals so common in Algiers. These supported some twelve feet from the ground another series of columns and arches, which looked dim and mysterious enough in the imperfect lighting. The whole was neatly whitewashed, and was evidently the living part of the house.

As we went along the lower corridor, we had to our right a staircase which led up to the upper one. In the corner to our left was an archway opening

into a room in which we could see three or four men dressed like the ordinary Algerines, seated cross-legged, with their backs against the wall; in the opposite corner was another archway opening into another room, which also contained seated figures, better dressed and evidently superior in rank to those on our left. In the right-hand opposite corner was a projection which apparently communicated with the apartments at the back, and every now and then some one would come and lounge on it for a few moments, and vanish like a spirit. Above, in the gallery, we could just catch a glimpse of the white veils of the women in the gloom. Under the corridor to our left sat the sheik, master of the house and head of the sect, a placid old man of eighty who looked neither particularly roguish nor particularly fanatical. On either side of him sat one or two decently-dressed Arabs; on his right, one with a red skull-cap who, we were told, was a neophyte, or, as the Irish assistant-surgeon called him, a zoophyte. The square central court was covered with red matting, and around this were spread thin mattresses. In the centre stood a low table about a foot high, with a candle a yard long upon it. Standing round this were eight or ten wiry fellows, some of whom were thumping tambourines and chanting monotonously, others joining in the chant, without the tambourines, the hands held with the palms uppermost and little fingers touching. I do not know the substance of the melody, it was the

usual *wa-a-a-ā, wa-a-ă-ā-Ab-del Kader-Ab̄-del Kader!* that one hears everywhere, and was evidently merely a light prelude to the real business.

After a time servants appeared bearing a mighty bowl of *kouscous*, with lumps of mutton in it, which was handed round to us and of which we ate sparingly. After we had finished, a number of children sat down and cleaned the bowl in a very short time; these, we were told, were orphans, and that the money we had paid went partly to provide the poor little brats with a supper. Lastly, fresh *kouscous* was brought in, the sheik and the men sat round it and discussed it gravely and decently. There was but one spoon, which was handed round from one to the other; the sheik, however, when he wished to honour a guest, shovelled a spoonful into his mouth; whereby it happened that as he reached across the bowl, two eager heads darted forward, one getting the bowl of the spoon, and the other the handle in his mouth, which made a perplexity for the moment between all these parties. After the bowl had been removed and fresh water been passed round, all the guests rose and chanted what we were told was a song of gratitude for the banquet.

There was then brought in and placed on the table a brazier of live charcoal. Three men squatted round it, active wiry fellows with long sinewy arms and bare throats, with the muscles standing out like cords. To each of them was given a mighty tambourine of the shape, make, and size of a corn-

sieve, with parchment instead of perforations. These they took and thumbed and fingered and tapped, as a sort of tuning prelude; then, after a discussion as to their various states of tone, they were held over the brazier into which a little incense had been sprinkled and which glowed redly on their brown faces. This was done either to hallow them, which was probable, or to corrugate their tympanums into a proper state of exciting sharpness, which was still more so. After more thrummings and rappings and toastings, everything seemed right, and there was a moment's pause.

Swaying from side to side as they sat, they then began a monotonous nasal song, beating time to it on their tambourines. Gradually the song waxed wilder and louder, and the thumping and banging more and more energetic, though a rude time was always carefully kept; louder and louder till the whole place was filled with sound, and the faces of the performers flushed into a bright brick red and their eyes gleamed like live coals. Watching as carefully as I could for the infernal din, I saw one of the men cautiously take a pinch of something from his sleeve and cast it in the brazier. He then, as if accidentally, waved the smoke backward to the men sitting behind him, who soon began to show gorged faces and bloodshot eyes. One man evidently tried to avoid the fumes, he was wrestled with and held over the brazier, till I thought he would have had a fit. Suddenly, so suddenly as to

startle one, two men bounced up from the floor with fearful yells, their faces, necks, and eyes engorged with blood, their lips working, and the thin foam appearing from between them in what, if wholly simulated, was the most perfectly imitated attack of sudden epileptic mania I ever saw. The moment they were on their legs they were laid hold of by the attendants behind, their skull-caps taken off, a long white garment slipped over their heads, and their long top-knots (and I was surprised to see what a quantity of hair these apparently shaven Moors carried under their fez) unwound and tossed in admired disorder about their necks and faces. Wrapped up as to their arms in the above-mentioned cloths, they looked like lunatics suffering from a severe relapse at the moment they were being shaved. They danced, they yelled, at first in cadence, and afterwards in short spasmodic howls; they jumped, they hopped, they kicked, they made as if they were going to plunge head foremost into the brazier; and at last began to spin their heads round and round upon their shoulders with a velocity that threatened to send them off into infinite space, with an initial velocity highly dangerous to the by-standers. Knavery or not, it was a really strange and wild scene. Whenever they seemed on the verge of doing themselves or the bystanders a mischief, watchful attendants started from the pillars against which they were leaning and caught them round the waist. One individual was very fond of

casting himself suddenly and violently backwards against the wall; he was always caught just in time; but I was wicked enough to wish that his friend would 'miss his tip' for once, in order to see what effect the sharp contact of the marble would have upon him. The noise of the tambourines and the yells of the singers were absolutely deafening. There was not a moment's pause; it was one incessant throbbing, beating mass of sound. The faces of the two dancers became perfectly horrible; as their heads spun round and round, the white eyes glared from the tangled mass of hair, and the foam really and actually flew in flakes from their lips,—real epileptic foam tinged with blood. One of them had a mass of black hair, and the other still more of iron gray. The hair of both became perfectly matted with perspiration, and it was clear that human nature could not hold out much longer. Suddenly the gray-haired man yelled louder than ever and fell back, as if shot through the heart, into the arms of the attendants, who immediately bundled him up and carried him away into the outside darkness. The black-haired one freed his arms from their covering and made a dash at the lighted charcoal, biting and crunching it between his teeth as if it had been dry toast. Had he stopped there I should have been the more satisfied; but when he laid a red-hot bit on his white tongue till it frizzled, and holding a piece between his teeth blew out till it blazed again, lighting up his jaws like a lanthorn and sending a

stream of sparks like a firework, I began to think that I had seen the same sort of thing before. He managed to upset the charcoal all over the floor, which caused a slight commotion among the orchestra, but immediately danced it out with his bare feet, no very difficult feat for a horny-hoofed Moor accustomed to walk barefooted over the scalding stones of Algiers. Still the infernal roar continued, and from the floor bounced up fresh dancers who danced themselves into insanity and exhaustion; sometimes they reeled, panting and groaning, to the feet of the sheik, who plucked them with the tips of his fingers, kissed them on the forehead, and seemed to make magical passes over them, they the while kissing and nuzzling over his hand with apparent veneration. There was something very striking about this; it gave one the idea that they believed in the power of the sheik to comfort and relieve them under their self-inflicted torments. Finally they were caught and carried out like the first.

Meanwhile, my black-haired friend, refreshed by his supper of live charcoal, was casting about for some other means of doing himself a personal injury, and I was told by the dragoman that something very horrible was coming. He howled his way to the sheik, who put his fingers to his head in a mysterious manner like a secret sign, and handed him an iron pin about a foot long, fairly sharp at the end and about as thick as one's little

finger; at one end of this was a solid ball of iron, as large as a large orange and with divers mysterious rings and bits of chain attached to it. On getting tired of this charming plaything, the man howled ten times worse than ever, and seemed very sorry indeed for himself, really very sorry, as if he had to do something particularly unpleasant, but which it was his duty to do. After several feints he advanced to the centre of the court, and, throwing his head back, stuck the sharp point of the spike into the inner corner of his right eye, holding it perpendicularly there for a few seconds. Then with yells worse than ever he began screwing it round and round, forcing the eye farther and farther out, till I really began to be afraid that it would part company with his head altogether. Humbug though it might all be, the thing was really horrible; the unnatural round white eye coming farther and farther out on to the gorged and purple cheek, the contortions of agony, simulated or not, while the creature's incessant ear-splitting yells and the unceasing *tum-tumming* of the tambourines, really almost made one's head spin. He had enough of it at last; his yells subsided into panting groans, and, holding his head forward, the spike with its heavy ball remained suspended from his eye for half a second and then tumbled with a bump and a jingle on the floor. At this moment a young Nubian, who was sitting close to me under a flaring tallow candle, jumped up with a yell and a bounce that made me start from its

evident sincerity. I thought for a moment that he was stricken with insanity; but turning to the spluttering candle, and scrubbing himself back-handedly between the shoulders, he cursed it in set terms; and we discovered that a stream of scalding tallow had quietly dribbled between his shirt and himself, and given at least one individual a real sensation. Savagely he blew the candle out, and defiantly he squatted under it, bouncing up again with a fresh yell as he brought his blistered back into sharp contact with the wall. The black-haired maniac still continued the principal performer, and grew more and more mad; a tenth of the energy he used would have sufficed a navigator for a day's hard work. On the sheik handing him a sword he became dreadfully sorry for himself again, and howled in agony of spirit. At last, placing the pummel of the sword on the floor he cast himself upon the point, he being naked saving and excepting a very scanty pair of cotton drawers. I confess that the action did not seem as energetic and determined as that of Saul in the picture Bible; and his hands fumbled with the point in a manner which suggested the idea of his not wishing it to penetrate too deeply. He did the thing very well however, struggling with all his might apparently on the sword, gyrating round and round and yelling as furiously as ever. At last, raising himself upright, foaming and raging, he presented the disagreeable spectacle of the sword sticking in the

navel standing straight out from the body. With this appendage he staggered once or twice round the court, and at last pulling out the sword, fell backwards, was caught and carried away, and we saw him no more.

Not for a single instant since the commencement had the din of the singers and the tambourines slackened in the least, and the whole party seemed every moment to become more insane. There was a quiet-looking, smartly-dressed young fellow, with a gold watch and chain, sitting at my feet, who suddenly started up and danced as madly as the rest, regardless of the utter disarrangement of his fine clothes and the sacrifice of his buttons. I watched another, a stout florid young fellow sitting not far from me, for some time; his eyes grew wilder, his face more bloated, and the veins of his neck stood out more prominently every moment; he said nothing, but sat and looked exactly as if he were choking himself privately. Suddenly he bounced up, and seizing a smaller and thinner maniac round the neck with one arm, they both began to yell and dance with a measured cadence, a kick out behind, one before, and a twirl round, yelling and whirling their heads till their brains must have been like batter pudding. I timed these worthies, and they kept up this violent dance for twenty-three minutes without stopping. When they were worked up to a perfect state of frenzy the sheik took a large thick cactus leaf covered with long spines, and held it out towards them. The

moment they saw it they gave the wild cry of the camel, and throwing themselves down before him, they began biting large mouthfuls from the leaf, making the groaning and gurgling sounds of the brute they were imitating. The old sheik held it quietly out, every now and then removing the sharp spines from their lips and faces, and sticking them composedly into the leaf again, like pins into a pincushion. This 'doing camel' was evidently highly popular, and the shrill wild *ululu* came down with prolonged vigour from the white-shrouded figures in the upper gallery.

After this the interest in the performance tailed off a little. One man tried to do wonders with a piece of red-hot iron, but was evidently afraid of burning his fingers; he however held it between his teeth, and put it on his tongue, and made himself more familiar with it than I should have liked to have done; but to any one who has seen the marvels in the way of meddling with hot and molten metals that English workmen indulge in for a pot of beer, the business was not very startling.

Then there was a pause, and a prolonged search, a lifting up of carpets, a shaking of drawers, and a peeping into burnooses. On asking the dragoman, we were informed that somebody had sat upon the box of scorpions and that they had escaped. On this hint we rose and fled, most happy to exchange the heavy incense-laden air of that intolerable den for the fresh sea-breeze and calm, cool quiet of the

night. I am told that they do verily eat these scorpions, crunching them up alive like shrimps, but possibly relieving them of the last joint of their tails by a secret pinch.

Of course this is for the most part charlatanism, but I think that with it is mixed up a vast deal of real and possibly dangerous excitement. I am certain that most of the performers worked themselves into a state but little removed from mania, and, if I may believe what I am told, that many of them did it from a religious feeling. Much of this excitement is, I suspect, caused by burning stimulating narcotics in the incense; most probably some form of Indian hemp, *bhang* or *haschish*. The tremendous engorgement of the face and neck, and the state of the eyes, could hardly have been assumed at a moment's notice by a mere effort of the will. It would, I think, be far better without the tricks than with them; but there are those who think the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius an edifying addition to the sacrifice of the Mass. The French do not like it at all, and the men are not allowed to go through the performance without the express permission of the Prefect of Police. If these fellows were to descend into the street and do their lunacies before an impressionable mob of Moors, I think there would very probably be a row; the thing is catching, and I myself had a horrible inclination to cast my 'tubular turban' into the arena and go raving mad with the rest. The sect is a distinct

one, and I was told that I might join it and receive the power of making a fool of myself without my religion being any bar. Among the ceremonies of admission, however, is that of the sheik opening your mouth and spitting down your throat, which I would rather not, thank you, and shall probably succeed in making a fool of myself without it. There are a large number of these people in Algeria, and the sect is found in other parts of the East, particularly at Cairo; but I am afraid that the visitors at Shepheard's Hotel have had a baneful influence and promoted counterfeits.

We paid; but at certain times the money is merely nominal,—far too little even to pay for the supper. They say themselves that they only receive it to distribute it in charity; and from what I know, I am certain that they can make nothing by it in this world. In fine, it is as pretty a bit of fetish-worship as one would wish to see; and it is strongly recommended to our Revivalists, who might pick up some useful hints from it in their own line.

V

'AMONG THE SHARKS AND WHALES'

'PLEASE, sir, turn out; there's another whale and thresher hard at it on the starboard bow.'

I have asked to be 'turned out' (expressive term) whenever the watch considers that there is anything going on in sea or sky a little beyond the common, and so, though knowing pretty well by previous experience what I am likely to see, I turn out; for albeit the wonders of my nautical friends are not always quite as great as they fancy, I might now and again miss something really worth seeing were I to turn up my nose at them.

Well, from the cool, dewy morning deck what do I see? Something which, as I expected, I have often seen before, but which is always worth seeing again. A sapphire blue sea, white flecked by the crisp trade winds, and out of it, some three or four hundred yards off, glittering in the level sunbeams, a mighty, bright, silvery white sabre, twenty or thirty feet long and three or four across, arising with a grand slow steady sweep and then descending with

increased rapidity, till it reaches the sea with a crash that makes the blue water break up into white spray, and the spray into white foam, which goes drifting down the wind like the smoke from a heavy gun. Again, and again, and again; slowly and rhythmically, with a sense of intensity and power about it that makes one fancy that were even the iron *Northumbria* within reach of one of these mighty cuts, she would be cloven to the very keel.

It is very grand. What could give one a greater idea of unlimited animal force, backed by uncontrolled animal ferocity? How odd it is, however, that watching through the binocular, we should only see one of these silver sabres, and that one always of the same curve apparently; one and one only. What known animal carries such a solitary weapon anywhere about him? And, moreover, if it be a fair fight, on what are those terrible blows descending?

Ah, look at those mighty black whale-flukes twelve feet and more across, with their white marbled undersides gleaming in the sun, lashing the water close by. They must belong to a very big bull whale, and how awfully he must be catching it! The spray flies to heaven like the smoke of a furnace.

But why, as we watch him, does he continue to stand on his head, and kick up such a confounded churning with this tail of his? Is he the last of the Soors, or the Asoors, brewing another Amrieta cup of immortality? And if not, why does he remain within reach of his tormentor, instead of running

away or simply 'sounding' to the 'bottom of the deep blue sea'? And if that mighty sabre does belong to a hostile thresher, why does it not 'thresh,' or at least make a decent chop at the threshed, if there be strange beasts below who will not permit him to dive?

How stupid is brute force when blinded by passion! 'Ain't it sad to see whales gettin' mad and actin' jest like human beins?' 'Wall, I dunno.' If this is being blinded by passion, it seems to me that being blinded by passion would be a very good thing in a shindy; for here, if the combatants do kick up the deuce of a spray, they certainly do not seem to be doing each other any very great harm. I know not whether marine animals ever get up 'naval demonstrations,' but this, if it be a hostile affair, must be something like them; like Bardolph and his modern representatives, 'they face it out and fight not.'

For my own part, the more I study this mixture of thunderstorm and geyser, this apparently mortal antagonism between coal-black flukes and silver sabre (by the way, Frithiof seems to have seen something of the sort), the more I am drawn to the conclusion that, like many other rows, there is mighty little fight in it after all. A proof of what people used to say in those wicked times when personal courage was considered a better national and domestic defence than mere 'jaw,' 'the bigger the row, the worser the fight.'

As far as I can make out by the aid of my own limited lights, this particular affair between the thresher and the whale resolves itself, on examination, into a mere bit of an exceedingly 'domestic drama,' though I do not deny that there are more scenes in it than the one I have just tried to describe to you. In this particular, and, as far as my observation goes, most frequently represented one, Madame Ceta, half reclining on one side, holds Miss or Master Ceta, as the case may be, cuddled close to her head by one dainty silver flipper, while with the other she applauds that dear old dunderhead Papa (she has been married before and knows how to manage him), who fancies that he is displaying his grace and agility to the admiration of his wife and the delight of her child by standing on his head, and making a fool of himself generally with his tail, while she murmurs to dear little Ceta (who already knows a thing or two), 'Yes, darling, it is very absurd, but we had better keep him in good humour, so I'll flop again.' I have seen this act of the drama played in ocean play-houses very distant from each other. One was off the Cape de Verd (a paradise for a spring yacht-cruise for the man who understands what he is about), when the principal part was taken by Madame Megaptera, the long-winged whale, she of the silver sabre, and again by the smaller right whale, a cousin of Megaptera (*Megaptera australis*?), off that strange trio of rocks away in the open sea which we include in the name of Norfolk Island.

On one of these rocks the fleas, left by the convicts thirty or forty years ago, rush out in red hosts from the deserted cells (what awful irons were lying in those cells when I saw them last!) and almost tear the clothes off your back in their eagerness for another taste of human blood. On another the rabbits (and wonderfully nasty rabbits they are too) live in the trees like birds; while on the third, the sea-birds burrow underground like rabbits, and croak horribly from below as you walk over their heads.[1]

There it was that I remember watching from the deck of the dear old *Albatross*, now crumbling on the coral of the Ringold Islands, a cow whale, with her calf and the bull, all playing together with evident mutual enjoyment, the cow reclining with her little one resting on one flipper, while with the other she splashed Papa as he made dashes of affected ferocity at his offspring; and then standing on his head made the water fly with his tail, apparently for the mere fun of the thing. Just as pretty a bit of domesticity as you could wish to see, and with tenderness and affection enough about it to set up a dozen sexless sister- or brotherhoods with those beautiful, but in certain circles rather rare, virtues.

We were blown off our anchorage that same morning, but a month or two afterwards I met at

[1] The worst thing you can do is to land rabbits on desolate islands, and goats are nearly as bad. One destroys the grass, and both the trees.

Auckland a descendant of the Mutineers of the *Bounty* (a delightful people, but doomed by the natural law against the intermarriage of distinct races), who told me that mother, father, and baby, had all been successfully harpooned on the afternoon of the day we left, and the pleasant little family party had been resolved into so many gallons of train-oil, to his no small personal emolument. I wonder what became of the trifold affection existing between the three when I saw them last? Was that eternally boiled down with the blubber? But it is of no more use philosophising on that subject than on any other without facts to go upon. Still it seemed to me almost a pity, but then I do not deal in, or particularly like, train-oil. Do you remember that quaint whimsy of Tom Hood the father? '*Viator.* It is curious to consider the family of whales, growing thinner according to the propagation of parish lamps. *Piscator. Aye*, and withal, how the race of man, who is a terrestrial animal, should have been in the greatest jeopardy of extinction by the element of water; whereas the whales living in the ocean are most liable to be burnt out.' Verily, as Viator replies, 'it is a pleasant speculation,' as indeed are all those in that marvellously profound triviality the *Walton Redivivus.*

I think that I have clearly recognised the existence of another act in this little domestic drama, one which I ought most probably to have introduced

before the last. In it Miss or Master Ceta does not appear, being probably in the ratio of the non-existing. It seems to me to consist principally of a species of horse- or rather whale-play, a form of which is, I believe, to be found among ourselves under the name of romping. A sort of prelude to the service of that goddess before whom all animated nature bows the knee sooner or later, however different may be the rituals employed by different races and ages. Let me remark in passing that the study of these introductory ceremonies has been much neglected. They are worth the closest study of the true natural historian. Among the higher and lower mammalians, as well as among birds and fishes, there is much curious and valuable matter to be gained concerning them; and a book on *The Universality of Flirtation*, with descriptions of its various forms in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, would, with or without plates, be a most interesting one, and worthy the labour of Darwin himself.

I have seen yet another pleasant act, in which the cow whale and her calf appear, like the king and two fiddlers in the old play *Solus*. How they love each other, those two! Not very long ago I saw, well within a hundred yards of the yacht's side, a baby whale, some ten feet long, tumbling and splashing about with all that keen, if blundering, enjoyment of recently-acquired vitality, so characteristic of the young of all animals when they feel each muscle growing into new strength at every movement, and

as yet untaught by experience how nasty the world can be, and happy in the unconsciousness of the existence of taxes and butchers' bills. The fifty-foot mother, too, was rolling about luxuriously within reach, evidently delighted with the strength and vivacity of her offspring; and, I have no doubt, absolutely certain in her own mind that it was by far the most perfect baby whale ever born. Ever and anon she swept one of her great silver flippers over it, and positively cuddling it to her side, she rolled over and over with it in the sea like a young human mother with her first-born on the warm fire-side rug.

They are but animals, these whales,—nay, even but marine, legless, voiceless animals; but I question whether the breaking up of these little family parties by the harpooners, paid by the oilman who has no idea of a whale except as the producer of so much oil, does not cause as much suffering as would be developed in the family of the oilman himself were he to quit his shop (let us hope for a higher sphere), without leaving a sharp foreman behind him to carry on the business and possibly marry his widow.

When I talk of the affection displayed in the domestic arrangements of whales in general, I do not wish to assert that these arrangements are permanent and perennial,—indeed, I have seen things which made me fear that in these matters whales were sometimes terribly human; but I can honestly declare that in ordinary circumstances, father, mother,

and baby are as happy together, and show as much, if not more, mutual affection than is usually to be found among ourselves. And if they don't amuse each other very much, they pretend that they do, and that is something to the good. Let me add, moreover, that in case of trouble and danger they stick to each other to the very last with the most touching and tender self-sacrifice, as I may try to describe to you some day; not that I shall be able to do it,—Shakespeare might have.

I am also perfectly certain that some species of whales have not only very strong family affections, but that there exists among individuals of the same sex a strong feeling of what we call 'friendship,' as distinct from 'love,'—a willingness to render assistance to a comrade in distress without the probability of any recompense, beyond, of course, the feeling of having done one's friend a good turn,—a virtue possibly higher and more unselfish even than the other. In this particular instance it may be that lower clannish form existing among the Irish and other half-savage races, who have been unable to attain to the idea of personal individual security being obtainable by 'government,' a truth often lost sight of for a time by even advanced civilisation,—the feeling that unless each member of the clan be backed to the uttermost, whatever he may do, the whole clan or sept will go to that gehenna to which it is ever tending with increased velocity. Be that as it may, that it exists in the higher or lower form

I am certain. I have seen it clearly exercised in the case of harpooned bull whales, who, in their trouble, were accompanied side by side by other bulls, evidently encouraging and advising their persecuted brother to keep his head cool and do his best to get himself free, which by the way he generally did, male *Megaptera* not being quite as easily speared as flounders.

It was said of old time (even, I believe, by me), that the porpoises followed a wounded brother, either to eat him or to see what he had left them in his will. From what I have seen since of their big cousins the whales, I believe that they congregate about him from higher and kindlier motives.

To return to our thresher. Do not for a moment suppose that I assert that there is no other species of the so-called thresher than the silver-armed mother whale I have just been twaddling about. I have myself seen another, and the most popular one, the 'killer,' or, as the sailors always call him, the 'keeler,' thresher, or whale. Not only have I seen what I was told was him, but I have drawn a picture of him, or at least the nearest approach to a picture I am capable of, and that is before me now on the page of a wreck-sodden log-book (Letts's Diary, in fact, but log-book sounds better). It was taken from life off the south-east coast of New Caledonia (a plague on the clumsy loons that let that fine island slip through our fingers!) shortly after leaving that glorious half-freezing half-barrier reef (what a sight

it would be were the sea suddenly drained away, leaving a nearly perpendicular coral cliff miles high!) which teemed with more strange and beautiful things than I have ever seen within the same compass elsewhere:—giant cuttle-fish with beaks like parrots, shooting backwards into dark crannies, and glaring at you with their round black eyes, like evil owls out of ivy bushes; long-eared *aplysia*, or sea-hares, who carried curious transparent shells concealed in their innermost inwards, and threw out quantities of a beautiful bright purple liquor—ill-smelling but fit to dye the robe of Cæsar himself—when you tried to extract it; *holothuria*, *trepang*, sea-slug, worth their weight in silver for the Chinese market for soup-making purposes; big cowrie shells, white, spotted, and lemon-coloured, prowling about on their big feet, like snails, but, unlike them, almost entirely enveloped in their black mantles, with only a narrow opening left for the shell to peep out of, like Spanish donnas going to mass—which by the way accounts for the exquisite polish of that class of univalves as you see them on your mantelpieces; *ovules* and *mutras* and *harps* innumerable, as were also the bright and brilliant fishes in flashing shoals and infinite variety of beauty; and great sharks with their yellow and black striped dorsal fins, cutting through the water as they cruised about searching for their shell-dinners, utterly declining to give us the slightest chance of sticking a harpoon in them as we waded from knee to breast high among the watery wonders.

But, full of beauty as our reef was, it, like many other beautiful things, was not without its dangers. It 'craves wary walking'; should your heel happen to slip into one of those exquisitely bright apple-green or apricot-coloured fringes which look as innocently safe as so much dried and dyed mop, it may cost you dear. If once the valves of the giant clams, whose feeding and breathing organs they are, close together on it, you will want all the help you can get to be free before the tide comes roaring in over the reef; and if there be no crowbar handy to prise the mighty jaws of *Tridacna* open, you had better try the tomahawk, if you have one, on your ankle; 'tis your only chance for life.

What an exquisite punishment for a felonious conchologist given to cribbing his friend's rare specimens; fixed for ever by a giant *Tridacna*, and for ever waiting in perspiring horror the return of its infuriated owner! As it is just possible that you do not know what a *Tridacna* is, let me recommend you, the next time you go to Paris, to pay a visit to the church dedicated to St. Sulpice, where you will see one-half of a gigantic specimen enlisted into the service of the church as a holy-water pot.

How we wander from New Caledonia to St. Sulpice! Let us get back to our picture, about which you have probably forgotten everything by this time. As far as I can make out by the dim light of memory, it represents two enormous spermaceti whales working their way onwards in their

usual steady alternate 'dive and blow' manner, the whole of the body being rarely under the surface of the water at once, and apparently utterly indifferent to the attentions of a creature, some thirty or forty feet long, who ever and anon slid two-thirds of its length out of the water, and, expanding an enormous pair of flippers, came down with a crash that resounded like a heavy cannon-shot at the distance of half a mile or more, and with a foaming and a splashing and a reducing of the whole adjacent sea into its ultimate particles, which was indeed a sight to be seen. This happened over and over again, this so-called 'threshing' of the whales, who for their part continued on their tranquil way as undisturbed as a locomotive among the howlings of a mob.

Closely as I watched, I could see no very clear reason for being so very certain that the thresher ever hit the whale at all, and, moreover, could not help asking myself that, supposing he did, whether it was quite sure which of them would get the worst of it. The thresher would have given himself a most confounded thwack on his waistcoat had he impinged fairly on the hard and humpy back of the mighty *macrocephalus;* whether the whale would have cared—what shall we say, a single blow?—is quite another question.

What the affair really was, whether a jealous grampus trying to scare his big cousins from his own private happy hunting-grounds, or whether the thresher was really only a young spermaceti whale

playing the fool after the usual fashion of bumptious immaturity, I cannot say. Either view may be reasonably taken, or any other you like to invent for yourself.

This sort of threshing is, as I have said, commonly supposed to be the work or play of that mysterious monster the killer, or keeler whale, which the natural history books call in Latin *Orcus gladiator*, as if he were a professional backed for so much a fight. One recent natural historian calls him 'the terror of the ocean.' I suppose that I have never met this species, never having seen the ocean particularly terrified at anything,—the effect, so far as I am concerned, having generally been very much the other way. I have several times seen a big, wide-flippered whalish-looking creature who had a peculiar habit of sliding itself some two-thirds of its length out of the water, and then falling back with a tremendous splash, but to all appearance without an enemy near him, either above or below, leaping at its own sweet will, as free, or freer possibly, from any animosity against any created being as a fresh river salmon rejoicing in the prospect of his coming loves. I am always told that this too is a keeler (always keeler, never killer) thresher, but it has ever been utterly unlike the animal depicted in the natural history books,—a creature whose stomach is far too round and portly, and whose flippers are far too short and feeble, to give him more threshing-power than the late Miss Biffin run to fat.

That this cumbrous rotundity may attack a wounded whale is likely enough. It is one of the few mistakes that Shakespeare makes, when he supposes that fat people cannot be as malignantly mischievous, and as dyspeptically sour-hearted, as Cassius himself; and we all know that even among ourselves a man's, or for that matter a woman's, friends are ready enough to give a snap at him or her when in trouble, which they would never have risked in more prosperous days. But that, with the mouth as usually depicted, the grampus has the slightest chance of getting a mouthful of blubber out of the side of an active unwounded whale, I shall believe when I see him do it.

The whole of the story is, as my Yankee friends would say, 'considerable mixed.' One begins, after much contradictory reading, to ask oneself, what is a grampus? In Cuvier's time he was entered in the natural history books under the name of *Delphinus orca* or *gladiator*, a fiendish creature who did not thresh the whales, but bullied them till they opened their mouths (to do what, I wonder; to bite them, or appeal to the Speaker?)—and then bit out their tongues, as if they had been saying nasty things of him. It could hardly have been for the mere food's sake, for if stories be true, your *orca* has an appetite not to be appeased with whales' tongues.

A recent author tells us that out of the stomach of one grampus he took thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals, and might have had another, had not this *orca* of infinite capacity choked himself in the

attempt to swallow the fifteenth. Whew! thirteen porpoises (which usually run considerably larger than the latest whitebait) and fourteen seals in the stomach of a not particularly bulky cetacean some thirty feet long at the uttermost! 'Tis much! I would our author had told us the weight and dimensions of these porpoises and seals (animals always found herding together of course, and easily caught by a lumbering whale), and then we might have tried a species of sum.

There have been legends floating about concerning these *orcæ* from the earliest times, and from the foggy north to the sunny Mediterranean; but I know few more picturesque than that contained in the *Naturale Historie* of C. Plinius Secundus as done into racy old English by Philemon Holland, Doctor of Physicke, in the year 1634:—

'These monstrous whales, named Balænæ other whiles, come into our seas also. They say that on the coast of the Spanish ocean, by Gades, they are not seen much before mid-winter, when the daies be shortest, for at their set times they lie close on a certain calm, deepe, and large creeke, which they choose to cast their spawn in, and there delight above all places to breed. The Orcæ, other monstrous fishes, know this fule well, and deadly enemies they be to the fore-said whales. And verily if I could pourtrait them, I can resemble them to nothing else but a mightie masse and lumpe of flesh, without all fashion, armed with most terrible sharpe and cutting

teeth. Well, these being ware that the whales are there, break into this secret big creek, out of the way, seek them out, and if they meet with either the young ones or the dammes that have newly spawned, or yet great with spawn, they all to cut and hack them with their trenchant teeth, yea they run against them as it were a foist or ship of warre, armed with sharpe brazen pikes in the beak-head.'

Here he seems to make a slight confusion between the grampus or *orca*, and the sword-fish, but he clearly knew that the first was a cetacean, for he expressly states that he saw a boat swamped at Ostea 'with the abundance of the water that this monstrous fish spouted and filled it withal.' And Pliny, though he tells many queer tales, always discriminates carefully between those he has gained by mere hearsay, and those that he vouches for on his own direct authority; and so we will believe him in this, though it certainly must have been either a very small vocit, or a very big grampus indeed.

I wonder, after all, whether other people are right and I am wrong, and that the grampus really attacks the whale from an hereditary and transmitted instinctive remembrance of the deeds of his ancestors? Queer as it looks, we unquestionably find traces of this sort of thing in man and other animals, and more than probably in plants, who do things sometimes which, though useless to them in present circumstances, were absolutely necessary to their existence under earlier conditions.

If there be any truth in this story of Pliny's (and I confess that I cannot see why there should not be), what a wealth of animal life there must have been in his time off Gades, that wonderful 'leaping-off place' of the world,—that rim edge of the platter, where the earth finally ended, a belief held by Dryden himself, and by no means extinct among some of our religious sects at this day,—that rim to which Greek philosophers journeyed to see the fiery setting sun make the western sea boil and steam, as he quenched his red-hot disk in its cool waters. After studying which phenomenon they would not, improbably, turn their footsteps landwards, and spend the gloaming in observing, philosophically of course, those other interesting phenomena connected with the pretty but improper Gaditanes of Cadiz, phenomena which are well worthy the attention of the traveller even in our own time.

They saw all sorts of things in those days, those happy philosophers, who invented their theories first and then looked through their philosophical spectacles for facts to prove them; and nowhere did they see more wonderful things than on this south-west coast of Spain. Among others, mermen and mermaids, both alive and dead, as Augustus Cæsar was advised by the governor of those parts by letter. Doubtless the things they saw were real, though wrongly observed and badly described, and Pliny's chapter on them is most curious and instructive to the student of the disappearing and the disappeared.

The truth is, I believe, that the grampus is so

given to blow and kick about in a bumptious and spluttering manner when in society, grinning and showing his teeth like a snob in a drawing-room, that people have fancied him a much more dangerous being than he really is. From my own observation, I think indeed that these boundings and bouncings are the sole foundation for his reputation, such as it is, and that at bottom he is as harmless a cur as any 'ancient swaggerer' of them all.

There is yet another thresher to be noticed, but his claims to the title are, I think, even weaker than those of our much-bemixed friend the grampus, and that is the fox or thresher shark.

Couch, who was a good observer, tells us that it was not uncommon for a thresher of this sort to approach a herd of dolphins (porpoises, I suppose) that may be sporting in unconscious security, and by one flap of his tail put them all to flight like so many hares before the hounds. Yes, but he does not say that he ever saw the fox-shark attack or thresh the dolphins. I suspect that the truth is that his appearance scared away the fish on which they were feeding.

There are dreadful jumbles about these threshers, as there are about all threshers, and it is very hard to get to the root of the matter. Pennant talks of them as 'being taken sometimes in our seas, and deriving their name from their fancy for attacking and beating the grampus [their brother thresher, mind] whenever he rises to breathe, with their long tails,'—those long weak tails, better fitted for brush-

ing flies off a sleeping Venus than causing the slightest sensation to permeate through the inch-thick india-rubber hide, separated from any particularly sentient nerves by inches of hardly animate blubber, to the sensorium of any ordinary whale! Ay, a hide which can grow barnacles an inch across, a bushel to the square yard, without any greater apparent discomfort than that given to the garden-bed by the broccoli sprout. May not another reading of the story be, that the sudden appearance of the ugly head of the grampus amidst a school of basking fox-sharks terrifies them into skipping like little rams? It has never been my fortune to see a fox, or other, shark leap in any sea.

Even Yarrell tells us a rather lame and unauthenticated tale 'from a work lately published,' but not named, how one Captain Crew 'had all hands turned out at three A.M. to witness a battle between several of the fish called threshers (*Carcharias vulpes*) and some sword-fish on one side, and an enormous whale on the other'; a curious combination of naturally antagonistic forces for no particular end,—another naval demonstration, in fact, and like some later ones, without, I suspect, any personal injury, or, for that matter, advantage, accruing to any of the parties engaged.

The stories of these queer associations are constantly being repeated with variations, but are always rather hard to reconcile with one's ideas of the common sense of the animals engaged in them.

It is certainly a little difficult to understand why a sword-fish, gifted, for some mysterious and utterly inexplicable reason, with a nose rivalling that of Slawkenbergius, should enter into treaties offensive, if not defensive, with at one time a marine mammal and at another with a cartilaginous fish, to attack a harmless whale merely for the fun of the thing. It is true that governments do this sort of thing often enough; but then they have a reason, though it be a more or less disreputable one, which the marine animals, not having a party to be supported at any price, can hardly lay claim to.

True or not, this nose-long ferocity of the sword-fish is a very old story. Pliny, as we have hinted, evidently gets a little confused between his whales and his *orcæ*, and those other monsters who 'ran at the whale as it were a foist or ship of warre, armed with brazen pikes in the beak-head,'—evidently the sword-fish. Ovid, too, had a slightly hazy but decidedly bad opinion of the sword-fish, and represents him as terrifying the tunnies to a great extent; but the passage is not very clear. It is, I think, doubtful whether he intends us to believe that the sword-fish spitted the tunny on the end of his beak, and then waited for some external providence to take it off for him before he could eat it, or otherwise dispose of it. He could hardly have done it for himself; but as I have cribbed both the Latin and the translation, and have not the original by me, I will leave that for others to decide.

'Ac durus Xiphias, ictu non mitior ensis,
Et pavidi magno fugientes agmine Thunni.'

Which my author tells me means in the vernacular

'Sharp as a sword the Xiphias does appear,
And crowds of flying tunnies struck with fear.'

True, O Ovidius Naso! (did he resent the long nose of the Xiphias as a personality?) so far as the crowds of flying tunnies go, for I know no fish with a more tremendous power of 'breaching,' as the whalers call it, throwing the whole body clean and clear out of the water, a most beautiful thing to see on a sunny day; but I demur to the expression 'struck with fear.' I have seen them do it over and over again, apparently from mere frolic or from excess of springing-power, when in pursuit of food, without there being the slightest suspicion of a sword-fish within leagues.

When I am asked to believe that a sword-fish attacks and frightens a tunny, one of the fastest fishes swimming, and not only that, but enters into strange conspiracies with other fish, and even with mammals with whom he can hardly be on speaking terms, I must pause a little. And when, in addition, I am asked by a gentleman, whose good faith I cannot for a moment question, to believe that he saw a sword-fish play alternately the double part of the thresher threshing from above, and the prodder prodding a whale in the stomach from beneath, I must pause still more, convinced that there must surely be a mistake somewhere.

That the sword-fish does occasionally by mere headlong accident drive his long snout into a ship's timbers, to his own infinite grief, there is no doubt, though even this could only happen in very exceptional circumstances; but that he is ever fool enough to do it malice prepense, mistaking the ship for a whale, I can hardly think of him. I would as soon believe that the Cunarder which killed the whale with a blow of its screw off Cork a few years ago was actuated by malignant feelings.

Poor *Xiphias gladius*, a meek-spirited thing, as are most things with abnormally long noses (snipe and elephants and saw-fishes for instance), a creature which a cowardly rogue of a Messenian can capture easily without the slightest fear of his turning his so-called sword (which I honestly believe with Pennant would, except in very old specimens, double up like an ancient Scandinavian iron one were he to try it) against his boat, or of his spitting her crew by the half-dozen through the back, like larks —for him to attack a boat or a whale! Not such a fool! He knows quite well that his best chance of escape is in his tail; and that if once he gets anything stuck on to the end of his snout, he has no more chance of getting it off than a giraffe has of using a pocket-handkerchief. Supposing he were mad enough to try his beak-ram attack after the manner of the ancients, how could he ever pull his unfortunate nose out of the softest whale? A lobster or a flying-squid (did you ever see a true flying-

squid or cuttle-fish, and study that strange caudal arrangement which shoots it six and more feet out of the water, anticipating the propelling power of the screw countless ages before Watt?) might manage it, but what true fish has sufficient reversing power as to enable it to pull a periwinkle off a rock? I once had serious trouble with a Scotch stot hooked over the eyebrow by the back sweep of a salmon-fly; but that was mere child's play in comparison to what would happen were one fast in a fish possessed of unlimited powers of 'going straight astern.' F. F., you who have caught many fishes in many ways, how would you handle one capable of pulling two or three feet of nose out of the body of a tough bull whale by direct back action?

When I see a tunny (and as I have said they are the cleanest leapers I know) leap tail foremost, or see a salmon working up a fall with his head down-stream, I will believe in this sword-fish story; till then I will keep my mind as open as that of a statesman uncertain in which direction the popular cat is going to jump, or as the valves of an oyster long parted from its native bed.

One of the few really authentic accusations against the sword-fish is that brought by Captain Beechy, who declares that one attempted to steal the thermometer off his deep-sea line; but even he failed in his felonious attempt.

Like the sword-fish, the narwhal occasionally sticks his long tusk into the sides of ships, to his

own infinite discomfiture, but he has never been accused of doing it on purpose; nor do I remember ever having seen a decently authenticated story of his attacking a whale from below, in order to give the grampus a better opportunity of threshing him from above. In this case the story would have some semblance of truth, as being a family quarrel strictly confined to near relations who could understand each other's allusions and be none the less venomous on that account. A curious story of one of these attempts of the narwhal to poke his nose into things which did not concern him is recorded by that gallant gentleman, William Blundell, in his *Cavalier's Note-book*, which, if true, would induce one to believe that that pretty, and even graceful little whale ranged farther to the southward in the seventeenth century than it does at present. Unhappily, [illegible] norority is that very polemical politician, [illegible]'Estrange, out of whose name the wags cruelly came the uncomplimentary, but I am afraid too truthful anagram, 'O lie—strange Roger!'

These bouncings and flouncings, and consequent troubles of fishes under the influence of mere whim or sudden terror, are by no means confined to sword-fish or narwhals; and in some cases they cause much damage not only to the fish, but to the substance on which he happens to impinge in his headlong course. That widely extended and curious tribe of fishes, the *hemiramphi* or 'half-beaks,' built on lines the exact reverse of those of the sword-fish,

the upper jaw being reduced to alr st nothing, while the lower is developed into a long rny beak like a snipe with its upper mandible b en short off, are much given to these 'territs d frights' when asleep on the surface of the ca sunny, southern seas. I was sitting once in a can , within two feet of a worthy missionary (for there be such things, though rare), when suddenly a flight of these fishes some two or three feet long, rose from the surface of the sea, and sprang across the canoe. One of them in passing caught the padre a sound thwack on his ribs, knocked the scales off on his coat, and fell stunned into the bottom of the boat and a very good dinner we made off him. In thi case we can hardly imagine that the fish was actuated b animus against either the person or t the 'sky-pilot,' as the sailors love to c of men. Luckily there was no harm Kanaka who was paddling told me that more than one case of men, of course un mortally wounded by the half-beak stri and fair between the ribs with its hard a In this he was corroborated by the m from the severity of the glance blow he inclined to believe them both on this s

Absence of animus is, I belie advanced in favour of an accused p would certainly be very difficult to reason for a hostile animus betwee the fox-shark, or the sword-fish, a

species of the large whales, who, so far as we know, have no interests antagonistic to theirs while alive, and who when dead would be utterly useless to one, if not two of them. As for the sword-fish, a snipe might as well try to get a bite out of a cricket-ball, as he out of a tubby sleek-skinned whale; and I very much doubt whether the grampus would make a better business of it. One has seen sharks gorging themselves on the flesh of a whale while it is being 'flensed' (not turning on their backs, as some vainly suppose, but upright as a pig at a trough), biting off large gobbets of the rugged mass as big as one's head; but I will believe that a fox-shark could get his teeth sufficiently through the hide of a whale, live or dead, to take a mouthful out of him, when I see a cat bite a bit out of a brick wall, and not before.

Off the eastern shores of North America I have seen masses of smaller whales, porpoises, grampuses, and sword-fish, all kicking and plunging about in the wildest and most exciting manner, driving the mackerel, or whatever fish they were after, down each other's throats; but were I to say that I ever saw the slightest ill-feeling among them I should be polemical in the highest degree. I remember being told on one of these occasions by a fellow-observer (I think an American), that when the fishermen thought themselves in any danger from the sword-fish they threw overboard a small keg, into which he was kind enough to stick his snout, 'button his foil' in fact, and so deprive himself of the power of

hurting anybody. Yes, I think it must have been an American who told me this. It put one in mind of the old story of 'throwing a tub to the whale,' which has been so useful to many a generation of members of Parliament, members of that house which is for ever throwing tubs to the whale instead of killing it. We are all rather apt to do the same thing; it is so easy to throw a tub, particularly when it is somebody else's tub, to amuse the whale that bothers us for a time. In its higher developments this is called 'philanthropy,' or the keeping things quiet at other people's expense, and sometimes 'statesmanship,' or the sacrifice of the interests of others to insure the popularity of one's own party.

They die hard, these old stories of utterly unintelligible antagonism between animals with no opposing interests, or still more unintelligible combinations of animals of utterly different races for no apparent gain to any of them,—and particularly among seafaring men. Much as I admire both naval and mercantile Jack (and from considerable personal observation I have no hesitation in saying that a first-rate English sailor, take him all round, is as good a specimen of humanity as you will find anywhere), I declare positively that they are the worst observers and the most inexact describers I have ever encountered. It is not that their descriptions are intentionally polemical, nor that they wilfully lie for a purpose; but, I suppose from the peculiarities of their mode of life, they become

embued with an amount of unconscious poetic power that their facts, when they get hold of any, become enhaloed with such roseate fogs as to render them very hard to be understood or depended upon. Of course you can train a sailor to be a good observer, —the *Challenger* proved that—and as a rule they are keen naturalists, and spare no trouble to get 'the doctor' a 'speciment' to talk to them about; but I must say that the facts of an ordinary seaman are of as little value as those supplied by the ordinary landsman or woman,—particularly woman.

When shall we finally send to the limbo of absurdities the legend of the flying-fish only taking to its wings when pursued by the dolphin, as if it did not fly as naturally as a bird from a tree? Or that other, of its being hawked at during its flight by the albatross? The albatross! A clumsy bird that cannot even pick up a morsel of pork fat from the surface of the water without sitting down to it as squarely as a farm-labourer to his bit of bread and bacon, and who, likely as not, has it taken from under his very bill by a sharp little Cape pigeon; a likely fowl to catch flying-fishes, or to split the skull of the 'man overboard' in its swoop, as depicted in pictures and sung in songs. I have never yet seen the bird that could catch the common flying-fish in full flight, to say nothing of that four-winged one with a body as transparent as a smelt, and with two long barbules on the lower jaw, which came on board last year between 37° N. and the Azores. That

was a fish which would puzzle a long-winged hawk to bind, flying, as it can, with very considerable velocity dead in the teeth of a sailor's hard wind. For an albatross to do it would be about as easy as the catching of a snipe in full zigzag by a Dorking rooster.

Look in the right place at the right time, with the right eyes, and you will see whales, porpoises, albacore, bonita, flying-fish, and flying-birds all intent on their own individual interests. The fresh hatched 'brit,' or very young fish, rise to (or are hatched on) the surface; after them come the large ones, and after them the monsters of the deep, while the birds sweep screaming above to pick up what morsels they can, the unselfish birds who with screams and squawks call their friends to share the banquet. And because they are all feeding together it will be straightway thought that they are all feeding on each other. I have watched the business many a pleasant hour, and it has never been my lot to see whale, albatross, sword-fish, or flying-fish, make the smallest movement towards mutual devourment. Others may have been more fortunate, or have worn a sort of spectacles.

Last! of course these stories will last so long as publishers are overburdened with second-hand wood-blocks, and can find chamber-naturalists ready to write sentimental copy to suit them; and so long as the ignorant public retains its pet idea, that the observations of an utterly untrained observer are as valuable and reliable as those of men who have learned the difficult lesson of doubting the evidence of their own eyes.

VI

THE LAST SALMON BEFORE CLOSE TIME

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MY BROTHER, PERCY POPJOY, ESQ., IN NORTH BRITAIN

[Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, January 1857.]

I PERFECTLY agree with you in considering a Hampshire trout-stream to be a very charming thing in its way; that bright chalk-water, so smooth and clear that one might fancy that it was nothing more than limpid air a little condensed, with its waving tufts of green weed and glassy swirls, is a thing not to be sneezed at. Moreover, I admire exceedingly your Hampshire trout, in all their marvellous beauty,—dropped with tiny bright crimson spots, small in the head, deep in girth, mighty in spread of fin and power of tail, astute beyond all fishes. But yet I frankly confess that I would not give up the chance of catching one wee 'black trootie,' even in his most disreputable and out-of-season state,—when his eye is wild and lurid, and his jowl ravenous and dyspeptic; with a back like a toad, and a stomach

like a water-snake; with dim dull rings and spots about him, each with a reddish centre mark like a bruised bayonet-wound—for all the trout in Test; and why?—not only for the fish himself, and the quantity of him, but also for the sake of his vagabond cousin who lives with him—he who rises like a shark, and fights like—the Devil; who spends more of his time, after being hooked, in the air than in the water, and whose pluck never leaves him for a moment; but who, in spite of whacks on the head, lives and kicks in the creel, till he has to be re-extracted and his head rebashed on a stone. Oh, ever plucky sea-trout of the whalebone back! and, besides, the chance of—but hush, it is close time, and we had better hold our tongues—however, if we *do* get her, our knickerbockers will conceal her. And moreover and above, setting the fish entirely on one side, I look down upon you for the sake of the river itself.

True it is that our river is dark and swarthy, with its very foam of a rich, racy, gipsy tinge, likened unto liquefied cairngorums by romantic young ladies, and unto bottled porter by their matter-of-fact brothers. But, mark you! it is a *river*—no stream; bright, in spite of its brownness; strong, wayward, flashing and bounding and hustling along, moving big stones when in spate as if they were dropped rowan berries, and rounding and rattling the little ones till each bit of granite and pudding-stone is smoothed and polished enough to be admitted into her Grace's boudoir as a *présse-papier*.

Your stream is a mere *stream*—a natural excavation, a by-drain, spout, gutter, conduit, conveyer of liquid manure to fat meadows, without personality or soul. Our river is a river,—a real live thing,—never mentioned but with due respect, and in the feminine, as 'she.' Ever charming, capricious, wayward daughter of the hills! Never as one wishes her to be—never as one wants her to be; knowing her power, and knowing how all adore her; having her own way in spite of lord and loon. Rising like anything on Saturday night; perfect 'o' Sabbath,' when no one may go near her; and leaving her bed as dry as the summit of Benmore before Monday morning. The centre of all thought, the starting-point of all conversation; 'How is she?' the first question each morning; 'How will she be?' the last question each night; her 'waxing' and 'waning' are more studied than ever were moon changes by Chaldæan star-gazers. On her depends everything. If she be but in good order, who cares for the weather? —let it blow from the north, east, south, or west, or straight down from the zenith in an Irish hurricane, what care we? Let *her* but be all right, and a fig for the weather, though the jingling ice-films cut your shins, or the sun bake your brains to an omelette!

'Will she fish the day?'

'I'm thinking she'll fush the day'—what bliss!

'I'm jalousing she'll no fush the day'—what woe!

Then, O my friend, reflect on the beginning and ending of your stream! Ponder over *its* insignificant commencement in a bed of splashy rushes, from which it oozes out in such a tiny grass-concealed rivulet that you are not aware of its existence till you put your horse's foreleg into it up to the shoulder, as you are cantering quietly after the United Agriculturists' harriers, along what seems a 'clere' of smoothest and soundest chalk turf, and go hurling headlong, horse and man, to the just-too-late chorus of 'Ware green spring!' Turn, then, with grief and shame to its end or endings,—flattened out into a sham pool, impiously called a lake, three feet deep, so weed-and-slime-begrown that you cannot even skate on it without prostrating yourself ignominiously before the object of your affections, while performing your pet figure; teeming with jack and perch; nay, even demoralised enough to harbour within its bosom that sour, scaly, puritanical abomination, the chub; and then trickling feebly over an artificial tumbling bay, to be absorbed into some crawling, muddy river that would choke a sturgeon, or to bear coal-barges and beery bargees, as part of the Bargetown and Muddyford Canal.

How different is *her* life from beginning to end! Rushing full-grown out of that wild loch that lay far down below us as we crouch flat, flat on the heather, waiting for the deer to rouse, about three o'clock this bright September afternoon; stretching in a bright blue curve between the hills, like the cast-

away sword of some old Norse god; so fair and calm that, in spite of one's self, the eye wanders ever and anon from the brown, sharp, ivory-tipped antlers that just peer over the heather before us, and which we have crawled after such a weary way, through moss and peat bog—to gaze on its beauty:—calm enough now, when the breeze only crisps its surface, deadening the purple into a steely blue, but wild and stern enough when the gale sweeps down from the hills, and dashes it in short, crisp, angry waves on the sandy shore of the little birch-fringed bay, and carries the white spray in whirling, ghostly columns across its lead-coloured bosom. Mighty ranges of shivered cliffs overhang it on one side,—their bases a wild mass of moss-grown rock, with the feathering birches balancing themselves about them like birds ready to take wing; where the roe steps hesitatingly and daintily, so light of footfall that the waiter at the pass—not him of the napkin, but perchance yourself, with the old loved and trusted double—hears not 'the fall of her fairy feet,' till she is so near you that the wire case of your cartridge reaches her heart as soon as the shot; where the cautious long-eared hinds love to shelter themselves and their calves from the autumnal sun and storm, and where the stag keeps close in the warm summer-time, jealous of his velvety, tumid horns.

Over on the other side, look at that patch of bright yellow cornfield, with the tufts of dark-green alder by the water-side, and the gray tumble-down

stone walls, and the new farm-house, twelve feet high at the roof-poles, dwindling down through cowbyre and turf-shed, till you cannot distinguish the grass-and-ragweed-covered sod roof from the hill-side against which it rests. And above, the belt of dark pines, planted by the late laird; and above them, sweep after sweep of purple heather and rich yellow-brown deer-grass, sprinkled with gray stones, tier above tier and swell above swell, till it ends in broad-shouldered, quartz-gleaming hill and corrie; where the ptarmigan run and cower amongst the stones, and the blue hare makes her last attempt to mesmerise you with her fore-paws as she sits on her doup against the sky-line, looking more like a hill kangaroo than a thing to make hare-soup of; and then, away, far away—are they clouds or purple hills?

Away, up above, at the head of the lake, are her parent springs. Brown, rushing cascady Papa, from Strath More, stern and noisy and hardy,—without a tree to shelter him—rough, and strong, and impetuous, very valiant in spate, and not bad to fish when in order; and soft-tripping, tinkling Mamma from Strath Beg, gentle and graceful—playing with her pebbles in her girlhood up among the hills, and getting thoughtful and calm, and resting in bright smooth pools as she grows on to womanhood,—shaded and fringed all the way down by modest alder copse, glancing and twinkling between the dark-green leaves. Her end, again to return to the mighty daughter,—it is not right to call that an end-

ing—there, five miles down below, where she flows calm and still between the seaweed-covered rocks to join the blue sea, with a little cluster of fishing-huts nestling round her, and loving her for the shelter which she gives to the storm-sped fisher-boat. Call you that an *end*, O Southron,—that wedding of the brown river maid with the broad blue North Sea?

No fat commonplace cows chevy us when we fish 'her'; no pauper-grinding farmer comes down to bully us for 'trampolining up and down' in his grass. Wild ducks fly over us, grouse come down to drink, and fly off with a choking crow. Stags of ten stand at gaze on the tops of the shingly heathery banks as we turn the corner; in the hot mid-day the croak, croak of the raven comes stealing down the wind from the far-off corrie; and great lordly salmon rush up out of her ever and anon, and fall back with a splash that sends the water-ouzel scurrying down the stream in an agony of terror.

Laugh not at my lingering over her beauties, or getting mildly Ossianic while talking of them. Just over that hill, a little to the left, is the valley where Bran fought the Sutherland dog; a little to the right is the wild glen where he was buried; and the very wind that rustles by us was whispering among the bent on Morven not ten minutes ago; and, more than this, is she not gone from us,—lost, lost, till next March? *Och, hone aree!*

On that sad Saturday, the last on which she was fishable, she was terribly low, and no wonder! She

was lower than she had been known to be for years, exposing her pebbles in the most reckless manner, and leaving yards of bare slippery stones between her gracious self and her swardy, heathery, broom-birch-and-gorse-fringed banks, while the rows of pre-Adamite stepping-stones stood out like sets of ancient teeth. Nathless, —*— and I determined to try her, with a lingering hope that some of her finny children might possibly be kind enough, knowing it to be the last day, to permit themselves to be persuaded that a small bundle of golden pheasant, peafowl, and cock's feathers represented something good to eat, or that 'Hairy Jack' was a veritable caterpillar; not that *I* believed—not that I *did* believe, that they would be betrayed into such a weakness, with a bright sun, and a river so low that one had to take care not to lose it between the pools, and fish the turnpike-road instead. I knew that the case was almost hopeless. As Somebody's forester said to Somebody, the other day, who, having missed a stag, and killed a hind who had a young calf with her, applied to him for consolation, 'It could na *paw*sibly be waur.'

But I had borrowed a spoon, mysterious Yankee invention, evidently discovered by a 'cute Help, who had vamposed into the swamp with the family plate, and found himself hard up for baits; and with this I determined to try. I fished two or three pools with it,—moved not a fish,—lost heart,—put on 'Hairy Jack,'—rose a mad grilse, and killed a sea-trout,—

plucked up my spirits,—put on the spoon again just above a pet pool of mine, where the river, after rattling and roaring through a wilderness of big stones, lets itself down easily and creamily into an unfathomable hole, with lots of shelves and ledges round its sides for wearied fishes to rest upon, and finishing off with a long, boiling, seething swirl under a lofty bank of clay and rolled pebbles. In the broken water above I spun my spoon, thinking myself the greater spoon for expecting that any fish in his senses would look at all. I spun on, meditating on the old stone dyke on the other side, and the broad field of yellow corn waving beyond it; and wondering whether it had been prettier when the yellow broom that once fringed the river was in blossom, than it was now with the less brilliant but more useful stuff that replaced it; likening the one to the ancient Highlander, and the other to his modern representative, —— getting philosophical, in fact: when whir—r—r—r—r!!! I was aware that I had gotten hold of something, and that my line was reeling off at a most frantic and dangerous pace. I was seized with profound terror. If whatever I had got hold of reached the pool below, I was a done man. At that pool had I been an agonised witness of the melancholy fate of a friend, who, after having hooked a 'fush,' lost him after half an hour's play through the lowness of the water,—having 'been got' round a stone twice; the first time giving me the rod and walking up to his middle, steadying

himself on the gaff, and putting down his arm till the pure cold element flowed into the neck of his shirt; and the second time ditto, and ditto, but without the same success; returning to the shore with the end of the casting-line in his hand, minus both fly and salmon, severed from us for ever by the sharp rock edges, and in a state of cold and misery too deep even to permit of the mildest blasphemy. Struck with this humbling recollection, I took but one step, which brought me up to my middle in the stream, and rushed frantically through stickle and over stone, breaking my shins and bumping myself shapeless at every step, making the water fly around me like a wild horse of the Pampas with a *gymnotus* under his stomach. I was able to reel in at the last reach above the pool, and get my friend well under the rod. He lay sulking on the ledge for a time, undecided what devilry to try next; whereon, with much caution, I gat me a stone, and cast it in just below him. He thereat being vexed, sped up the river at railroad speed, taking me along with him, knocking every particle of bark off my devoted shins, and twisting my ankles between the submerged stones, till I began to think that the soles of my feet were permanently turned upwards. Up, up, and away, to where a ridge bounded the smaller pool above! I ventured to hope that he would stop, were it but for a minute. Not a bit of it! On he went, and the reel began to discourse most eloquent music, so I 'louped' on to the greensward above, and away we bowled

merrily along till he had enough. Just as I got a little refreshed, and began to hope that we should settle our little difference in the still water, he turned his head down again, and away he went, making the water glance from the line as if a Minié ball had tipped the stream, down to the place where I had first clodded him, and where I now clodded him again more vigorously than before. Four times did he bowl me up and down that most broken bit of broken land and water. And all the while the cows on the other side stood solemnly gazing at me, and the wee bit lassie who tended them shrieked in ecstasy as I splashed by her, 'Hurs intill a fush!' —— was *pools* above me. Not a friend on earth had I; not a gaff was near; nothing but the lassie with her bit plaidie over her head, and her eternal 'Hurs intill a fush!' I began to hate and despise the fush; I began to disbelieve in him. Had he not gone up stream I should have fancied that I had hooked a submerged and wandering whin-bush. I called him a two-pound trout hooked by the tail; I declared openly to the world that he was nothing but a brute of an eel; I wished him at Jericho. Still we went at it hammer and tongs, till I became utterly wicked, and wished the fiend had the fush. Just as I was becoming hopelessly insane, I spied Thomas, the groom who drove me a-fishing, sauntering along the brae with a buttercup in the corner of his mouth, as simple and unconcerned as a shepherd in Phineas Fletcher. I yelled at him in

agony; he sped towards me; he, the beast, on his arrival did nothing but open his goggle eyes and spread abroad his paws, join chorus with the girl, and express his opinion that 'I'd a gotten holt of summat'—standing staring, without offering the slightest assistance. 'Idiot!' I shrieked, 'come across and run up to —— for the gaff.' I watched in agony his clodhopperish attempts to hop from one stone to another, instead of rushing through the water, as a Highlander would have done in his excitement, and which ended in his coming down a sharp bump on to a sharper stone, and sliding up to his middle into the stream. At last he got over, and raced up the brae for the gaff which —— held tight under his arm ready for the fish he did *not* catch. My friend took to sulking, so I clodded him more than ever. I could not understand his tactics at all. He had all the rush and weight of a fish, but he had besides certain little mean jiggling ways about him which puzzled me greatly. He would snoor away stoutly enough for a time; then he would wander calmly over to the other side, and snout and jigger about the stones in a most unsalmon-like manner. I grew more and more convinced that he was nothing but a big trout hooked foul; but still, whenever I gave him the butt, I found that it was quite impossible to move him an inch; so we fought and tripped up and down,—he getting sulky, and grubbing, and I throwing stones at him to such an extent that I must have cleared a decent holding by the

river-side. Down at last over me rushed Thomas, in a state of raving madness, flourishing the *clip* as if he expected the fush to rise at it of his own accord. Soon after him came —— equally delirious. I instructed him, when he had a slightly lucid interval, to throw stones judiciously, whenever my beast rested for too long; and, in fine, after three-quarters of an hour's hard work, we began to see one black fin after another appear above the surface of the shallow water on the opposite side; and when I gave him the butt, I began to be aware of something like a great bar of red China copper suspended in the brown water. Moment after moment the butt told more and more; and after one desperate lunge up stream, he turned right round in the current, head down-stream, rolling over and over, one fin after another appearing as he revolved on his own axis. Matters being in this state, and both —— and Thomas avowing that they had never gaffed a fish in their lives, I gave the rod into ——'s hands, with strict injunctions to keep a tight line, walked into the water, watched my opportunity, gaffed him scientifically, and brought him ashore, a fine deep fish, seven pounds and a half, hooked through the first ray of the anal fin!

'Gude guide us a'! What a row about nothing!'[1]

[1] Note, vindicatory of Hampshire fishermen.

'Exciting, whether true or not; but who cannot catch open-mouthed gowks of salmon and grilse, fresh run out of that chaos of greedy ignorance, the great herring-pond, common sewer of creation; who don't know one fly from another, and only require good tackle

'As to your view on the effect of the 'absolutismus on the Ich——'

The rest is private, and slightly incomprehensible.

and good wind to haul out a hundredweight of them? Will the rough and ready Scotch fisher try a chalk trout? Then let him kneel down hatless in the open meadow, ten yards from the smooth grass-bank, beside a stream averaging two feet deep and fifteen feet wide, in a burning August sunset, without cloud, or air, or ripple, and extract out of that narrow sheet of glass (as a friend did last August) in three hours (we will give him no more) his twenty fish weighing over twenty pounds; each one of them wiser than a serpent, bolder and rounder-headed than a hawk, and quite as red-fleshed as one of his Highland sawmon.—Pah! trouting (in chalk) is to salmon-fishing as grousing is to buffalo-slaughter. Nevertheless, "the grapes may be sour."'

C. K.

VII

SUBGLACIAL ANGLING

'UPPER MEDWAY.—Till the frost breaks all angling is impossible, unless one likes to break the ice and freeze on the banks.'—(*Field*, Dec. 13.)

[Reprinted from *The Field*, January 10th, 1891.]

WHICH no one is likely to like. But why 'freeze on the banks,'—that is, if there are fishes to be caught in the Medway, after breaking the ice, worth the trouble, and all fishes are worth any trouble? I could 'go it very cold' for the chance of killing a well-fed pike of, say, some eight or ten pounds. Moreover, no one who has not tried has any idea of the excitement of playing a fish under the ice, with the additional chances of being cut by its edges. It gives quite a salmonesque flavour to the affair; and unless your blood is as cold as a fish's, there is not much chance of your freezing.

The only banks I ever felt inclined to freeze on were those of Newfoundland; and there, though I have caught many fish,—if you may call it catching, for they catch themselves,—the sport is hardly warming enough to keep you much above zero.

Still, there are places in the world where it will pay you to chop a hole in the ice which covers the elbow of some swirling, sandy-bottomed stream,—as, for example, Colorado-way,—and to extract thereout infinite purple-backed, scarlet-bellied char, known to the natives by the name of trout; a custom which nothing will make them leave off. I saw the other day an American notice of our beloved *fario*, despising him for his want of brilliant colouring. You might as well condemn a cock grouse for not wearing a scarlet waistcoat like a cock-robin! In fact, all these comparisons between real wild natural things are, as the copy-book says, odious. Comparisons between artificial things, such as cocks and hens, cattle, swine, prize 'turmits,' and undergraduates, are perfectly legitimate. We do not know their value till we try, but natural things are all good in their respective ways; if they were not, they would have disappeared long ago.

But my American friends—and I have many—love comparisons between the things they happen to find in their new country and those of everywhere else—as in the case of their oyster: 'Sir, our oyster' (as if they had trained it and civilised it, as we have ours) 'is universally agreed to be the best in the universe.' Gently ask him the standard of perfect oysterdom, and you will be told 'Sir, our oyster is the perfect oyster'; and if you be wise you will accept this hospitable offer to sample them, though, between ourselves, I still retain my own opinions as

to a pearly-shelled Colchester without a black eye; and certainly a very strong one about the bill. How have I wandered from Colorado to Colchester? Well, they both have pleasant memories. I remember ten or twelve years ago that Upper Estes Park stream, a rare one to twist and to turn, a long sharp rapid, ending in a swift eddy caused by the water impinging on some harder bit of bank, forcing it to turn back on itself and assume all the powers of a mighty auger, scooping out a hole of from eight or ten to an indefinite number of feet deep. These used to be the spots sought after for our subglacial fishing, particularly if they were covered with a good sound glazing of smooth black ice. Hobble up your horse in the most sheltered spot you can find; deep snow used to be almost unknown in these regions, and there is always a bit of grass or red willow-shoot for him to amuse himself with. Peer about to make sure that there is not a bighorn anywhere handy among the rocks; plentiful enough in those days, one would have as soon thought of going fishing without a hook or an axe as without a rifle. Then to business.

First, endue yourself with all the old saddle blankets, sacks, and such like gear which you have been able to convey from Griffy, the Welshman, down the valley,—he who shot Mountain Jim and then rode thirty miles to the nearest J. P. and took out a warrant against him. It is wonderful how warm in the hardest frost an old sack will keep your

feet when deftly wrapped round your shanks and over your boots. You had better be careful about this, as, if you splash yourself cutting the hole, as you most likely will, it means frost-bite, and frost-bite is a nasty thing, and will spoil your sport for many a day, if not for ever. Having chosen your elbow, chop a hole in it some six inches in diameter. If you are wise you will have cut a sort of paddle from the nearest aspen to keep it open from the fast-forming ice. Take the line from round your cap,—whipcord for choice—get a wand some three feet long from the nearest willow bush, attach, and set to work. If you were in luck with the blacktail yesterday, you will have a bit of fresh venison in your pocket; if not, a sixpence with a hole in it will serve as a bait, or better still, a fresh glittering slice off a rifle-bullet. Then it is a mere question of the presence of fish,—'catch one, catch all.' Knock the first one on the head, and use his eye for a bait—

Bait for me only with mine eyes.

You cannot do better,—and so the sport goes on; and really it was not bad sport. Often one came across a decent pounder which had to be negotiated deftly through the hole, particularly when you had permitted your line to become clogged with ice. When that happens lay it down, and roll it backwards and forwards under your foot.

As far as my experience goes, it was only in

streams which had a very long run before reaching a lake that we found these winter fish 'bunched up' in the deep elbows. Those, for example, that ran into the north-west of Lake Superior were utterly fishless in the autumn, though we found on their banks plentiful evidence of their having been productive at an earlier period. To get *fontinalis* we had to go down to where the stream emptied itself into the lake; and, if you gat them not there, you had to go to the lake itself. Curious, it was in Thunder Bay (and how it used to thunder there under the Manito!) we found that if we spun a phantom about the rocks very sharply, we were sure of a good *fontinalis;* if slowly, we were encumbered with a big, clumsy, gray lake-trout, with no more fight in him than a codfish. By the way, these phantoms are very deadly among the big *fontinalis* of Newfoundland, by far the finest I have ever killed in North America.

It was much the same in Nova Scotia in the late autumn. Never a fin could we stir in streams emptying themselves into lakes, which the Indians assured us had swarmed with trout earlier in the season. Of course there we had no opportunity of fishing the lakes, because they were unfrozen. Yes, they were once with a vengeance, but there was no stopping for fishing. We had been living in a most perfect birch-bark *tepi* on an island, out and away from everywhere, with its fire in the middle, and its delicious circle of hemlock-sprays on which to rest our weary bones; so cosy was it, and so much game

there was 'somewhere around' (how astonishing it is what an infinity of tracks a very small number of beasts will make where they are where they like to be!), that we lingered till one night came a stern and nipping frost, and we had to 'git.' And so we got. We managed two or three lakes well enough where there was a decent current; but at last we arrived at a larger one where there was none, and the ice fast. By dint of hard work we broke our way to the shore, hauled up our birch-barks, and took to the ice with as much plunder as we could carry.

Ice is one of the most delightful of natural products when you have a pair of skates on, and an admiring circle of spectators to excite you into developing your most exquisite 'vines'; but when you have to walk on thin ice in battered moose-hide moccasins, laden, as in my case, with three heavy rifles and a banjo (not my own, even), you might prefer something softer. I did get something softer, for I went in, rifles, banjo, and all. Still, we all got out again somehow, but the banjo was voiceless for ever. Having to walk several miles to settlements in a stinging Nova Scotia frost is not the pleasantest thing in the world. My only consolation was that I, in this so-called nineteenth century, was able to imagine what the sensations of a dismounted knight in a particularly tight suit of armour must have been in the—what shall we say?—early sixteenth. When we reached 'settlements' I saw a man 'supping sowens,' which I had read of in Scottish poetry. It

seemed hardly worth the trouble, and if he said grace after it, he was 'thankfu' for sma' mercies.'

The only trial of fishing through lake-ice I have ever had was farther north, Labrador-way; and, as you do not take to it as long as you have meat, you fish with keenness and interest, because if you catch nothing you chance a mighty slim supper. Go along the north shore of the St. Lawrence in a wheelless box, by courtesy called a sleigh; through the queer little Habitan villages, with their cosy beds, which you have almost to borrow a ladder to get into, like the top berth of a P. and O., but oh! so clean and fresh, and with such a marvellous knitted nightcap of divers colours ever ready on the pillow (nice people the Habitan, but with strange ideas as to the fire-preventing properties of old fire-insurance plaques); and so on and on till you can get no farther,—your jumping-off place, in fact, where, if you are lucky, you will find your Indians awaiting you. Arrange your blanket artistically, so as to hold the greatest possible amount of plunder; put on your snow-shoes craftily; ask for a lift to get the carrying strap comfortably across your chest (the Indians will place theirs across the forehead), and then settle who is to trail the necessary toboggan, which serves to carry the heavier necessaries to camp, and to bring home the 'beast,' if you are lucky to get one; and so over the untrodden snow into the silent pine woods. They may be sombre and sad these pine woods, but remember that if they were not here, it would be

better for you that you were somewhere else. The wind, my dear sir, the wind! In cold countries trees are as good, or better, than flannel waistcoats to a man. Think of the 'nother' of treeless Nebraska, where the very air and light seem to freeze and thicken! Were it not for these sombre pines how should we be able to do what we hope to do before turning-in time,—get a mess of trout from under the ice of the hard frozen lake? And how hard frozen no one can know till he has had to pass over its wind-swept surface, uncushioned by an inch of snow, in snow-shoes. It is like walking out of a softly-carpeted ball-room suddenly on to a mixture of gravel and broken bottles in your thinnest pumps.

How sheltered and calm our little camp! Cold? Nobody feels cold. Dig a trench in the snow, two or three feet deep, with your snow-shoes; pave it well with the aromatic shoots of the Canada balsam. If you have brought along a bit of canvas, rig it over; if not, a few branches will do. Leave your Indians to make fire and be ready to fry some pork, and possibly a grouse if you have been lucky, and be off to the lake. That is, if it does not blow, my friend! If it does, be contented with your pork, cooked or raw (and hard frozen good salt pork raw, with a cracker, is no bad thing to go to your blanket with). If calm, take your wand. You had better bring one along with you, as willows are scant up here, and either chop a hole for yourself or reopen one which some wandering white man has been

operating on. The rest is considerably easier than catching a Test trout with the dry fly. But there are variations. Once I was sadly bothered for a time. I caught fish after fish, and threw them carelessly into the snow which had drifted behind me. Wearied of slaughter, I turned round to bag my prey. When, lo! de'il a trout was there! Luckily, after thinking serious things about my state of health, I heard a light sputtering under the snow, and, investigating more closely, I found that my trout had gone through the light covering and were lying in a thin film of water between it and the ice, possibly proceeding from the hole in which I was fishing.

All of these small experiences by river and lake lead me to fancy that the *fontinalis* of America, like his cousin *salvelinus* of Europe, is more or less of a migratory fish. He likes to amuse himself in the shallower waters and streams during the summer, and then retires to the quieter and deeper ones for the rest of the year to recuperate. Of course, like many of ourselves, it is not given to all of them to retire to perfect recuperative positions, and so some have to be contented with the second-ratedness of a swirly hole, as against the profundity of Lake Superior,—Margate against the Mediterranean; and so, in fact, it is not a fish likely to replace our friend *fario* in every district.

Eh, man, but you have kept us havering and shivering long enough on your open-air ice. Let us be back to Quebec, and have a bit of warm ice

fishing. What fun there used to be in those little huts erected round a hole in the ice of the St. Lawrence! What a sparkling of eyes and glinting of pearly teeth! I believe we fished for 'Tommy Cod'; but to this day I have not an idea of what a 'Tommy Cod' is. And we drank hot, what was it, toddy or negus? Which was it? Never mind, we wanted neither to inspire us, and if we had an ache next morning it was not a headache.

VIII

TROUT-TICKLING

[Reprinted from *The Field*, October 20th, 1877.]

NOT tickle a trout! Not tickle a—! Well, what next! Why the only real, true, and certain way of filling a creel on a hot July afternoon is by this same 'tickling.' I don't mean to say that it is right, particularly if you tell tarradiddles about it afterwards; but depend on't it is to be done, and is done, worse luck! in every trouting-county in England. Oddly enough, I never heard much of it in Scotland.

Suppose a low, bright, broken stream, with lots of big stones in its bed,—say the Upper Barle or the Exe, the scene of many of my youthful atrocities—a blazing hot day, and as much chance of catching a sword-fish as a trout by any fair means. Nothing to eat at Withypool but the eternal eggs and bacon, and the certainty that somebody or another is 'at it' every day of the week. We'll do it! Walking down the stream, we heave 'rocks' and handfuls of

gravel into every likely stickle and hover, causing the astonished trout to ram themselves head foremost under the big stones and into the rat-holes in a paroxysm of abject terror. Now, off with your coat and waistcoat, roll your shirt sleeves up to the shoulder, and splash into the pool as noisily as you can. Where shall we begin? There is a big boulder in about two feet of water, which looks from the contour of that side as if there might be a hollow place under it. Down on your knees before it. Gently, gently feel your way down the side. Yes, there is a vacuity under it, into which you slide your two hands as gingerly as if you were trying to steal the cheese out of a rat-trap, the palms a little turned upwards, and the fingers slightly bent. Aha! What was that, that brushed the right palm with a touch as light as a kiss? Wait a bit. Yes, now comes the steady sweeping play of what can only be the tail of a noble trout, backwards and forwards over your immovable palm. Gently, gently close the finger and thumb above it; lightly, lightly touch the body of the fish, softly as falling snowflakes, till you come to another pair of fins, then pause a little; this abominable pair of fins are rather difficult to pass. Shall I try with my right hand, or shall I, still feeling them with it, pass my left at once beyond them till I come to—aha! what is this again? This is not the wavy movement of a fin; this must be the steady regular play of the gill-covers; and so, letting them lightly touch my finger and thumb once

or twice to make sure of my position, contract them with one strong squeeze. A moment's paralysis, and out with your beauty, high up into the air, to flounce and flutter in the heather on the bank. Ah! it is pleasant, this playing with the unseen; and soft and dainty is the speckled skin to the judicious tickler, who lets the trout touch him rather more than he touches the trout. Should you doubt this being an interesting form of sport, get an adept to do it before you; and, seating yourself on a neighbouring stone, watch his expressive countenance cocked up, blinking sunwards, and mark every gleam and gloom, joy, despair, hope, doubt, and triumph, as they chase each other across it, as they do over that of a blind musician developing deep sympathies out of the (to him) invisible organ tamed into melody by his dainty fingers; and you will never doubt more, but roll up your sleeves incontinently, and 'wade in.' There are many other forms of tickling suited to heavier waters and heavier trout, forms only too deadly among the long waving weed-masses of a Hampshire chalk-stream, or the hollowed-out banks of a Wiltshire grayling-brook. But even I, given to poaching as I have been from my youth up, would hesitate to profane such sanctuaries.

It is an art which all travellers should understand, as it might serve them in good stead at a pinch; and, poaching though it be, given a small stream swarming with small fish, the proper weather, the

impossibility of catching fish in any other way, and the absolute necessity of having fish, and the thing is not so bad,—possibly all the better for being a wee bit naughty.

IX

A GERMAN FIRST OF SEPTEMBER

[Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, September 1853.]

RAIN! rain! rain!—nothing but rain! All the ditches full of water, and the partridges' eggs hopelessly immersed! The poor draggled parent pair, scrambling half-way up the hedge-bank, crouching among the dank rotting grass and brambles, ruefully gazing at the wreck of *their* paternal and maternal, and of *our* First September hopes! Poor little wee things, with bits of egg-shell sticking about them, paddling along the plashy high-roads, squashed by every fat farmer's gig and higgler's cart, their parents' natural feelings too utterly washed out by the eternal drizzle to make them take the trouble of looking for an addled ant's egg or watery fly (drowned, possibly, the week before last) for their gaping and staggering offspring; everything, in short, rendering it a dead certainty that on the next First we shall have nothing rising before us but barren pairs or pluffy cheepers.

Such were the miseries reported to us by the head-keeper, in a mingled state of grief and ale,

last June; and too truly have his expectations been fulfilled. Who has shot anything this year? 'Seven men laying hold of the skirts of one partridge,' to escape the disgrace of a blank day!

Alack and well-a-day! for want of sport, let us fall back on the pleasures of memory, and dream of what has been. As we are not to have any sport in England this year, let us go abroad for one day.

Does any one know Herr Tröster, that 'fat knight of the castle,' broad in the shoulder, still broader in the beam, radiant of visage, with every capillary of his handsome honest face tingling and glowing with glorious Rauenthaler wine? Has no one of all our up-and-down-Rhine-steaming countrymen ever met him, disporting himself, like a convivial porpoise, at his iron-gray brother-in-law's in the Rhine-au, not a hundred *stunden* from the entrance to the beautiful and almost unknown Wisperthal; or standing in the quaint old courtyard of his own hostelrie, all mighty oaken beams, and wine tuns, and narrow windows, like the illustrations of *Der Lied von der Glocke?*

How cool, and yet how rosy he looks, under his press of white canvas jacket, clean shirt, and what brother Jonathan calls 'pants,' easy and cool, curling out gracefully about the bows, like an eighty-four gun ship under full sail! *He* needed no Brahminical straw girt round his portly person to tell him when he had enough!—a three-inch rope would not have prevented his having yet another bottle!

I fell in with the worthy Herr in this wise. Stopping at Sitz-Bad one summer, and becoming slightly bored there, I struck up an acquaintance with the Government schoolmaster, or *sprach-lehrer* (speech-teacher), as he delighted to be called; a man of feeble body, and not much stronger mind, who in his mellow moments (which were not rare) was always lamenting his hard fate, as exemplified in his having married a *bauer-mädchen* (who, by-the-bye, was a good woman, and kept him in most excellent order, so excellent, in fact, that his very soul was not his own) instead of waiting for some beautiful Englanderinn or rich Russian princess, for either of whom he had ready prepared an ear-splitting and tooth-fracturing German ode. This ode he read to me one evening after a light supper of cold boiled trout *à l'huile;* and of course, as in duty bound, I admired it exceedingly, and compared it to every effort of the Teutonic lyre, from

'Anna Mariechen wo gehest du hin!'

up to

'Bekrantz mit Laub!'

My admiration having warmed his heart, he introduced me to Herr Tröster, his great patron, as an Echter Englander, in whom there was no guile whatever, and gave me such a high character to that Teutonic Falstaff, that I got leave to fish in a little stream that trickled through the meadows close by, on the condition, however, of paying for

the trout I bagged: an agreement which was carried out satisfactorily to both parties, by sending the *haus-mädchen* up to the great hotel every evening with the contents of my creel; and the 'happy return' was duly handed over to my stout friend, to his unmitigated satisfaction.

Indeed, so delighted was he with the bright silver *gülden* I managed to extract from his stream,—in which he himself was wont to popjoy in a very aboriginal manner—that one fine day he invited me to join in a great shooting-expedition he had organised over a manor on which he had the right of sporting, and (as I found out afterwards) over certain other manors on which he had *not* that same; in short, to take my pastime with others, as far as we could without being stopped. As it fell out, we were *not* stopped, which made me suspect that sundry semi-military foresters had received a quiet hint that good wine might be had literally for a song, not a hundred miles from my worthy entertainer's *wirthschaft.*

Hoping and expecting not so much sport as fun and novelty, I borrowed a gun,—a regular pop-gun, good enough at twenty-five yards in a gun-maker's yard, but of very little use in the field—locks infamous, of course; laid in a mighty stock of powder and shot, the grains of one nearly as large as those of the other; and retired for the night, as the novels say.

Some time before daylight I was aroused by

the clatter of a *mitraille* of gravel against the windows, delivered in unsparing handfuls by Herr Tröster, whom I firmly believed in my drowsy wrath to have at least two near and dear relations in the plumbing and glazing line, so anxious he appeared to smash the glass; and,

> 'Up I rose, and donn'd my clothes,
> Did up the chamber door,'

and went out into the morning.

How often in one's lifetime does one see a really fine morning? Horace Walpole declares that he should not know seven o'clock in the morning if he were to see it, and I really am not surprised. No two mornings are alike. If you get a bright, brassy, fine early morning, you are bitten to death by the gnats and gray flies till eight or nine o'clock, and then drenched to the skin for the rest of the day; and if you are going to have anything like fine weather, everything is dank and steaming, chilly and clammy, with the trees and bushes looking as cheerful as a posse of Irish peelers who have been still-hunting all night in a moss.

An utterly dank, steamy morning was it when I appeared before Herr Tröster, whose rosy close-shaven face gleaming through the mist would have done very good duty for a London November sun. Civilities (and yawns) exchanged, we proceeded on our way.

It was all very melancholy outside. Sluggish wreaths of vapour filled up the valley below, mark-

ing the twistings and turnings of the little stream, and hanging lazily on the oak woods. All was silent and sleeping as we passed through the village, except the 'too-whoo' of a dissipated owl on the hill above us, and the chirping of the crickets in the baker's shop. No, decidedly no!—

'Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early.'

That is to say, not in wooded and comparatively low-lying countries, or by river-sides. Neither beasts, fishes, nor birds (barring ducks), are worth looking after in the *very* early morning in such situations.

Up among real mountains, or by the cliff-girt sea, though even there not always, it is quite another thing. Depend upon it, that for one really beautiful dawn we have a dozen beautiful eves.

So through the mist and mire we plodded on, drearily enough, past the great gray *gast-haus* at this early hour fast asleep,—we might almost have heard the *kellners* snoring — past the plashing *brunnen*, so gay and sparkling in the afternoon, surrounded by seedy-looking old ladies supposed to be princesses, and ancient warriors, riband-be-decked, with white hair and jet black moustachios, —now so steamy and sloppy, like the waste-pipe of a commonplace factory-engine—past the broken-down wall of the old *schloss*, through the dripping wet belt of fir-trees, invariable companions of three Cockney-German *residentzes* out of every four,—

then along the hollow slaty road, gradually ascending to the high table-land.

We were neither of us very cheerful or talkative in the misty morning, in spite of the grand sport which (we hoped) was in store for us. The truth is, gentle reader, if the truth must be told, which, by-the-bye, I rather doubt, that the worthy Herr and myself had, in Meltonian phrase, 'come to grief' the previous afternoon. He,—the Herr Wirth—had asked me down to his mighty cellar, to try all the varieties of the renowned Rauenthaler, and had carried with him a long glass tube, a candle, and a wine-glass into that temple of Bacchus. Arrived there, he had cunningly extracted the bungs from the casks, and introducing the tube into the aperture, brought up, by craftily sustaining the thirty-five miles of atmosphere on his fore-finger nail, about a glassful of golden nectar. How often he repeated this feat I know not now, though possibly I did at the time; but somehow or another the tube slipped into the deepest cask, and I broke the wine-glass, and Herr Wirth tumbled over the candle, and somebody stole the cellar-steps,—at least, we could not find them in the dark; and I think that at last we both fell asleep, and slept, as far as I can remember, very peaceably, till a door opened just over our heads, and Frau Wirthin appeared in the doorway, with the level rays of the setting sun streaming in on one side of her portly person, and demanded—

'*Heinrich! in Gottes namen was der henker machen sie so lang im keller?*'

As vulgar little boys say, 'we caught it,' and possibly we deserved to 'catch it'; but ever since that memorable afternoon I have felt perfectly convinced that the fungi developed and nourished by the alcoholic exhalations of numerous wine-casks generate miasmata, producing the most disturbing and deleterious effects on the human cerebrum. Let the sanitary reformer look to it!

So, all things considered, we were not very cheerful at first; but when the mist got higher and the day got brighter, and particularly after we left the first little *dorf*, we felt quite lively.

And pray in what manner did the first little *dorf* contribute so much to the re-establishment of your wonted joviality, gentlemen sportsmen?

Never you mind, gentle reader; but whatever it was, we felt much better after it, and trudged up the deep shaly road like giants refreshed, though our spirits were sadly damped now and then by the horrible smell of the rotting potato-patches about the village. Up a little higher, and out we came on to the flat table-land, spreading out before us for miles, parched and arid; dotted here and there with little groups of poverty-stricken wood and mud hovels, huddling closely together, shoulder to shoulder, half supported, and perhaps more than half warmed, by the mighty heap of manure piled round them; seemingly within ten minutes' walk,

but with two or more deep ravine-like valleys intervening, merely marked by a slight furrow trending towards the Rhine, or by the tops of the lofty beeches that grew on their sides.

The harvest was all in, so there was nothing to relieve the monotony of our walk. Here and there an aged wrinkled crone, of some thirty-five or thereabouts, might be seen pottering about some pet patch of turnips or *kohlrabi;* but there were no men; they were all—where the deuce were they? and where are they always in that part of the world? One never sees them at work in the fields after ploughing is over, and not always then. One might as well look for a *young* woman, nothing female being ever seen between thirteen and thirty, which is decidedly an ancient age in those agricultural districts.

No cheerful farmhouse, with its walls covered with roses, and its 'missus's' well-kept emerald-turfed flower-garden before the door; no sparkling alder-shadowed brook, with the cows standing mid-leg in the clear water, enjoying the cool green shade, with the swallows whisking and dipping about them; no farm-boys taking their sleek brown horses out to the half-ploughed stubbles; nothing,—not a sound, not a sight,—bird, beast, or tree—to put one in mind of an English farming country; all flat, bare, and brown. Let new-fashioned farmers grumble as they like about hedgerows and hedge-timber; the want of them makes a country look terribly dreary.

It is true that the wild blue peaks of the Eifel far away before us, and the warmer-tinted, well-wooded heights of the Taunus range behind us, gave a certain quaintness to the landscape; but there was a want of *incident* that made it terribly wearisome even to one well used to the Wiltshire side of Assheton Smith's country.

But hungry men are never good judges of scenery; and, convinced of this, we hurried on towards the next *dorf*, from which indistinct sounds, betokening great conviviality, were borne towards us on the morning breeze. Soon reaching it, and jumping over a low mud wall into an orchard of stunted apple-trees, we found ourselves in the midst of our party.

O my friends, my friends, what necessity was there for your 'getting yourselves up' in that insane manner? Who shall describe you? Your leather gaiters, with mighty buckles and straps, half-way up your legs, stout enough to turn the tusk of the oldest boar in the Eifel; your eccentric caps,—your guns, with broad worsted belts and tassels, always in the way,—your curiously-contrived mechanisms to prevent your guns going off accidentally, and which never seemed to have any effect till the moment you tugged at the trigger! Why could you not go out partridge-shooting, O most quiet of doctors and Government officials, without dressing for Der Freischütz, and sticking long knives in your girdles?

We were received with endless hurrahs and wild *lurie-lielie* choruses; and without further ado, one having authority plunged into a mighty pannier, and extracted therefrom a cold roast infant pig that would have gladdened the heart of Ho-ti,—always the standard thing on these occasions—endless yards of bread, and an infinity of bottles, with the gleaming topaz-coloured wine peering through their sides. The breakfast was quickly spread under the flat-topped apple-tree, and enjoyed as anything in the breakfast-line can only be by men who have had an eight or ten mile walk before getting it. The 'zukker,' as Devonians love to call it, was perfect; and when our wolfish and silent meal was over, I supposed, from the haste with which it was discussed, that we should be in action immediately. Not a bit of it! Every man set in to sing as hard as he could, and sang well too, thanks to his early training,—quaint choruses following every verse, *zuch-heisas tralla lallas*, and *schnappoe schappidoes*, getting perfectly bewildering—the wine passing pretty freely meanwhile. Considering what time of the morning it was, I am sure any gentleman with the slightest regard for his legs would have been perfectly justified in declining to shoot rabbit and cock over beagles in close cover with us, for that day at least.

I think very few Germans are what we should call thorough sportsmen. They positively revel in the idea of a day's hunting or shooting: they write

the best 'sporting' songs in the world, and certainly sing them better than any other people; but (possibly to their honour) be it spoken, it is certainly not the sport itself that they care so much about. Too happy in escaping but for one day in the season from the thraldom of bureaucracy, and loving nature for its own sake, they enjoy a day's shooting as much, or perhaps more, than any one else; but little matters it to them how many head are bagged; they plunge into the fresh, fine country as into a bath, and positively wallow in the 'caller air.' At last, having got through every song in our *Yagd-lied Buch*, choruses and all, we got under weigh, each one slinging his fancy game-bag—worked in Berlin-wool by his ladie-love—over one shoulder, and his gun over the other, and girding himself about with his tasselled powder-horn and shot-pouch, sallied forth.

The dogs (shade of Sancho, such dogs!) scampered and ran, and fought, and scratched their fleas, as if the idea of scent had never crossed their canine intellects. Possibly bored by the singing, which they had duly accompanied by dismal howls, they rejoiced in their freedom, and gamboled before us. We, their *soi-disant* masters, formed into line, and on reaching the first bit of scrubby stubble prepared resolutely for action.

We advanced for some time without meeting with any signs of the enemy; the dogs caracoled and barked, and the men sang, and smoked, and

'yodled,' seemingly determined to give the birds a hint that they were coming. Suddenly, in the midst of an exquisitely-executed chorus,—

With noise and flutter, up did rush

a covey of birds from a patch of *kohlrabi* at least a hundred and fifty yards before us. To say we fired at them would be saying nothing. The entire line kept up a well-sustained fusillade from both barrels for a minute or two at least.

I have heard, or read, that French officers considered the rolling fire from the face of a British column the most deadly thing they had ever met with in the course of their experience, which was pretty extensive. This, however, was not the case with us. I do not know whether our fire was not rolling enough, or whether the face of our column shut its eyes when it fired, or whether the enemy was too far off, but somehow we killed nothing, not even one of the dogs, which rather surprised me. Whether that bob-tailed cur who, placing his caudal appendage between his legs, went straight home across-country, enlivening his journey with dismal howls, was 'peppered,' or merely disgusted with our style of shooting, I know not; he went his way, and we continued ours.

The enemy having fled, or flown, we celebrated our bloodless victory with more *Zuch-heisasasas! Halloah Trallallas!* and before long came into action again. The birds were scarce and wild,—

not much to be wondered at considering the rumpus we made; but still, by steadily pursuing the rolling-fire system, one came down now and then, and great was the squabbling and rejoicing over it; though the *spolia* generally consisted of a head, a tail, and a pair of wings, all the intervening substance being shot into thin air. Still, it *had* been a bird, and that was something.

I soon got tired and, to say the truth, rather alarmed at this style of sporting, and hinted to my stout friend that the best thing we could do would be to lose ourselves incontinently, and have a little sporting on our own hook. We soon accomplished our object, and leaving our friends marking their way over the plain by fire and smoke, managed to pick up a few stray birds and a hare or two. But the mid-day heat soon became so intense that we were obliged to 'shut up.' My fat friend cast himself down upon the hard-baked ground, and I nestled beside him to get a little of his shadow, both of us thirsty and baked as the ground itself.

Alas! here was no sturdy under-keeper with a York-keg filled with mighty ale slung over his shoulder, to minister to us in our distress; no bright little rivulet tinkling over the clear granite gravel, in and out among the long purple heather, to serve as a diluent to our 'wee drappie'; no sturdy farmer stalked out, his heart warmed by his mighty dinner and post-prandial pipe, hallooing to

Bessie to bring out a 'joog o' yil'; all was dry, and brown, and thirsty as the Sahara itself, the occasional faint chirp of some half-baked grasshopper, or the electrical snapping of the dwarf furze-pods, making one feel hotter than ever. Our friends soon announced their approach like Christian

Mit Rauch und Dampf,

and in a few moments we were all reunited, in still fewer we were all discussing the remains of the breakfast, and gurgling the amber wine out of the 'long-necks' which had been brought up by a posse of ragged peasant-boys.

Light German wine is not worth the drinking after it crosses the Channel:—loses its flavour—can't stand the sea voyage—must be doctored! Bah! Just have three or four hours' shooting in England or Scotland, either if you like, under such a sun, and over such a dry, burnt-up expanse of stubble as that over which we had been stumbling since breakfast, and then try a bottle of pure grape-blood; not your brandied, burnt-sugared, and brown-papered port and sherry, but pure, simple, fermented grape-juice; and then abuse pure Rhine wine if you have the conscience!

Would whisky, would sherry, would,—with deep respect be it spoken—would even real strong beer, brewed by the most particular of Wiltshire farmers, have produced half the fun that those poor half-dozen of green bottles did among us?

We called it by no name; we bullied not for *Liebfrauenmilch*, *Wurtzburger-stein*, or the produce of the *Dummheitshausen Hofkeller;* it was a fact, a reality, and merely named from the year of its birth, honest *Zwei und veirziger Weisse.* Thank Heaven, it was light and good! The effects of a quart or two of strong beer on the joking powers of our party would have been dreadful. As it was, the jokes rolled out as thick and heavy as a ship's cable, and some of them almost as long. Time-honoured puns from the *Fliegende Blätter*,—*strong* stories of *Ober* and *Unter*,—Foresters,—and slightly improper ballads about their woodland adventures, streamed out one after the other; and not until the last morsel of the small porker had been discussed, and the last 'long-neck' drained to the very dregs, did we weigh anchor.

Good-hearted, straightforward fellows, rejoicing in their short holiday, revelling in their momentary burst of freedom, with no one to spy and tell; everything they said and did, they chorused manfully—

'Nur wo die Gemsen springen
Kann man von die Freiheit singen'—

and refreshed, they bent their steps towards a part of the country which promised them a little sport more suited to their habits and inclinations than the hard-baked stubbles over which they had been trying their tempers and boots all the morning.

Though the table-land on which we had spent

the early part of the day seemed at first sight almost boundless, yet a short German mile towards the Rhine it began to dip; and though here and there great sheets of table-land kept up the general appearance, deep gullies ran through it, sometimes a quarter of a mile or more in breadth, with steep sides, and level, plashy bottoms, swarming in winter with woodcocks and snipes; their sides clothed with well-grown beech-trees, all running down towards the larger valleys that carried the used-up blood of the country into that great vein, the Rhine.

Down these we went, beating and brushing, forcing our way through the thick coppice of the sides, and trampling thousands of purple autumn crocuses in the rich moist bottoms; swishing through the rank-smelling beds of monkshood; and shooting nothing,—seeing nothing to shoot.

At length, reaching a thick patch of stunted beech lying on the slope of one of the little valleys, it was determined to beat it out *secundum artem.* The mass of men went into the little valley below, and I was left at the post of honour a-top. After a few minutes' shouting, yelling, and clapping in the distance, out bounced a whacking brown fox, and carrying his brush gallantly made a straight line across country. I gave spasmodically a view-halloo, in a manner that I flattered myself would have done credit to the oldest 'cover-lurker' in Leicestershire; and fancying at the same time that I had given these Teutonic yokels a lesson

in venerie which would open their eyes a little. To my astonishment, up they came, with haggard faces and hurried steps, asking all manner of insane questions at once: 'Had I shot myself?—had I gone mad?—had I seen a wolf, a bear, a boar, or the devil himself?—was I much hurt?—where was he gone?—and what, in the "name of the hangman," was he?' Naturally taken rather aback by all this, I explained, with due humility, that I had viewed a fox, and had greeted him after the manner of my country. Like most men who are, or suppose themselves to be, in advance of their age and position, I was disbelieved and mildly sneered at. It was strongly hinted that a *prolétaire* like myself was positively alarmed at the consequences of finding himself face to face with an animal which (as was well known) was reserved by the haughty nobles of Britain for their exclusive hunting and eating; and at last, utterly abashed by the torrent of words, I entreated them to return to their stations, and give me another chance of retrieving my character, devoutly hoping, and indeed expecting, that if there were another fox in the cover, he would have the good sense to take a hint from the noise we had been making, and quietly double back on the beaters. However, fortune was against me, and scarcely had the *Treibers* recommenced their yellings, when out bounced another *Reineke*, not twenty yards from me, and for the first, and I hope for the last time in my life, I felt

my brow burning with the brand of Vulpicide. However, when in Turkey, do as the Turkeys do (they would have done so under the circumstances, doubtless); and raising a feeble whoo-hoop, I soon had the whole line round me again, wondering at my good luck, and condoling with me over the supposed nervousness which had deprived me of the glory of shooting two foxes in one day.

They were certainly right. Foxes must be killed somehow, and hunting in that country is perfectly out of the question; but still one did not like the idea of the thing.

Our next noble game, as we went down the wooded side of the ravine, were two or three wretched squirrels, which were knocked off the branches and bagged in triumph, *not* by me, I am happy to say; but at last, seeing the way the game was going, I got resigned, and made up my mind to shoot everything I came across, from a tom-tit to a tinker's donkey.

I really had had no idea of the existence of such beautiful forest scenery in Germany as that in which we soon found ourselves, so different from the wearisome pine forests, with the ground covered with the dead brown needle-leaves, and the trees standing so closely together, and so like each other, that one cannot see twenty yards on any side, or find the way back when the beaten path is left for the same distance. Here the beech woods were perfect; the emerald-green mossy turf, relieved in

patches by the rich brown moss-flowers, if one may call them so, with the pure gold green light filtering through the dancing leaves, made me think more of Shakespeare and Shelley than of Schiller and Heine.

Out burst the singing mania again, and every man roared at the top of his voice,—

'Sind unsre matten Glieder
Vom Sonnenglanz erhitzt,
So legen wir uns nieder
Wo frisches Wasser spritzt,
Wo Zephyrs sanftes Blasen
Der Sonne Glanz besiegt,
Da schläft man auf dem Rasen
Mit Anmuth eingewiegt!'

But the outburst was of shorter duration than usual; everybody was getting rather tired, and we were gradually getting nearer the great object of the day,—the covers in which we expected to find roe-deer. Already one had been reported at a vast distance by some of the party,—feeding, and indeed evidently moving. But having been stalked with vast circumspection and trouble, and after much scratching, and creeping, and swearing, the supposed roe turned out to be an artistically-disposed scarecrow, and the ambitious *Jäger* returned, perspiring and blasphemous. Nothing daunted by our companion's failure, we pressed on to the thickest part of the beech wood, and were soon disposed in a row down the centre drive, in regular battue-

fashion. I found myself with only one man in sight, on my right hand, a thick screen of birch coppice before me, and the slaty bed of a winter stream, now dry as an oven, on my left. Happening to look towards my right-hand neighbour, it seemed that something was going wrong. I did not like his looks; he handled his piece like a crow-keeper; he had a half-unhappy, half-determined way of flourishing his gun about, that augured badly for the safety of my legs. One can tell in a moment from the way a man handles his gun or his billiard-cue whether he knows how to use them or not. I called to him to know if there was anything the matter. 'Not yet; but Hans Somebody had seen or heard a boar somewhere about here, last winter, and it was possible——' What was possible I never heard, for at the same moment, out bounced a fine roe from the leafy screen before us, and took the drive at a bound. My nervous friend exploded, —I can hardly say fired—both barrels at the same moment, and the roe crashed, apparently unhurt, through the underwood; but at the same instant, from the thicket before us, there arose a yell, followed by such a burst of unearthly howlings and lamentings, that I fancied at the moment that the roe was an *alte Hexe*, and that she *had* been hit. We remained pallid at our posts, and in a few moments the beaters approached, bearing one of their companions, who exclaimed that 'it was all out with him,' and lamented being cut off in his

youth (he was not much more than sixty) most piteously. On examination, however, it appeared that the extent of the mischief was the receipt of a good-sized buck-shot just below the knee; and by the aid of a pocket-handkerchief and a liberal application of that true poor man's plaster, small change, he was soon as lively as ever.

Instead of being at all abashed at his clumsiness, my friend seemed rather elated at having hit something, and glorified himself over the marvellous shooting powers of his gingerbread pop-gun. Happening to glance my eye towards him after the beaters had returned to their posts, I saw, to my intense horror, that he was loading with ball, in order to ensure a kill at his next chance. Horrified, as I said before, I entreated him to desist; but he only grinned, and continued hammering. Flesh and blood could stand no more, and pointing my gun at him, I swore by all the Powers, that if he did not get out of sight and shot round the corner, I should feel obliged to give him such a dose of 'No. 6' as would spoil his shooting for that day at least. Evidently feeling the force of my arguments, he obeyed with alacrity, and left me in peace.

Our little discussion had apparently been heard and appreciated by the beasts of the forest. I stood under my tree, straining my ears to catch the warning crack of a rotten stick, or the light rustling patter of roe or hare over the dry leaves, but nothing came; and leaning against it, I tried to

analyse the whispering, murmuring, and rustling mass of sound, now near, now distant, that filled the air, and rose and fell on the whisperings of the evening breeze. The 'too-too-tooral-do' of the wood-pigeon and the asinine laughter of the woodpecker were old friends. The little brown mice scuttled about, under and over the fallen beech leaves, cheeping and squealing. The lizards, on the bits of hot slate in the dry torrent bed, chirruped their appreciation of the warmth of the setting sun on their plump little stomachs; and across the path, on the smooth stem of a young beech, a select party of grasshoppers, in bright green and scarlet jackets, were scraping away most perseveringly, apparently for the amusement of a gigantic beetle with long recurved *antennæ*, who stood head-downwards before them, either enjoying the concert, or meditating which of the performers would make the best supper. A pair of great brown hornets, an inch and a half long, wheeling round my head, broke in upon my reverie and warned me off. Taking the hint, I was just turning to move to another tree, when a slight rustling made me give a glance towards the thick beech screen on the opposite side of the path, and I found myself face to face with a roebuck just drawing back to make his spring across the ride. I do not know which was the more astonished; but he hesitated for a moment, and that moment was his undoing. The shot struck him like a ball in the

forehead, and tumbled him head over heels backwards into the cover, stone dead.

I had hardly reloaded when another roe bounded across the ravine to my left, not quick enough, however, to escape the contents of both barrels, which struck her in the head and side, and killed her as instantly as her partner.

A few minutes after the drivers came straggling up, hot and tired, and our little party being got together, and a few jokes exchanged in good fellowship with our bullet-driving friend, we were all only too glad to troop off, following our lengthening shadows towards our airy breakfast-parlour under the flat-topped apple-tree.

We had a fair show of game considering all things. Eight or ten brace of partridge, half-a-dozen squirrels, one fox, three roe, blackbirds and thrushes innumerable, a leash or two of hares, and a beater winged, but not bagged. All the game, excepting the roe which were taken by the foresters, was sold by a species of auction, like the fish on Hastings beach. A glass or two of wine went round, and as the last rays of the setting sun were peering over the purple peaks of the Eifel our merry party broke up, scattering in little companies of twos and threes towards their homes, the light smoke of their pipes streaming steadily up in the calm evening air, and the choruses of their songs coming faintly towards us long after the singers had faded in the darkness. Over the broad-backed

stubbles my fat friend and myself trudged homewards in the bright moonlight, as tired, gentle reader, as you must be by this time, but with, doubtless, more agreeable impressions than you are likely to have of our day's shooting in Germany.

X

CHAMOIS-HUNTING

[Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, August 1851.]

I HAD been staying at Fend (one of the highest inhabited spots in Europe), existing on a light and wholesome diet of hard-boiled eggs, harder-baked rye-bread, and corn-brandy. After some pleasant days spent in exploring the magnificent scenery round me, I had returned, by the way I came, to a collection of brown packing-boxes, by courtesy called a village, which rejoiced in the euphonious name of Dumpfen, nestling cosily under the grand belt of pines that feathered the flanks of the mountains rising high and clear behind. In front roared, rattled, and grated a wide glacier torrent, the colour of ill-made gruel; and on the opposite side stretched, for some quarter of a mile, a flat plain of gravel and worn boulders, here and there gemmed with patches of short sweet turf, till it reached the base of a noble range of cliffs, which rose gray and steep into the clear blue sky, so lofty that the fringe of world-old pines along their summits could scarcely be distinguished.

On the narrow patch of turf between the village and the torrent I found, it being a fine Sunday afternoon, much mirth and conviviality. The rifle-butts were pitched on the opposite side of the torrent, with a small hut close to them to shelter the marker, a fellow of infinite fun, attired in bright scarlet and a fantastic cap, who placed marked pegs into the bullet-holes, and pantomimed with insane gestures of admiration, contempt, astonishment, or derision, the good or bad success of the marksmen. And splendid specimens of men they were: firm, proud, yet courteous and gentle, well dressed in their handsome and handy costume, strong as lions, which, in fact, they 'needed to be' to support the weight of those young eighteen-pounders which they called rifles, with brass enough in the stocks to manufacture faces for a dynasty of railroad-kings. Never did I see finer fellows. And the women! How lovely are those Tyrolese damsels, with their dark brown glossy hair braided under the green hat, with a brilliant carnation stuck over their left ear in a pretty coquettish fashion, enough to send an unfortunate bachelor raving. And their complexions! the very flower in their hair looking dull beside their blooming cheeks; and their clear, soft, hazel eyes, with such a soul of kindness, gentleness, and purity peeping through them, as one scarcely sees even in one and another elsewhere.

The shooting was at last over, the winner crowned with flowers, and, the targets borne in triumph before

them, the whole party retired to the wooden hut with a mystic triangle in a circle over the door, to eat, drink, and be merry; and very merry we were, albeit the only tipple strongly resembled very indifferent red ink, both in taste and colour. Talk of the *dura messorum ilia;* what insides those fellows must have had!

We were sitting listening to interminable stories of *Berg-geister*, and *Gemsen Könige*, and rifle-practice at French live targets, when two herd-lads came in from some of the higher mountain-pastures, and reported three chamois seen that morning low down on the cliffs. Hereupon up rose a vast clatter among the *Jägers* as to the fortunate man who was to go after them; for chamois-hunting, gentle reader, requires rather less retinue, and greater quiet, than pheasant-shooting in October. The lot fell upon one Joseph something or another; I never could make out his surname, if he had one,—which I rather doubt. He was a fine, handsome, jaunty fellow, with nut-brown hair curling round his open forehead, and a moustache for which a guardsman would have given his little finger.

Now, as it fell out, I also got excited; I, too, thirsted after chamois' blood; but how to get it? How could I, small five-foot-seven, and rather light in the build, persuade that Hercules to let me accompany him, unless he put me in his pocket, which would have been derogatory? It is true that I being light myself, was perfectly convinced that

weight was rather an incumbrance than otherwise in the mountains; but how could I persuade the 'Heavy,' whose opinions of course ran the other way, to agree with me?

However, as the men thinned off, and the place became quieter, I determined to make the attempt, at least; and commenced the attack by 'standing' Joseph a *chopine* of the aforesaid red ink, and then, fearing the consequences, followed it up by an infinity of *gouttes* of infamous corn-brandy, all the while raving about the Tyrol, Andreas Hofer, and the Monk, and abusing the French, till I quite won his heart; he, innocent soul, never imagining the trap I had set for him. At last I glided into chamois-hunting, the darling theme of a Tyroler, making him tell me all sorts of wild stories, and telling him some in return, every whit as true, I have no doubt, as his own; till at last I boldly demanded to be allowed to accompany him the next morning.

Joseph demurred for some time; but gratitude for the tipple, my admiration for Hofer, and, perhaps the knowledge that I had been over some of the stiffest bits of the surrounding ranges alone, and had been after the *gemse*, though unsuccessfully, before, made him relent, and it was finally settled that I should go. He went home to get comfortably steady for the next morning, and I laid violent hands on everything eatable to stuff into my knapsack; while the others, after vainly trying to dissuade me out of

my determination, retired, shaking hands with me as if I was ordered for execution at eight precisely the next morning. Whereon I vanished into the wooden box, which it is *de règle* to get into in that part of the world when one wants to sleep, and slumbered incontinently.

I had been asleep about five minutes, according to my own computation, though, in fact it was about as many hours, when I suddenly awoke to the full perception of the fact that I was 'in for it.' Alas! those treacherous fumes of *slibowitz* no longer deluded me into the idea that I was fully up to any existing mountain in the known world, that jumping a ten-foot crevasse was as easy as taking a hurdle, or that climbing hand over hand up rocks so perpendicular that one's nose scraped against their stony bosoms was rather safer, if anything, than taking sparrows' nests from the top of the stable-ladder. However, the honour of England was at stake, and go I must! So I resigned myself to the certainty of breaking my only neck, and jumped up, thereby nearly dashing in the roof of my brain-pan against the top of my box, adding, most unnecessarily, another headache to the one I already possessed, and turned out.

Unfortunately there was no one awake to see my magnanimity; and it was too dark to see it if there had been; so I groped my way down, with my upper garments on my arm. After barking my shins against stools and trestles, and being nearly

eaten up by a big dog in the dark, I sallied out, preferring to make my morning ablutions in the clear and particularly cold *brunnen* that plashed and sparkled on the little green before the door, to dipping the tip of my nose and the ends of my fingers into the pie-dish which had been considerately placed for my private use.

How intensely beautiful that dawn was, with the pine woods steeped in the deepest purple, here and there a faint, gauzy mist, looking self-luminous, marking the course of some mountain brook through the forest! The gray cliffs stood dark and silent on the opposite side of the stream, and one far-off snow-peak, just catching the faint reflected light of dawn, gleamed ghost-like and faint, like some spirit lingering on the forbidden confines of day. How intense was that silence, broken only by the harsh rattle of the torrent and the occasional faint tinkle of a cow-bell in the distance; or now and then by a spirit-like whispering sigh among the pines, that scarcely moved their long arms before the cold breath of the dying night!

I had finished my toilet, and was just beginning to hug myself in the idea that I had escaped, and had a very good excuse to slip into bed again, when I heard the clang of a pair of iron-soled shoes advancing down the torrent-bed that did duty for a road, and to my unmitigated disgust saw Joseph looming through the darkness, like an own brother to the Erl King, a 'shotting-iron' under each arm,

and a mighty wallet on his back. There was no escape; I was in for it!

Setting our faces to the mountains we entered the pine forest, and toiled up and up through the dark, silent trees, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, till the day began to break, some three-quarters of an hour after our start, when we stopped with one accord; of course only to look back and see the sunrise, though I doubt if either of us could have kept up that steady treadmill pace much longer with any degree of comfort.

Well, we halted to look, perhaps for the last time, at the valley and the village, now far below us. We had got to the height of the cliffs on the opposite side, and could look over their summits at the tumbled Alp-billows that tossed their white crests for many a league beyond; the sun steeping the snow-peaks in tints of purple, pink, and crimson, and here and there a rock-peak shone with the brightest silver and the reddest gold,—enough to send one 'clean wud' with their exquisite beauty. Down below in the valley the sun had not yet risen, though man had: the little columns of blue smoke wreathed gracefully upwards in the calm morning air; and the lowing of the cows, and the faint tinkle of their bells, as they were being driven to their morning pasture, floated up ever and anon in strangely diminished tones that seemed to come from some fairy world far down in the Alp-caverns.

Having rested, we turned our faces again to the

mountains, and toiled anew through the pine forest, now no longer dark and gloomy, but fleckered with gleams of yellow morning light and sparkling with a thousand dew-diamonds.

Up, up, still up, across the little sparkling runlets, tumbling head over heels in their hurry to see what sort of a world the valley below might be! Up over masses of rock, ankle-deep in rich brown moss, bejewelled with strawberries and cowberries, garlanded with raspberries twisting and straggling out of their crevices, covered with rich ripe fruit! Up over bits of open turf, green as emeralds, set in pure white gravel sparkling like a thousand diamonds! Up through tangled masses of fallen pines, their bleaching stumps standing out like the masts of great wrecks,—terrible marks of the course of the avalanche wind! Up through one short bit more of pine wood, over the split-fir fence and into the little mountain-meadow smiling in the level sunlight, with its bright stream tinkling merrily through it, its scattered boulders and wooden *sennhutt*, with the cows and goats clustered round it standing ready to be milked; one of the latter, by-the-bye, instantly charges me, and has to be repelled by my alpenstock, bayonet-fashion; while all around the sweet breath of the cows mingles deliciously with the aromatic fragrance of the pine forest, and the rich scent of the black orchis and wild thyme!

Seat yourself on that wooden milking-stool by the door,—beware! it has but one leg, and is 'kittle

to guide'—after a hearty shake of the hand from that gray old giant of a herdsman, and enjoy yourself.

'Joseph, what's i' the fardel? Turn out your traps and let us see what "provaunt" you have got.' A mighty mass of cold boiled mutton, an infinity of little dabs of rye-bread, the size of one's hand and as hard as flints; and—what is that thou art extracting with such a grin on thy manly countenance, as if thou hadst found the best joke in Europe tied up in the corner of the bag? A quart bottle of corn-brandy! I simper, the gray herdsman simpers, and Joseph simpers most of all, as if he was conscious of having done a monstrous clever thing, but was modest. 'Schnapps at six in the morning, hardly correct,' say I. Joseph thinks that it *is* apt to make one thirsty (it certainly always appears to have that effect upon him), and the gray herdsman shakes his head and smacks his lips dubiously as if he were not quite certain, but would rather like to try. 'Well, just one thimbleful, Joseph, just to kill the *larvæ*, ye ken. Ah! you don't understand; it is a mountain excuse, too. Never mind, hand us the *becher*.'

Here we breakfasted luxuriously, eking out our store with sour milk and crumbly new white cheese from the *sennhutt*. The gray herdsman eyes me intently, and longs to know what manner of man I am. I take pity on his thirst for knowledge. '*Ein Englander?*' I am his friend for life! He has heard of the £30,000 sent over in the French war-

time, and his nephew has seen *the* letter in a glass case at Innspruck. 'And I want to shoot chamois?' He looks almost sorrowfully at me, but I have gone too far to retreat, and am very valiant. 'Yes, there are three up about the Wildgrad Kögle.' That is enough, Adé André! Pack up, Joseph; forward!

Stop a bit, let us load here; we may stumble on something shootable. I am soon ready; but loading with Joseph is a very solemn affair, not to be undertaken lightly, or finished in a hurry. First, he takes a dose of stuff out of a cow's horn, which I, in my ignorance, suppose to be very-badly-made No. 7 shot. A small quantity of this he places in the pan of his rifle, and crushes with the handle of his knife; the rest he pours down the barrel, and I perceive that it is powder. Then he looks up and down, round and about. What the deuce is he after? Is he Cockney enough to be going to flash-off his rifle, and afraid of some one hearing him? No, there he has it; a bunch of gray moss, *baumhaar*, as he calls it, from that blasted pine. Wonder again; what in the name of goodness is he going to do with that? Use it as a pocket-handkerchief? I do not believe he carries one; at any rate, if he does, he only uses that pattern said by the *Fliegende Blätter* to be so popular among the Galician deputies of the Paul's Kirche Parliament. No,—wrong again; he carefully pulls it to pieces, and making it into a round ball, rams it down upon the powder; and a most excellent dodge it is. Colonel Hawker has only

rediscovered an old secret, or, more likely, learned it on the shores of the Bodensee; then the greased patch and the ball, and all is ready. On we go!

After leaving the meadow we entered again into the pine forest, which gradually became more open, the trees more stunted and fantastic, and their long straggling arms clothed more and more, as we ascended, with the ash-gray *baumhaar;* dead trees and thunder-riven stumps became frequent, rotting in and into the black bog mould, which gives a scanty root-hold to the blushing alpen rose. Soon we leave the trees behind us altogether. There is nothing now but wild chaotic masses of gravel and stones, tossed and heaped one on the other by the fierce avalanche,—the very rocks gray and crumbling with age; here and there patches of black bog, with little oases of emerald-green turf perched in their centre, the black orchis growing thick upon them and perfuming the air for yards around. Ere long even these traces of vegetation became more scarce, and the appearance of everything around us wilder and more sterile. Still the brilliant peaks of the Wildgrad Kögle gleamed brightly before us, and beckoned us on.

Our path lay now, steep and rugged, along the edge of a ravine, at the bottom of which we heard the torrent chafing and roaring many a yard below us. There was a precipitous bank of rocks and screes to our right, quite unclimbable, which seemed only to want the will,—they certainly had the way

—to topple us into the abyss. Just as we were turning an abrupt angle very gingerly, with our eyes fixed on our slippery path, and longing for an elephant's trunk to try the sound bits from the rotten ones, we suddenly heard a rushing sough, like the falling of a moist snow avalanche, and a cloud passed across the sun. Glancing hastily upwards, I—yes I, in the body at this present, inditing this faithful description of my chase—saw, not a hundred paces from me, an enormous vulture! Anything so fiercely, so terribly grand as this great bird saw I never before, and can scarcely hope to see again. He was so near that we could distinctly see the glare of his fierce eye, and the hard, bitter grip of his clenched talons. The sweep of his vast wings was enormous,—I dare not guess how broad from tip to tip; and their rushing noise, as he beat the air in his first laboured strokes, sounded strangely wild and spirit-like in the mountain stillness. A dozen strong strokes, and then a wild swoop round to our right, and away, like a cloud before the blast, till a neighbouring peak hid him from our sight, followed by a wild shout of astonishment from Joseph. I opened not my mouth, or if I did, left it open.

Nothing ever gave me such a feeling of reality as the sight of this vast vulture so near me. Often and often had I seen them, both in Switzerland and the Tyrol, sailing so high that, although well up the mountain flank myself, I almost doubted whether

they were realities or mere *muscæ volitantes*, produced by staring up into the clear bright sky with one's head thrown back. This fellow there was no doubt of; we saw his very beard! We were really then chamois-hunting; we had penetrated into the very den of the mountain tyrant. No fear of gigs and green parasols *here;* we were above the world.

Soon after our friend had departed, and we had recovered from the astonishment into which his unexpected visit had thrown us, we reached the end of our *mauvais pas*, and found ourselves at the foot of a wild valley, entirely shut in by ranges of lofty cliffs, with patches of snow lying on the least inclined spots. In front, still far above us, towered the wild rock-masses of the Wildgrad Kögle. The Kögle itself ran up into one sharp peak, that seemed, from where we were, to terminate in a point. Great part of its base was concealed by a range of precipices, with broad sheets of snow here and there, resting at an extraordinarily high angle, as we soon found to our cost, and having their crests notched, and pillared, and serrated in the wildest manner. The floor of the valley was covered with masses of rock and boulder hurled from the surrounding cliffs, and heaps and sheets of rough gravel, ground and crushed by the avalanches and fissured by the torrents of melted snow. The silence of the Alp-spirit, as silent as death itself, was in it; only at intervals was heard the whispering sough of some slip of snow, dislodged by the warmth of the midday sun.

We advanced stealthily, concealing ourselves behind the boulders, and searched valley and cliff in vain for our prey. Joseph was the proud possessor of a telescope, mysteriously fashioned out of paper and cardboard; a pretty good one, nevertheless, brought from Italy by some travelling pedlar, and an object of great veneration, but one which failed in discovering a single chamois. Our only chance now was that they might be feeding in some of the smaller valleys, between the cliffs at the head of the basin in which we were and the Kögle itself.

'Feeding! what could they be feeding on, when you say yourself that you left all kind of green stuff behind you long ago?'

So, doubtless, thought I, too, by this time, most impatient reader; but on the screes at the head of the valley Joseph showed me, for the first time, the plant on which these extraordinary animals in a great measure live. It has a thick, green, trilobate leaf, and a flower so delicate and gauze-like that one wonders how it can bear for a moment the harsh storms to which it is exposed. Its petals have a most curious crumpled appearance, and are of the softest pink imaginable, almost transparent. As for its class and order, you must go elsewhere for them; I know them not; nor the name either which the Latins would have given to it if they had been aware of its existence. Joseph called it *gemsenkraut*, or chamois-herb, and that was enough for me.

Having finished our botanical investigations, we pushed on to the upper end of the valley, and found that the cliffs and screes and snow-patches looked uglier and steeper the nearer we approached them. However, there was no retreat; onwards we must go, or be declared 'nidding' through the length and breadth of the Tyrol.

Oh, those screes, those screes! lying at an angle of goodness knows how much with the horizon,—sharp, slaty, angular pieces of stone, like savage hatchets, slippery as glass, glancing from under our feet, and casting us down sideways on their abominable edges, 'sliddering' down by the ton, carrying our unfortunate persons yards below where we wanted to go, crashing and clattering, and then dancing and bounding far down into the valley, like mischievous gnomes delighted with the bumpings and bruisings they had treated us to! How Joseph did anathematise! For my part, mine was a grief 'too deep for swears'!

After crossing, still ascending, two or three beds of screes, we came to the edge of the first snow-field,—not very broad, it is true, but lying at a higher angle than I ever thought possible, and frozen as hard as marble on the surface; one sheet of ice, with an agreeable fall of some hundred feet at its lower edge. We were in despair! We had now got excited and confident; our blood was up, and here came 'the impossible' to stop us!

But what is it that Joseph has picked up from

the snow, and is examining so carefully? No matter; 'twas not what we sought, but it *was* something closely connected with it. Yes, there is no doubt of it; they have been here, and lately too! See the sharp hoof-prints just above; they must have crossed this morning! Go it, ye cripples (*in prospectu*); we must cross this, come what may!

We got along steadily, without any slides, though with many slips, always sticking our staves convulsively into the snow the moment our heels seemed to have the slightest disposition to assume the altitude of our heads. It was nervous work; one slip, one moment too late in thrusting our staff perpendicularly in the snow, as an anchor, and away we should have shot like a meteor over the glittering surface for a hundred terrible yards, and then with a wild bound have been launched into the abyss below. However, we could not have turned back if we had wished it; and at last, to our intense satisfaction, we grasped the rough rock that bounded the farther side of the field. Grasped it! —we embraced it!—we clung to its rough surface as if we had been six months at sea, and had landed in the Hesperides!

At length, on the summit of the ridge, we were able to crouch down and look through a crack in the rock into the next valley. Round and about, above and below, we examined every hole and corner; half-a-dozen times some villainous stone made our hearts leap to our mouths. But, alas! 'it

was no go'; there was not a living thing in sight,—barrenness, barrenness, and desolation!

Our chance of chamois was utterly over for the day. *N'importe;* better luck to-morrow. Who can feel out of spirits in that brisk mountain atmosphere? There is the highest peak of the Wildgrad Kögle right before us,—and, hang him, we'll dine on his head!

The ridge on which we found ourselves was but a few feet broad and about a hundred and fifty feet above the snow on each side. It was composed of innumerable, irregular, pillar-like masses of rock of different heights and distances, impossible to descend at the point where we found ourselves; but as it ran at the same general level, we fancied that we could get on the sloping mass of snow which lay on the side of the peak at some distance on. Jumping from one small table of rock to another,—now only saved from 'immortal smash' by Joseph's strong arm, and now swaying doubtfully on a *plateau* the size of a small dumb-waiter top, uncertain whether we should be off or not,—we hopped along, wishing we were kangaroos, till we found a crevice which seemed practicable, and down which I went with a run, or rather a slide, much quicker than was agreeable, being only brought up by my feet coming on Joseph's broad shoulders, he taking, as I must confess he generally did, the first place, whereby he always came in for a double allowance of stones and gravel, but about which he seemed utterly indifferent.

On reaching the bottom we found that, as usual, the snow had melted some distance from the rock, leaving a mighty pretty crack to receive us. However, a lucky jump landed us safely, and for a moment erect, on the snow, and then, head over heels, rolling and bumping and kicking, we spun over the slippery surface till we managed to bring ourselves up about fifty yards below where we had started. But, in spite of tumbles, we were in high spirits; there were no *gemse* to frighten, and no more tottering avalanches ready to fall on our heads if we as much as ventured to use our pocket-handkerchiefs.

We toiled up the terribly steep snow-patch merrily enough, not without retracing our path several times in a manner at once undignified and unexpected, — though it certainly was not to be complained of as far as speed went,—and reached at last, utterly blown and sick with exertion, the base of the rock forming the summit of the mountain. Hardly giving ourselves time to recover, we climbed up the last sixty or seventy feet of cliff, and I found myself—first this time, for a wonder!—on a small platform, the summit of the Wildgrad Kögle.

The platform was some ten or twelve feet square, and the only approach to it was on the side we had ascended; on every other the cliff ran down in a sheer wall, how deep I know not, for I never could judge of distances from above. As for describing what we saw from our elevated dining-table, it is clean out of the question. We saw nothing but

mountains, or rather the tops of mountains, for we were far above the general level of their crests. One wide sea of rock and snow surged around us; shoreless, no bounding range, no sweet glimpse of broad green valleys and glistening rivers in the distance, no pretty villages nestling cosily under the pine forest,—nothing but peak on peak, ridge on ridge; bright pinnacles and clusters of pinnacles shooting up here and there far above the rest into the calm blue sky; deep grooves marking the course of distant valleys, like tide-marks on the sea. But no trace was there of man or beast, herb or tree; the very wind that whistled past us brought no sound or scent from the valleys it had passed, but sounded harsh and dry and dead. Vain, indeed, would be the effort to convey the slightest idea of the solemn grandeur of that scene! Manfred? Manfred gives the finest and truest picture ever perhaps painted of Swiss Alpine scenery, as seen looking towards the mountains or from the cliffs bordering some rich pastoral valley; but we had passed all that long ago; we were in the very heart of the range. Alp was still piled on Alp, but we had reached the summit of the pile. The only valleys we saw were fearful scars in the mountain flank, half filled with eternal snow and the crumbling skeletons of dead Alps. No sound, no herdsman's *jödle*, no cow-bell's tinkle ever reached to half-way up our rocky perch; we were far above the vulture and the chamois. We were alone with the rock and snow and sky.

It seemed profanity to whisper; and yet there was Joseph, after a glance round and a short '*schöne panorama!*' whistling and fishing up the eatables and drinkables from the bottom of his wallet as coolly as if he was seated in his own smoky, half-lighted cabin. He had been born in it, and was used to it. I doubt whether I myself felt the grandeur of the scene as much then as I have often done since, on recalling it bit by bit to my recollection. The really grand gives one at first a sort of painful feeling that is indescribable. One cannot *think;* one only *feels* with that strange, undescribed sense that strives, almost to heart-breaking, to bring itself forth, and yet stays voiceless.

We sat long, drinking in alternate draughts of sublimity and *slibowitz* (as Joseph called the brandy), till the *Berg-geist* kindly put an end to our ecstasies by drawing a dark gray veil over the whole picture, and pelting us with snow-flakes as a gentle hint to be off and leave him to his cogitations. It began, indeed, to snow in real earnest, and the weather looked mighty dark and unpromising; so we scrambled hastily down the way we came, and leaning well back on our alpenstocks, with our feet stretched out before us, shot down the long sheet of snow at a considerably quicker rate than we had ascended; and gliding scornfully past our columnar friends, whose fantastic capitals had given us so much trouble in the morning, we reached, with many a tumble and much laughter, the stony ravine at its foot.

Scorning to finish the day without drawing blood from something besides ourselves, we determined to commit slaughter on whatever came across us. We soon heard the shrill signal-whistle of the marmot, and, for want of better game, determined to bag at least one of these exceedingly wide-awake gentlemen. Creeping to the top of a neighbouring ridge, we peeped cautiously over into a little valley floored with a confused mass of mossy stones and straggling *alpen-rosen*. Here several of these quaint little beasts, half rat, half rabbit, were frisking in and out of their burrows, cutting all sorts of what Joseph called *burzelbaume* (*Anglicé*, capers), little suspecting that the all-destroying monster, man, had his eye upon them. One fellow, the sentinel, took my particular fancy as he sat up on his nether end on a large stone. There was an expression of unutterable self-conceit and conscious wide-awakefulness about his blunt muzzle and exposed incisors that was perfectly delicious. Him I determined to bring to bag, and cautiously raising my carbine—crack! over he rolled, I have no doubt too astonished to feel any pain, his friends tumbling madly head over heels into their burrows, while the astonished echoes repeated crack! crack! again and again in all sorts of tones and modulations, till warned to silence by the harsh rattle of an old mountain a mile off. We bagged our friend, who looked every whit as conceited in death as he did when alive, and recommenced our descent. On our way we shot a brace

of *schnee-huhner*, a species of ptarmigan,—a pack of which very slow birds were running stupidly in and out among the rocks—and hurried on. It was growing very dark, the snow fell heavily, and the wind began rushing and eddying round us, depositing the largest and coldest of snowflakes in our ears and eyes, till we were half blinded and wholly deaf. Joseph began to look serious, and hunted about for a small torrent he knew of to serve as a guide; after some trouble and anxiety we found it, and stumbled down its rocky banks till we came to a solitary *sennhutt*, which was to be our resting-place for the night.

With some difficulty we got the door open, and found that the hut was, fortunately, not entirely filled with hay; a space about six or eight feet broad had been boarded off between it and the outer wall for the use of the *wild-hauer*. This was to serve us as parlour and kitchen and all, except bedroom, which was to be sought for in the haystack itself. Our floor was the bare earth; the logs which formed the wall were badly jointed, and the wind whistled through the gaping cracks in the most uncomfortable manner; one could almost fancy that it was trying to articulate the dreaded word rheumatism.

However, the ever-active Joseph, bustling about, found some dry wood, and we made a blazing fire on the floor at the imminent risk of burning our beds. Having slightly thawed ourselves, we continued our researches, and found a shallow wooden

pail, carefully covered over, holding some two gallons of sour milk, left by the charitable hay-man some fortnight before, for the use of any benighted hunter who might have the luck to stumble on the hut, and one of those abominable one-legged milking-stools, so common in that part of the world, which, having vainly endeavoured to sit on it, and having tumbled into the fire in consequence, to Joseph's intense amusement, I hurled madly over the hay out into the storm.

As the clatter made among the shingles of the roof by its hasty exit subsided, we heard a noise which struck terror into both our hearts, and would doubtless have chilled our very marrow if it had not been below freezing-point already. Devils! *Berg-geister!* Fly! Out into the black storm, over the precipice, into the torrent, before some fearful mopping and mowing face, too ghastly horrible for human eyeball to see without bursting, or human brain to conceive without madness, gibber out upon us from that dark corner! Listen, there it is again! And—mew-w-w-w-w! down tumbled between us a miserable, half-grown, gray kitten, nearly dead with cold and starvation, doubtless absent on some poaching expedition when the hut was deserted, and not thought worth the going back for. Oh, the joy of that unfortunate little beast at seeing man and fire once more! How she staggered about, with tail erect, vainly trying to mew and purr at the same time! having to be perpetually pulled out of the fire,

and 'put out' to prevent her playing the part of one of Samson's foxes with our beds, filling the cabin with unspeakable smells of singed hair. And now she would persist in walking up our backs, and tickling us to madness with her scorched tail.

Having disposed of 'Catchins,' as she was immediately named, as well as we could, by tossing her by the tail to the top of the hay whenever she descended to thank us, which happened about three times in every two minutes, we 'fixed' our suppers, broiling the *schnee-huhner* over the bright fire, and enjoyed ourselves mightily. After a smoke and a short cross-examination from Joseph as to our friends, family, and expectations, and particular inquiries for the shortest overland route to England, and the number of years required for the journey, we climbed up into the hay, and grubbed and wormed our way for two or three feet below its surface, and, making unto ourselves each a 'spiracle' or blow-hole over our respective noses, tried to slumber.

Now a bed of short, sweet Alpine grass, fragrant with the spirits of a thousand departed flowers, is as warm, cosy, and elastic as a bed can be; but it has one unfortunate drawback,—the small straws and dust falling down the before-mentioned spiracle tickle and titillate one's unfortunate face and nose in a most distracting manner; and as you utterly destroy the snug economy of your couch, and let in a rush of cold mountain air as often as you raise your hand to brush away the annoyance, some

fastidious persons might possibly prefer a modest mattress with a fair allowance of sheets and blankets.

At last, however, I was dozing off, tired of hearing Joseph muttering what certainly were not his prayers, rustling fretfully, and sneezing trumpet-like at intervals, as some straw, more inquisitive than usual, made a tour of inspection up his nostril, when I suddenly heard a round Tyrolese oath rapped out with great fervour, and something whirled over my head and plumped against the timbers of the roof. Dreamily supposing that it was the aforesaid cumbrous Tyrolese execration, which Joseph had jerked out with such energy as to send it clean across the cabin, I was gliding back into oblivion, when something with an evil smell, and making a noise like a miniature stocking-machine, tumbled down my spiracle plump into my face. Waking fully I at once perceived that it was the cat, not the oath, I had heard fly over me shortly before, she, in the excess of her gratitude, being determined to stick as closely to us as possible. Following Joseph's example, I seized her by the tail, and whirled her, purring uninterruptedly, as far as I could. Ere many minutes had elapsed she was again launched forth by the infuriated Joseph; and backwards and forwards she flew at least half-a-dozen times between us, without appearing in the least disconcerted, perhaps, indeed, finding the exercise conducive to the assimilation of the sour milk, till Nature could stand no more and we fell fast asleep.

Whether she spent the night on our faces, in alternate watches, I know not; but I had ghastly dreams, and when I woke in the morning, I found my hand and arm thrust forth from the hay, reposing on a cool and clean counterpane of snow which had drifted in during the night, as if I had been repelling her advances even in my sleep.

Feeling very cold and damp, we turned out as soon as we woke, and blowing up the embers of the fire, warmed ourselves as well as we could, and took a peep out into the night. The storm had passed away, leaving everything covered with a veil of snow, that gleamed faintly under the intense black-blue sky. The stars were beginning to assume that peculiar sleepy, twinkling appearance which shows that their night-watch is drawing to a close, and everything lay in still, calm rest around us.

We breakfasted sparingly, as our provisions were beginning to run short, thanks to the keen mountain-air and our hard work the day before; and just as the first cold chill of the approaching dawn began to be felt, we left the cabin, shutting up Catchins, and hanging the marmot on a peg out of her reach till our return.

Our day's route lay more round to the left of the Wildgrad Kögle. The scene was for some time a repetition of that of the day before, but the cliffs were still more precipitous and the ravines narrower and more difficult to traverse. Many a tumble we got for the first hour among the boulders covered

with treacherous moss and cowberry plants; but before sunrise we had left all vegetation behind us again, and were up among the crags and the snow.

As we ascended, we saw a valley to our left filled to the brim with dense mist, which, as soon as the sun began to tinge the highest peaks, rose in swirling columns to shut out everything that was not in our immediate vicinity. This was advantageous, as, although it prevented our seeing, it at the same time prevented our being seen from the cliffs before we reached our best ground. We toiled on steadily, crossing vast beds of snow and occasionally the roots of some glacier that threw itself into the valleys to our left, climbing, scrambling, and slipping, but still steadily ascending, till we got to where Joseph expected to fall in with chamois, when we called a halt, and sheltering ourselves behind a mass of rock from the keen morning wind, waited for the clearing of the mist.

The Alp-spirit seemed to be amusing himself mightily with this same mist. At one moment, catching it up in huge masses, he piled it on the sharp peaks, as if to make himself a comfortable cushion; and then, sitting suddenly down to try its efficacy, drove it in all directions by his 'lubber weight.' Enraged, he tossed and tumbled it about for some time, and at last spread it into one broad level plain, with the higher peaks standing out clear and sharp, like rocks from a calm sea. Now and then the mist would disappear entirely for a few

moments, leaving everything clear and bright; then a small cloud, 'like a man's hand,' would form on the side of some distant peak, and spreading out with inconceivable rapidity, would envelop us in its boiling wreaths, while the wind, ever and anon rushing down some unexpected gully, cut a tunnel right through it, giving us glimpses of distant mountains and snow-fields looking near and strange as if seen through a telescope.

At last the sun began to shine out cheerily and steadily, and the breeze gave a freshness and buoyancy to our spirits never to be felt except on high mountains. The heavy atmosphere of the valleys squeezes one's soul into its case, and sits on the lid like an incubus. That blessed mountain-spirit is the only power who takes the lid off altogether, and lets the soul out of its larva-case to revel in the strange beauties of his domain without restraint.

After a time we found ourselves in a region of snow-fields, filling up broad valleys lying calm and shadowless in the bright sunshine. Here and there they were marked by delicate blue lines, where the crevasses allowed the substratum of ice to be seen, showing that these apparently eternal and immovable plains of snow were slowly but steadily flowing downwards, to appear as splintered glaciers in the valleys far below; and here and there, again, dark ridges, standing sharply up from the snow-bed, marked the course of buried mountain-ranges, and gave some idea of the vast depths of the deposit.

But wonderfully beautiful as these plains were, and strange and wild as they appeared to an English eye, with a brilliant August sun pouring his whole flood of light and warmth upon them, they were not the great points of interest to us. Those mighty ranges of cliff, rising tier above tier to our right, fretted with a pure white lace-work of fresh-fallen snow, with here and there vast beds of screes shot from above, giving promise of *gemsenkraut*, were the bits we scanned with the greatest eagerness. We had come for chamois, and, I am afraid, looked upon the rest as of very secondary importance.

We were advancing along the base of the lowest tier of cliff, which had a sort of step of snow running along it about half-way up for some half-a-mile, bounded at one end by an immense mass of screes and precipice, and at the other by a sudden turn of the rock, when Joseph, suddenly dashing off his hat and throwing himself prostrate behind a stone, dragged me down beside him with a vice-like grasp that left its mark on my arm for many a day after. Utterly taken aback at the suddenness of my prostration, I lay beside him, wondering at the change that had come over his face; he was as white as marble, his moustache worked with intense excitement, and his eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets as he glared at the cliff. Following his line of sight I glanced upwards, and my eye was instantly arrested by something. It moved—again—and again! With shaking hand I directed the telescope to the

point, and there, at the end of it, hopping fearlessly on the shivered mountain-side, scratching its ear with its hind-foot, and nibbling daintily the scattered bits of *gemsenkraut* that sprang up between the stones, stood fearless and free—a chamois!

After watching him with intense interest for some moments we drew back, scarcely daring to breathe, and, sheltering ourselves behind a large stone, held a council of war. It was evidently impossible to approach him from where we were; we could not have moved ten steps towards him without the certainty of being discovered; our only chance was to get above him and so cut him off from the higher ranges. Crawling backwards, we managed to place a low range of rock between ourselves and the cliffs, and then making a wide sweep, we reached their base at some distance from where the chamois was feeding.

After examining the precipice for some time, we found that the only mode of access to its summit, here some three or four hundred feet above us, was by a sort of ravine, what would be called in the Swiss Alps a *cheminée*, a species of fracture in the strata, the broken edges of which would give us some hold for foot and hand. At its upper termination we could see the end of a small glacier, slightly overhanging the cliff, from which a small stream leaped from ledge to ledge, only alive in the last hour or two of sun-warmth, giving promises, which certainly were faithfully fulfilled, of additional

slipperiness and discomfort. But we had no choice. We had already spent nearly an hour in our cautious circuit: our scramble, wherever it took place, would cost us nearly another before we got above our expected prey; and if we hesitated much longer, he might take a fancy to march off altogether in search of the rest of the herd. So up we went, dragging ourselves and each other up the wet slippery rocks, getting a shivering 'swish' of ice-cold water in our faces every now and then, till we got about half-way up, when just as we were resting for a moment to take breath, we heard a tremendous roar, followed by a splintering crash just above our heads, and had the pleasure of seeing the fragments of some half a ton of ice, which had fallen from the glacier above, fly out from the shelf of rock under which we were resting, and spin down the rugged path we had just ascended. Thinking that this was quite near enough to be pleasant, and calculating that by every doctrine of chances the same thing would not happen twice in the same half-hour, we scrambled up as fast as we could before the next instalment became due, and at last reached safely the top of the precipice.

We certainly had not much to boast of as far as walking went when we got there, for the snow and rocks were tumbled about in a very wild manner. If we slipped off a rock we tumbled waist-deep into the soft melting snow-drifts; and when we tumbled on the snow there was always some lurking rock ready to remind us of his presence by a hearty thump.

However, as we were fairly above the chamois, our excitement carried us on. I do not think that Joseph swore once. We found afterwards, indeed, to our cost, that in one of his involuntary summersets he had broken *the* bottle, and narrowly escaped being bayoneted by the fragments; but we did not know it then, and so scrambled on in contented ignorance, until we reached the spot on the cliffs to our right which he had marked as being above our prey. Here, however, we found that it was impossible to get near enough to the edge to look over, as the fresh-fallen snow threatened to part company from the rock and carry us with it on the slightest indiscretion on our part. Crouching down in the snow, we listened for some hint of our friend's whereabouts, and had not waited more than a minute when the faint clatter of a stone far below convinced us that he was on the move. Keeping low, we wallowed along till we came to where the crest of the cliff, showing a little above the snow, gave us a tolerable shelter; carefully crawling to the edge we peeped over and saw, as we expected, that the *gemse* had shifted his quarters, and, as luck would have it, was standing on the snow-bed half-way up the cliff immediately below us.

Trembling, partly with excitement and partly from the under-waistcoat of half-melted snow we had unconsciously assumed in our serpentine wrigglings, we lay and watched the graceful animal below us. He evidently had a presentiment that there was

something 'no canny' about the mountain-side; some eddy had perhaps reached his delicate nostrils laden with the taint of an intruder. With his head high in the air, and his ears pointed forwards, he stood examining, as wiser brutes than he sometimes do, every point of the compass but the right. One foot was advanced; one moment more and he would have gone, when crack! close to my ear, just as I was screwing up my nerves for a long shot, went Joseph's heavy rifle. With a sinking heart I saw the brute take a tremendous bound, all four hoofs together, and then, like a rifle-ball glancing over the bosom of a calm lake, bound after bound carried him away and away over the snow-field and round the corner of our right, before I had recovered my senses sufficiently to take a desperate snap at him.

What we said, or felt, or how we got over the face of that cliff, I know not. A dim recollection of falling stones and dust showering round us,—pieces of treacherous rock giving way in our hands and under our feet, bruising slides, and one desperate jump over the chasm between the cliff and the snow, —and there we were, both standing pale and breathless, straining our eyes for some scarcely expected trace of blood to give us hope.

Not a drop tinged the unsullied snow at the place where he had made his first mad bound, nor at the second, nor at the third; but a few paces farther on one ruby-tinged hole showed where the hot blood had sunk through the melting snow.

Too excited to feel any uprising of envy, hatred, or malice against my more fortunate companion, I raced along the white incline, leaving him behind reloading his rifle (which was always a sort of solemn rite with him), and following without difficulty the deep indentations of the animal's hoofs, I came to where the cliffs receded into a sort of small bay, with its patch of snow on the same plane with the one I was on, but separated from it by a rugged promontory of cliff and broken rock. Cautiously I scrambled round the point, removing many a stone that seemed inclined to fall and give the alarm to the watchful chamois, and peeping cautiously round the last mass of rock that separated me from the snow-patch, I saw the poor brute standing not more than sixty yards from me, his hoofs drawn close together under him, ready for a desperate rush at the cliff at the first sound that reached him, his neck stretched out, and his muzzle nearly touching the snow, straining every sense to catch some inkling of the whereabouts of the mischief he felt was near him.

With my face glowing as if it had been freshly blistered, a dryness and lumping in my throat as if I had just escaped from an unsuccessful display of Mr. Calcraft's professional powers, and my heart beating against my ribs at such a rate that I really thought the *gemse* must hear it in the stillness, I raised my carbine. Once, at the neck just behind the ear, I saw the brown hide clear at the end of

the barrel, but I dared not risk such a chance; and so, stringing my nerves, I shifted my aim to just behind the shoulder,—one touch of the cold trigger, and as the thin gases streamed off rejoicing at their liberation, I saw the chamois shrink convulsively when the ball struck him, and then fall heavily on the snow, shot right through the heart. With a who-whooop! that might have been heard half-way to Innspruck, I rushed up to him; one sweep of the knife,—the red blood bubbled out on the snow that shrunk and wasted before its hot touch as if it felt itself polluted,—and there lay, stretched out in all its beauty before me, the first *gemse* I ever killed, just as Joseph came up, panting, yelling, and *jödling*, and rejoicing at my success without a shade of envy in his honest heart.

Now I believe, in all propriety, we ought to have been melancholy, and moralised over the slain. That rich, soft, black eye filming over with the frosty breath of death, and that last convulsive kick of the hind-legs ought perhaps to have made us feel that we had done rather a brutal and selfish thing; but they did not. This is a truthful narrative; and I must confess that our only feeling was one of unmixed rejoicing. I have occasionally moralised over a trout flopping about among the daisies and buttercups, and dying that horrible suffocation-death of my causing; but it was never, if I remember right, the *first* trout I had killed that day. My feelings always get finer as my pannier gets fuller,

particularly if it be a warm afternoon, and I have lunched. But as for the unfortunate *gemse*, we rejoiced over him exceedingly; we shook hands over him; we sat beside him, and on him; we examined him carefully, minutely, scientifically, from stem to stern. I firmly believe that I could pick him out at this moment from the thousand ghosts that attend the silver-horned Gemsen König, if I had but the good luck to fall in with his majesty and his charmed suite. Joseph's ball had struck him high up on the neck, but had not inflicted anything like a severe wound. Had we fired on him from below he would have scaled the cliffs in a moment and been no more seen, at least by us; but as he knew that the mischief was above him, he dared not ascend,—to descend was impossible; and so, getting to a certain extent pounded, he gave me the rare chance of a second shot.

Long we sat and gazed at the chamois; and at the wild scene before us,—never shall I forget it,—shut in on three sides by steep and frowning cliffs, in front the precipice, and far, far down, the wild rocky valleys, divided by shivered ridges rising higher and higher till they mounted up into the calm pure snow-range set in the frame of the jutting promontories on each side of us,—looking the brighter and the holier from the comparative shade in which we were. Not a sound but the occasional faint 'swish' of the waterfall that drained from the snow-bed,—not a living thing *now* but our two selves standing side by

side on the snow. We had killed the third, and there he lay stiffening between us!

But hillo, Joseph, we are nearly getting sentimental, after all, over this brute (that I should say so!) who has all but broken our necks already, and who in all human probability will do so entirely before we have done with him. Fish up the decanter, and let us have a *schnapps* over our quarry; my throat and lips are burning, as if I had lunched off quicklime. Well, what are you fumbling at? Oh, horror! Joseph's hand returns empty from the bag, with a large cut on one of the fingers, weeping tears of blood! The bottle is smashed, smashed to atoms! and the unconscious Joseph has had the celestial liquor trickling down his back, how long we know not, and care not; it is gone, and for ever!—

'Like the summer-dried fountain,
When our need is the sorest!'

But it is of no use blaspheming in that manner, Joseph; not one of those ten hundred and fifty millions of bad spirits you are invoking so freely will bring us back one drop of our good ones; so we must e'en 'girn and bide.' But still it is as bad as bad can be,—not a drop of water for hours to come, perhaps.

'Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.'

Munching snow only chars one's lips like hot cinders, and the cool plash of the waterfall there below us

only makes one the more thirsty. Let us be off out of ear-shot of it, at any rate. Take up the *gemse*, and let us dream of cool, bubbling runlets and iced sour milk as we go.

Dream, quotha! we must dream of how we are to go at all, first, and a very nightmarey sort of dream it promises to be; we are regularly pounded; not a vestige of a crack or crevice up which to worm ourselves in the whole face of the semicircular range of cliffs beneath which we stand; and, moreover, they are all of that upside-down, overhanging style that precludes all climbing. We must retrace our steps as we best can and try where we descended.

Well, Joseph, where did we come down, eh? Not there? Nonsense—impossible! Yes, too true, there it was; there are our tracks in the snow, and the dust and stones that were so obliging as to accompany us to the bottom, and be hanged to them! But the cliff has surely grown since then. It looks as high as Gallantry Bower in dear old North Devon; I wish I were at the top or bottom either of *that*, instead of where I am. There is not a hundred feet difference between them. Three hundred feet the cliff is if an inch; we can never do it. Let us make a cast round by the screes, and see if we cannot get down that way.

We did so, but found that they were quite impassable. What looked like a continuous shoot when seen from below, we found to be divided by two or three ledges of rock; and the angle at which

they lay rendered it impossible for anything heavier-footed than a *gemse* to pass them. We must up the cliff; we had no choice.

Now, to begin, it was no easy thing to get at the cliff at all. That confounded gap between the snow and the rock was bad enough to get across from above; but to jump up from the sloping snow slap against the face of the rock was ten times worse. However, Joseph, having uncoiled a few yards of line from his waist and made it fast to the *gemse*, tightened his belt, and took the crack gallantly. Lighting on a narrow ledge, with his nose almost touching the rock, to which he stuck like a limpet, he steadied himself, turned round, and seated himself with his legs dangling over the chasm. Now came my turn. Having thrown the end of the line to Joseph, after vainly looking for a promising ledge to land on, I yielded to his entreaties, and swung myself right at him. We grasped each other pretty tight, you may be assured, gentle reader; and after swaying for a moment or two over the abyss, I climbed up him, and getting my feet on his shoulders, I managed to draw myself up to a ledge a few feet higher. Now came my turn to turn, and a most unpleasant piece of gymnastics it was. The ledge was not an inch too broad, and the rock below only rough enough to *scratch* against, not to give any firm foothold. However, I at last got my back against the rock pretty firmly; and Joseph, who had dragged the *gemse* up from the snow, threw me the end of

the line, which, after one or two unsuccessful grabs that nearly toppled me over from my 'bad eminence,' I caught, and with his assistance got the *gemse* up to me and rested it across my knees. Joseph now turned his face to the rock, and getting up to me, placed one of his iron-soled shoes on my thigh and the other on my shoulder, and climbed over and past me. As soon as he was firmly fixed I threw him up the end of the line, and felt much relieved of the weight of the chamois, whose rough hide rubbed lovingly over my face as it passed me, and turning round, and standing up on my ledge, laid hold of Joseph by the ankle, and again climbed up him and past him, to be climbed up and over in my turn. Over and over we had to repeat the same manœuvre, varied occasionally by our being unable to turn or to sit down from the narrowness of the ledges, and then the strain was terrible. If we had not come sometimes to a broader ledge than usual, which allowed us to lie down and get an easier hold of the line as it dangled like a plummet over the cliff, we, or at least I, could never have reached the top of the cliff with the *gemse*, and I very much doubt whether either of us would have cared much to have done so without it. What was before me I hardly knew. Imitating as well as I could the happy *insouciance* of a snail 'sliming' up the side of the Parthenon, I tried to restrict my range of vision to points immediately near me. I never felt giddy in my life; but I felt that it would be running a

terrible risk to look into the immensity that lay stretched out below me like another world.

However, everything in this world must have at least one end, even an Alpine cliff. And at last, as I drew myself up, I found myself face to face with the snow. The last step was by no means the easiest or safest; but in a few moments all three of us, Joseph, the chamois, and myself, were lying on the snow-bed, one hardly more alive than the other.

As soon as we had recovered a little, we stumbled back among the sloppy snow and the half-hidden rocks, one of which had doubtless caused the untimely emptying of our spirit-bottle, till we arrived at the *cheminée* up which we had scrambled in the morning. Now, scrambling *up* is one thing, and scrambling *down* is another, decidedly more difficult, particularly with the addition of a 'beastie' twice as large as a well-grown fawn. So we decided to return over the small glacier which had so nearly knocked our brains out in our ascent, not without a lurking hope of finding some water in its delicate green chalices.

The small ice-stream on which we pursued our thirsty search flowed down from the upper snow-beds through a chasm in the cliffs, and lay right across our path. The crevasses were small and easy to traverse, though, had they been ten times the breadth, we should have welcomed them for the prospect of water they held out. We soon discovered what we wanted, and throwing ourselves on the ice, from

which the sun had long since melted the last night's snow, leaving nothing but the pure water-crystal, revelled in long draughts of ice-cold water, regardless of the consequences.

We lay there, resting ourselves and peering down the crevasses, for some time. How deliciously refreshing was that cool green light, filtered through the translucent ice, to our eyes wearied by the eternal glare of the snow-fields! I have often wondered why no poet has ever chosen one of these same crevasses, with its tinkling stream, and fairy bridges, and battlements of pure green ice bathed in a strange unearthly phosphorescent light, for the home of some glacier Undine. Where could one find a fitter palace for some delicate Ariel than such places as the *moulins* of the Mer de Glace, the ice-grottoes of the Grindenwald, or the Rhone glacier, or even the commonest crack in the most insignificant sheet of frozen snow? How exquisitely beautiful are those little emerald basons, fit baths for Titania, filled with water so pure and clear that one almost doubts its presence, till its exquisite coolness touches one's parched lips. I never wondered at the excitement of that enthusiastic Frenchman, who, being held by the legs to prevent him throwing himself into the arms of the ice-nymph, whom he doubtless saw beckoning to him from below, hurled his hat into the *moulin*, and then raced down to the source of the Arveiron to see it appear, hoping, doubtless, that it would bring him some tidings of fairyland. But the

nymph answered not; perhaps she was cold, and retained the *chapeau* for her own private wearing. At all events, M. le Baron never got it again as far as I could learn.

Our labour was now nearly over. We quickly traversed two or three small snow-fields, and after a little trouble in hauling ourselves and the *gemse* up and down the ridges that separated them, we reached a smooth declivity of snow, down which we shot merrily, getting many a roll, it is true, but merely laughing thereat, as every tumble carried us all the faster homewards, and at last reached safe and sound the region of rocks and gravel we had left so long.

How deliciously refreshing to the wearied eye was the first patch of green turf! How brightly glowed the *alpen-rosen* among the rocks! And—yes! there is actually a honey-bee droning about that orchis, singing his welcome song of home and fire-sides and kindly greetings.

Happy as two schoolboys we marched on, carrying our quarry alternately, yödling and shouting, and playing all sorts of practical jokes on each other, rejoicing at the success of our expedition, caring nothing now for the frowns of the grim old giants around us, caring nothing for the bitter blasts and swirling snow-squalls that swept past us; and at last, as night closed in, we found ourselves once more in the little cabin, that seemed quite home-like to us, and which we had fancied more than once in

the course of the day that we should never see again, with Catchins gyrating round us, 'making a tail' at the chamois, and welcoming us as old friends. We did not dawdle long over our supper, which consisted principally of the rat-like marmot, broiled on the embers, and a draught from the neighbouring torrent, and turned into our hay beds, wet and wearied enough, with our brains in a whirl from the strange excitements of the day, and slept, too done-up to care for tickling straws or feline impertinences.

When I woke in the morning I lay for some time trying to collect my thoughts, half fearing that all was but a dream and that we had still our work before us; but on scrambling down, the sight of the *gemse* reassured me, and was an agreeable balm for the intolerable aching I felt from head to heel. Joseph, I must say, groaned quite as much as myself; and we hobbled about in the dark to find bits of wood for our fire, like a couple of unfortunates just escaped from the rack. The skin of our faces and necks was peeling off, as if we had been washing them in oil of vitriol and using sand-paper for a towel; but we were used to that, and had been as badly burned many a time before; but we ached, —ye gods, how we did ache! It took a long warming and some mutually-administered friction to get us at all in walking-trim. As soon as we became lissom again, having nothing to detain us, and very little to eat, we wended on our way, one bearing

Catchins in the now empty bag, and the other with the *gemse*, down towards the pines covered with last night's snow, and following the course of the torrent, strode on as merrily, or perchance more so, as on the first morning we started. The sun shone out bright and warm, the snow began to drip from the boughs, and every step we took showed the black mould and the decaying needle-leaves of the pines. We heard the rustling of several blackcock, and it being my turn to carry Catchins' light weight, I shot one villainously, as he sat on a pine branch, and stuck his tail in my hat after the fashion of all true *Jägers*.

Soon we left the melting snow and dripping woods behind us, and reached the bright meadows glowing beneath an Italian sky. Strange sounded the shrill chirping of the red and green grasshoppers in our ears, kindly each herdsman's *yödle* and maiden's laugh rang to our hearts, and palace-like seemed the little cabin that received us after our sojourn among the ice and snow, now seeming more like uneasy dreams than realities which we had undergone but a day before. Bright smiles greeted us, bright brown eyes laughed a welcome to us, and many a sturdy hand was clasped in ours as we sat resting ourselves on the bench before the door.

But we tarried not long; we burned to show our trophy at home, and we sped down the Getzthal and reached Dumpfen early in the afternoon, to be cheered and complimented, and welcomed back with

all the warmth of the honest Tyrolese heart. The people had been in great distress about us,—about me, at least—as they supposed that I must, of necessity, have broken my neck. I suspect, indeed, that they never thought that I would really go, and were rather astonished when they woke and found me gone. As for Joseph, it was his certain fate, if not now, another time. But they rejoiced in their mistake; and with my hat crowned with flowers by many a rosy finger, and my hands tingling from many a giant squeeze, and perhaps my heart too, a little, from more than one gentle one, I hung my *gemse* on a nail outside the door for inspection, and seated myself once again in the little chamber looking out upon the torrent and the cliff.

I cannot linger over the simple pleasures of that evening; as Shallow says, 'the heart is all.' 'Jenkins of the Post' may love to record his reminiscences of a ball at Almack's, or an 'æsthetic tea' at the Countess of Cruche Casse's; but such remembrances always bring as much pain as pleasure to me, making me yearn for those free days spent among the mountains and the torrents and the happy, single-hearted mountaineers, far from the cares, troubles, and tribulations of 'our highly civilised society.'

And now, most patient reader, are you there still? Farewell! I have tried to give you some faint description of the indescribable, and have of course failed. But take at least my advice, and a knap-

sack, and a thick pair of shoes, and, eschewing hackneyed Switzerland, leave for once the old bell-wether and try one summer in the Norischer Alpen ; and if you *are* disappointed, I can only say that you richly deserve to be!

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Printed by R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, *Edinburgh.*

Digitized with financial assistance from
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a project facilitated by the Rotary Club of Bombay

on 12 April, 2019